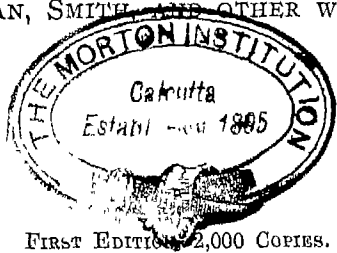


FAMOUS EUROPEAN MISSIONARIES

DURING

THE DARK AND MIDDLE AGES.

COMPILED FROM MACLEAR, MERIVALE, BROWNE,
MILMAN, SMITH, AND OTHER WRITERS.



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INTRODUCTION.

THE Roman Empire was the greatest the world ever saw. It extended from the Atlantic to the Euphrates, and from the snows of Sarmatia to the Libyan desert. The Mediterranean was a Roman lake. Other empires have exceeded it in territory and population, but there never has been a second empire which so united in itself all the cultivated nations of its time. Rome was situated in the centre of the central sea of the ancient world. From this point the world, known to the ancients, was conquered and controlled. A network of roads extended from Rome to every part of the empire, like so many cords, binding the conquered world to the centre.

Through luxury and misgovernment, the Roman Empire gradually decayed. Rebellions which could not be quelled broke out in the provinces, and riots and tumults, produced by turbulent and hungry labourers, swept through the streets of Rome. At length certain half-savage tribes, that lived in those days in the northern parts of Europe, and who had never been subdued, began to encroach upon the frontiers. There was no efficient force there to resist them, and so they advanced nearer and nearer, year by year towards the heart of the empire.

One of the most distinguished leaders of these barbarians was Alaric, the king of the Visigoths*. He came

* West Goths.

from the northern part of Germany. He approached gradually at the head of his hordes until he had conquered Greece, and then he advanced with a powerful army into Italy, and threatened Rome. The Roman Emperor, finding himself entirely unable to meet the invaders, offered Alaric a great sum, if he would spare the city. The ransom consisted of a vast amount in gold and silver, and a large quantity of silk and scarlet clothing.

This ransom saved the city for a time, but Alaric, as might have been expected, soon came again, and as the Emperor had now no second ransom to pay, he laid siege to the city and by surrounding it and cutting off the supplies, he compelled it to surrender. Then the whole horde of his barbarian army poured into the city, plundering, burning, and destroying wherever they came. The imperial city never recovered from this blow. A great portion of it was burned, and the immense treasures which had been accumulating there for a thousand years were carried off in pillage or wantonly destroyed. In 476 A.D., the last Emperor of Rome, named Augustulus in derision, was compelled to resign, and the empire came to an end.

After the fall of the Roman Empire, all Europe sank into a condition of semi-barbarism, which continued for several hundred years. This period is commonly called in history the DARK AGES. It extended from the fall of Rome to the Eleventh Century. The MIDDLE AGES are supposed to extend to the fall of Constantinople, 1450 A.D. From the fall of Rome, this would be a period of about a thousand years.

STATE OF EUROPE DURING THE DARK AND MIDDLE AGES.

The following account is abridged from Hallam's *Middle Ages* :

General Ignorance.—Contracts were made verbally, from want of notaries capable of drawing up charters; and

these, when written, were frequently barbarous and ungrammatical to an incredible degree. For many centuries it was rare for a layman, of whatever rank, to know how to sign his name. Their charters, till the use of seals became general, were subscribed with the mark of the cross. In almost every Council the ignorance of the clergy forms a subject for reproach. It is asserted, by one held in 992, that scarcely a single person was to be found in Rome itself who knew the first elements of letters. Not one priest of a thousand in Spain, about the age of Charlemagne, could address a common letter of salutation to another. In England, Alfred declares that he could not recollect a single priest, south of the Thames (the best part of England) at the time of his accession, who understood the ordinary prayers, or could translate from Latin into his mother-tongue.

Scarcity of Books.—This universal ignorance was rendered unavoidable, among other causes, by the scarcity of books, which could only be procured at an immense price. From the conquest of Alexandria by the Saracens at the beginning of the seventh century, when the Egyptian papyrus almost ceased to be imported into Europe, to the close of the tenth, about which time the art of making paper from cotton rags, seems to have been introduced, there was no material for writing except parchment, a substance too expensive to be readily spared for mere purposes of literature.

Superstitions.—In the shadows of this universal ignorance a thousand superstitions, like foul animals of night, were propagated and nourished. Among the tests of innocence, called ordeals, were handling hot iron, plunging the arm into boiling fluids, floating or sinking in cold water, swallowing a piece of consecrated bread. Holding a mass of burning iron with impunity, for several centuries was a mode of investigation in great repute. Charlemagne was one of its warmest supporters.

Want of Law.—The want of regular subordination rendered legislative and judicial edicts a dead letter. In-

cessant private warfare was rendered legitimate by the usages of most continental nations. Such hostilities, conducted as they must usually have been with injustice and cruelty, could not fail to produce a degree of rapacious ferocity in the general disposition of a people. And this certainly was among the characteristics of every nation for many centuries.

Slavery.—A scandalous traffic was carried on in slaves. The English, before the conquest, were generally in the habit of selling their children and other relations to be slaves in Ireland. A Council held at London, 1102, decreed, "Let no one henceforth presume to carry on that wicked traffic, by which men in England have hitherto been sold like brute animals."

From this state of degradation all the countries of Europe recovered, with a progression, in some respects tolerably uniform, in others more unequal. The commencement of this restoration has usually been dated from about the close of the eleventh century.

Superstitions among Christians.—Scattered over Europe there were nominal Christians, but among them there was much ignorance and superstition. They collected the bones of martyrs and called them relics, put them in their churches in chests and boxes ornamented with gold and silver, and pretended that these bones worked miracles, that blind men were made to see, and sick people well, and dead people brought to life again, by being touched with these relics. They also took the oil from the lamps which burned at the tombs of the martyrs, and believed that whoever had a little of this would be preserved from all dangers and his soul from evil. Some good men, and many bad ones too, thought they would please God by half-starving themselves and shutting themselves up from their friends in dark gloomy cells, where they often were made ill by the damp and the cold. People thought that they should get to heaven by giving to the poor or to monks, and by saying a great many prayers. As time went on, these things got worse and worse. The people became yet

more ignorant and wicked, and many of the monks and priests were no better

THE PRINCIPAL TRIBES OF EUROPE DURING THE DARK AND MIDDLE AGES.

During the Dark Ages Europe was very much divided into tribes and states often at war with one another.

The four principal divisions were the CELTS in the West; the TEUTONS, or Germans, east of the Celts; the NORTHMEN, a division of the Teutons settled in Denmark, Norway and Sweden; and the SLAVS, occupying Eastern Europe.

Each tribe will be noticed separately, with the missionary efforts to reach them.

THE CELTS.

The CELTS were an Aryan race, whose original home seems to have been in Asia. They were known under three names, the *Celts*, the most ancient, the *Galatae*, and the *Galli*, *Galli*, the Roman name.

At an early period the nomad Celts became a terror to the world. In the fourth century B.C., a large host, under Brennus, plundered Rome. When weighing the gold offered for ransom, Brennus threw his sword into the scale, saying, "Woe to the vanquished!" Three or four generations later, another host invaded Greece. Afterwards repulsed, they crossed over to Asia Minor, where they gave name to a province, named Galatia.

Other Celts went westward, and occupied France, Britain, and Ireland.

For 14 years Julius Cæsar sought the reduction of France, then called Gaul, and he made a hasty visit to Britain.

Appearance.—Ancient writers describe the Celts as being of great stature, fair-complexioned, very strong, and fond

of personal ornaments. They wore bracelets and arm-lets, and round their necks thick rings, all of gold, and costly finger-rings. They had dyed tunics with colours of every kind, and striped cloaks fastened with a brooch, and divided into numerous many-coloured squares. In battle they were distinguished for their prowess and terrible fierceness of their attacks.

While they were quick of apprehension and possessed an eager craving for knowledge, they were fickle, inconstant, quarrelsome, and treacherous. They were also notorious for intemperance. Each tribe acknowledged a chief or king, who governed according to recognised rules. They planted various fortified towns and many large but open villages, cultivated their lands, and engaged in commerce and some kinds of manufactures.



DRUIDS.

Ancient Religion of the Celts.—Very little is known of the Celtic religion. Nearly the whole account of it is derived from Cæsar's description of early Britain, then inhabited by a Celtic tribe.

The ancient Britons were divided into thirty or forty small tribes, each with its chief, generally at war with one another. They pricked their skin with different figures,

and stained them with blue. They had shields, swords, daggers, and spears with a rattle at the end to frighten horses. Chariots, with scythes or swords stretched out from the wheels, were used in battle. At the word of command, the horses would gallop through the enemy, cutting them to pieces with the scythes, or they would stop at once to let the men in the chariot go out to fight on foot.

The priests were called Druids. They wore long white robes, and each priest had what was called a serpent's egg, in a gold case, hung round his neck.

The Druids had the same influence among the Britons as that possessed by Brahmans in India. They were the teachers of the young; all religious rites and sacrifices were entirely in their hands. No king could dare have his own way or to set his own will against the will of the chief Druid.

The oak, the largest and strongest tree in Britain, was looked upon as sacred, and especially a plant which grows on it, called the mistletoe. When this plant was found, a Druid mounted the tree, and with a knife of gold cut the mistletoe, which was received by another standing on the ground in his white robe. Its leaves and berries were believed to possess wonderful virtues against poison and disease.

The Druids could not read or write, but they learned a great many verses by heart, as the Vedas were committed to memory in India in early times. They acted as judges, and fixed rewards and punishments. If any person disobeyed them, he was, as it were, put out of caste, and no one would allow him to come near them.

When the Britons met in public, they met in the open air; and the temples they had were rings of large stones, open to the sky. The most striking remains of this kind are the three great rings of huge stones, with an altar in the middle, which go by the name of Stonehenge. They stand on a plain in the south of England. On this altar, and on other altars like it, oxen, and even men, were put



HUMAN SACRIFICE.

to death with sharp flint knives, and then burnt as sacrifices to their gods.

On great days an image of wicker work, in the shape of a man, was erected, filled with captives taken in war, persons who had committed crimes, and even young children, was set fire to, and burnt, as a sacrifice pleasing to the gods whom the Druids taught the people to worship. While this hideous cruelty was going on, songs in honour of these blood-thirsty gods were chanted by the Druids.,

harps were played, shouts were raised by the people who stood round, drums were beaten; and this medley of noises drowned the shrieks of the burning victims and the moans of the dying.

The Druids encouraged the Britons in their wars with the Romans, and hurled imprecations against them. This led the Romans to cut down the groves of the Druids in the island of Mona, their most sacred spot, and their power declined.

CHRISTIANITY AMONG THE CELTS.

The earliest Celtic Church was that of Galatia, in Asia Minor. Christian Missionaries came to Gaul at an early period. The first was Pothinus, a friend of Polycarp, bishop of Smyrna, and probably a pupil of St. John. He became bishop of Lyons, which merchants from Asia Minor had founded as an emporium of commerce. The second missionary was Irenæus, who sought to reach the people through their own language. A severe persecution afterwards arose. The venerable Bishop Pothinus was dragged with brutal violence before the judgment seat, beaten, buffeted, and thrown into a loathsome dungeon. Bishop Martin of Tours was so successful as a missionary, that he was called "the Apostle of Gaul."

Christians went over to Britain in early times, although it is not known who first preached in the Island. In the fourth and fifth centuries Christian churches were to be found in the chief cities of Britain.

Short accounts will now be given of a few distinguished Missionaries to the Celts.

ST. PATRICK, THE APOSTLE OF IRELAND.

Ireland, an island in the Atlantic Ocean to the west of Great Britain, is about one-third larger than Ceylon. The rainfall is large, so that the whole island is beautifully green.

The inhabitants of Ireland belonged to the Celtic family of the Aryan race. The Aryans lived for a time together either in Eastern Europe or in Asia, speaking the same language, and worshipping the same God under the same name—a name which meant Heaven-Father.

As the Celts made their way to the shores of the Atlantic and peopled both Great Britain and Ireland, they would seem to have been the first of the Western Aryans to leave the ancestral home.

The Romans conquered England and the south of Scotland, but on Ireland they had never landed. The people were divided into a number of clans, at the head of each was the chief. Bards sang stories of the clan, and there were priests who dealt in magic.

The religion of the people was a mixture of nature worship and demonolatry. Highest among the gods was the golden-handed sun, supposed to dispense fertility. The moon, stars, mountains, rivers and wells also shared the devotion of the worshippers. Wells were especially worshipped. There were idols, the greatest of which had twelve subordinate images. Everywhere there were supposed to be evil spirits on the watch to do mischief. The priests were believed to be able by magic or witchcraft to benefit those who sought their aid or injure those who opposed their commands.

The people led simple lives. Round houses, built of wood and branches, and thatched with straw and reeds, served for chief and people. One room seems to have been the usual amount of accommodation. Wood was burnt, cows were kept for milk and meat, and goats for drawing water. Herds of swine and sheep formed the chief wealth. A house dog was of great value for its protection against strangers. Wheat was grown, and after being dried, was ground in stone mills. Money was unknown. Slave girls were a common standard of value. One girl was the equivalent of three cows. Feasts and fairs were the diversions of the people, and the stories of the bards and the tricks of the jugglers the chief forms of amusement.

The harp was the national instrument of music. Bells, too, were well-known. Slavery was prevalent

It is said that about 431 A.D., Palladius, from Gaul, with several companions, landed in Ireland as a missionary. After some opposition, he succeeded in baptizing a few converts, and erecting three wooden churches. But his stay was not long, and he crossed over to Britain where he died in Scotland. Soon afterwards he was followed by another missionary destined to achieve far greater success.

PATRICK was born at some period between A.D. 395 and 415. His birth name was *Succat*, which is said to mean "strong in war". Patricius seems to have been his Roman name. His birth-place is uncertain, but it is supposed to have been on the banks of the Clyde, not far from Glasgow. His parents were Christians. His father Calphurnius was a deacon, and his grandfather Potitus a priest. Calphurnius also held some public office, and possessed man-servants and maid-servants. 708-7

One day when Patrick was about 16 years of age, a number of large boats appeared on the coast, rowed by fierce shaggy-haired men, armed with long spears. They were Irishmen, come to seize people and carry them off to be slaves. Patrick was one of those who were caught.

In Ireland Patrick found himself in a dreary country, rising up into hills, and with great tracts of brown marshes. There were no cities, no beautiful houses, no churches. The king of the country wore a gold collar and bracelets, but he lived in a wretched dirty hovel, made of sticks and turf. Patrick was sold to a man, named Milchu, in the north of Ireland, who wanted a herd to keep his sheep and goats. For six years he wandered over the bleak hills, exposed to drenching rain and biting cold, with nothing to cover him but an old sheepskin or ragged cloth, and sometimes without food. He says, "Every day I fed my flocks, and often in the day I would pray, and so the love of God and His face came, more and more upon me, and faith grew. My spirit was so moved that I would pray a hundred times a day and almost as often in a

night. I abode in the woods or on the hillside, and before dawn I used to rise in snow or frost or rain to pray: I took no harm for the spirit was fervent within me."

At last he escaped from the man with whom he had been six years, and came safely to the shore. He found a ship, but as he had no money, the sailors at first refused to take him in, so he turned to go away. After he had gone a little distance, the men called him back, and said that he might come with them. They landed on the north coast of Scotland, and wandered a great many days through a wild country, often suffering much from hunger; but at last he reached home and the friends who had thought him dead. There was great joy over him.

Two years afterwards, he was a second time taken captive by pirates, and carried to France. There some Christian merchants set him free, and he again returned home. But he could not rest, for he had begun to think very much of the heathen people in Ireland with whom he had lived when he was first carried away by the pirates, and he thought he should like to go and teach them the way of salvation. He had many dreams about it, and in some of them he thought he saw the little children of Ireland stretching out their hands to him, and crying to come. His friends, from whom he had been twice taken away, and who were very glad to have him back with them again, tried to persuade him not to go; but he thought that God wished him to go, and so he said he must. But he went first to France that he might learn from good and wise men how to teach the people.

Patrick, with some fellow labourers, set sail for Ireland about the middle of the fifth century. After they had landed in the north, they met a native chief, named Dichu, with a band of men. Mistaking Patrick and his companions for pirates, he was on the point of putting them to death, but struck by their appearance, he received them kindly, took them to his own house, and after a time was baptized with all his family. He gave a granary which became a famous church, called "Patrick's Barn."

Patrick next went to the part of the country where his old master lived, but nothing could induce Milchu to receive one who had been his slave. Patrick then went about the whole island preaching the Gospel. He had a drum beaten to gather the people together, and then he told them how Christ came down from heaven and died on the cross for us. The priests tried to frighten him and set the people against him; but he did not fear, and a great many were led to cast away their idols and trust in Christ as their Saviour.

The fire festival of the Sun-god was celebrated with great pomp in Ireland. The king, with all his chiefs, Druids and poets, met at the royal hill, called Tara. All the fires throughout the country were put out, death being the penalty for neglect. The great act of the festival was the kindling of the sacred fire by the king's own hand after sacrifices had been offered. From this sacrificial fire, the domestic hearths were rekindled.



PATRICK AND IRISH CHIEFTAINS.

Patrick and his companions lighted their evening fire to prepare some food. The priests represented to the king that unless this fire was at once extinguished the sovereignty of the island would belong to the stranger. Patrick was brought before the king, but he spoke so well and fearlessly that nothing was done to him. The youngest brother of the king was converted and baptized.

Patrick was often in great danger from the savage and heathen people and their chiefs. Once he had been preaching at a certain place and overturned the great pillar-stone which the Irish worshipped. One of the chieftains, who was a heathen, vowed he would kill him for this. Oran, Patrick's servant, heard of it, and was very much afraid for his dear master. When they were coming near to this chieftain's castle, he got Patrick to let him take his place in the carriage for a while, and Patrick took his. The chief threw his spear at the man he thought was Patrick and killed him. and so the faithful servant saved his master's life.

Patrick laboured in Ireland for about forty years, and finished his course there, quite an old man, towards the close of the fifth century. Before his death nearly all the people professed to be Christians. Patrick established numerous schools and colleges, which were so distinguished, that many came from England and the continent of Europe to this "University of the West." There were so many good people in Ireland that it got the name of the "Island of Saints." Missionaries went out from it to spread the Gospel in various countries. One of the most celebrated of them was Columba, of whom some account will next be given.

COLUMBA, THE APOSTLE OF SCOTLAND.

Although COLUMBA was not the first to preach the Gospel in Scotland, his labours produced such a change in the country that he may well be called its apostle.

Columba was born at Gartan, in the north of Ireland, about the year 521 A.D. Both his father and his mother were of royal descent. At his baptism he received the name of *Colum*, to which was afterwards added *cille*, 'of the church' from his constant attendance at church from his early years. Columba is the Latin form. The priest who baptized him gave him the rudiments of education. Leaving home he went to the famous school of Finnian, where he was ordained as deacon. Next he placed himself under the instruction of an aged bard, that he might preach with greater eloquence. Lastly he went to the famous monastic seminary at Clonard, which it is said at that time contained 3,000 monks. At the age of 25, he would seem to have been ordained to the priesthood.

When the education of Columba was completed, he devoted himself to the foundation of churches and monasteries. One monastery was on a hill covered with oaks, where in process of time the city of Derry arose. Another was at Durrow. One relic has come down to us the "Book of Durrow," a beautiful manuscript of the Gospels, claimed as the work of Columba's own hand. In the foundation of these Columba was diligently employed till about 561 A.D., when 42 years of age he left Ireland on his famous mission to the Highlands of Scotland.

Columba sailed with twelve of his monks in a boat made of wicker-work covered with skins. He reached an island on the west coast of Scotland, named Iona. It was about three miles long and a mile and a half broad, separated by a narrow strait from the larger island of Mull. Climbing the highest point and perceiving no trace of Ireland, he decided to remain in the island, which even then was looked upon as sacred, and was the burial place of the northern kings.

Columba first obtained a grant of the island from the chief to whom it belonged, who was allied to him by blood.

He and his companions then put up some small huts,

rooms for eating and cooking, a house for strangers, a stall for cattle, and a barn for grain, surrounding a green court in the centre of which stood a chapel. All were built of brushwood and mud.

Over this little company Columba was the abbot or father, those with him were his children. At first they were twelve in number and his companions from Ireland; but before long they were joined by many from Ireland and even from Britain. Living together, they were to cultivate the virtues of obedience, humility, and chastity, to regard one another as fellow-soldiers of Christ, and their life as a continual warfare under His banner.

Every morning and evening, a signal bell called them in from their fields, and assembled them from their huts to perform the sacred services together. The intervals they employed in prayer, in listening to the burning exhortations of Columba, or in reading, writing, and farm labour. Copying the Bible and other religious books made occupation enough for the more intelligent. Yet every one was expected to plough, sow, reap, or thresh, as occasion required, or to milk the cows, and steer their boats over the stormy sea.

The high birth and great talents of Columba did not prevent him from setting an example in each of these employments. Tall of stature, of a joyous countenance, he had a wonderful power in winning the love of all with whom he came in contact. He was also remarkable for his powerful voice.

" Sweet above the voice of clerics
Was Columba's voice to hear,
Over thrice five hundred paces,
Vast the distance—it rang clear "

He could render aid when required in any emergency. None was so clever as he in managing a boat, grinding the corn, tending the sick, or directing the farm work.

Daily shouts were heard in Iona from the opposite island. These meant that the boat was wanted to take

across people who came for help or wished admission into the company of Columba. Ere long his followers so multiplied that the island was far too small for them. It was then that Columba despatched, one after another, numerous colonies to the Western Islands and to the mainland. The centre of Scotland then consisted of one vast forest, abounding with wild boars and wolves. The rest of the country was bare and mountainous. The few scattered inhabitants were somewhat like the wild tribes of India.

Columba made frequent journeys to the different mission stations established by his companions. The heathen priests did all they could to oppose his efforts to recall the people from the worship of streams and rivers, of woods and trees. On one occasion they dared him to drink of a sacred stream, the water of which they declared would kill any one who ventured to put it to his lips. Columba drank of it in their presence, and thus proved the emptiness of their threats.

North and east of the country occupied by the Irish Scots there dwelt the *Picts*, so called from their habit of painting their naked bodies with various colours. They were never conquered by the Romans, whom they successfully opposed. When Columba had been settled for some time in Iona, he made his way, with two companions, to the court of Brude, king of the Northern Picts. At first Brude was unwilling to receive the strangers, and closed his gates against them. Soon he relented, and Columba and his companions were received with due respect.

Through the protection of King Brude, Columba was able to travel freely all over the North of Scotland. Not content with his labours on land, Columba and his companions in their boats, covered with skins, carried the Gospel to the distant Hebrides and Orkney Islands, and several monasteries were founded.

On the death of Conell, the chief who had given Iona to Columba, he was succeeded by his cousin Aidan. Columba was selected to perform the ceremony of coronation which

took place in the monastery of Iona. Aidan thus gained the rank of king over the Irish Scots.

In 575 A.D., the following year, Columba accompanied the newly crowned king to a great council convened by the king of Ireland.

The first question for settlement was whether Aidan should be recognised as independent or continue to pay tribute. Columba was first asked to decide the question, but he recommended the chiefs to consult Colman, famous for his legal knowledge. By his advice the Irish king renounced all right of tribute from Aidan, and promises of mutual alliance were exchanged between the two monarchs.

The second subject of discussion was the overgrown powers of the bards. The people were never tired of hearing them sing the praises of national heroes, but the bards used to ridicule all who gave them any offence or failed to secure their goodwill by presents. Many of the chiefs, who had been stung by their poetry, wished to have them suppressed. Columba urged that their number should be limited, and that they should be under certain rules, to which the council agreed.

When the council was over, Columba visited the monasteries which he had founded before his departure for Scotland, enquiring into their welfare and arranging matters where necessary. He then returned to Iona, and, with exception of several short visits to his native land, spent his time in superintending the monasteries and churches he had founded in Scotland.

The boats which he first used were either of wicker-work covered with skin, or they were hollowed out of the trunks of trees. In course of time larger vessels were built, in which sails and oars could be used. Some vessels always being on the shore ready for use. Encouraged by the example of Columba, the monks became bold and skilful sailors. Some of them went down as far as Iceland, leaving relics of their visits in books, bells, and crosses.

The secret of Columba's power lay in prayer. Everything

he undertook, great and small, he began and achieved with prayer, and after he had finished, he forgot not to give God the thanks. He prayed for his friends in scenes of danger on land or sea, for brethren in need, in pestilence and death. On the hills of Iona, or on the solitary sea-shore he would raise his hands in fervent petitions for the monastery, for the heathen, and all whose need was known to him.

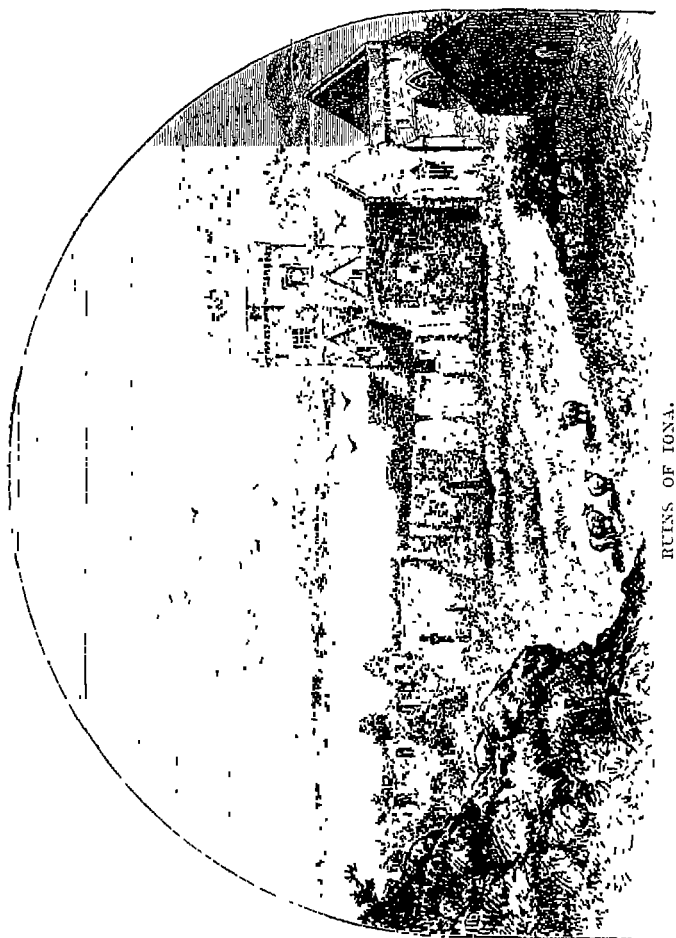
Columba lived till he was an old man. Knowing that his end was near, he made preparations for his departure. Towards the close of May, A.D. 597, he wished to visit the monks who worked in the fields on the western, the only fertile side of the island, that he might give them his blessing. His great age prevented his going thither on foot, and he was drawn to the field in a car by oxen. When he told them that his days were few, they wept at the thought, but he bade them be of good cheer, and gave them his last blessing.

On the Saturday in the next week following, he went, leaning on one of the brethren, to the granary where the corn was stored, and thanked God that He had provided for the wants of the brotherhood, and that for that year at least there would be no lack of food, though he himself would not share it with them.

On their way back the aged man stopped to rest for a little. At this moment, an old white horse, which had been used to carry milk, came and put its head on his master's shoulder. Columba's companion would have driven him away, but he said, "The horse loves me; leave him with me, let him weep for my departure." After this he put his arms round the horse's neck.

Columba next went to the top of a hillock, and then, lifting up both his hands to heaven, bestowed upon the island and the monastery his solemn blessing.

When he reached home he began to continue the copy he was making of the book of Psalms. When he came to the words in the 34th Psalm, "They that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing," he rose from his work



and said, "This ends the page, and I will cease here. Baithen may write what follows. The next words, 'Come ye children, hearken unto me,' belong rather to my successor than to myself."

It was now time for evening prayers, and he went with his brethren into the chapel. Returning he lay down in his couch, and committed to his faithful servant his parting wishes for the brethren "This is my last commandment to you, my children, that ye should love one another sincerely and be at peace. If ye follow the example of the good God, who strengthens such, He will surely be with you." These were Columba's last words. He lay silent till midnight. As soon as the bell then rung for prayers, he rose and made his way in the dark to the chapel, and knelt down in prayer, but sank on his knees. He was found in this position by his faithful attendant, who supported his head till the rest of the brethren entered. Seeing what was rapidly drawing near, they set up a bitter cry. Columba could not speak, and when he tried to raise his arm it proved too weak for the service. His attendant lifted the dying man's hand, and he passed away in the act of blessing his brethren, in the 77th year of his age.

Iona was long venerated not only by the Scotch and Irish, but by the Angles of the north of England, who owed their conversion to the self-denying missionary of Iona. For a thousand years it was the burial place of kings.

The memory of Columba still leads many travellers to Iona, where the ruins of a cathedral and nine rows of graves and royal tombs bear witness to its former renown.

SCHOOLS AND BUILDINGS.

Schools.—The early missionaries attached great importance to schools. Youths of the tribes were sent to them, some to be trained for the monastic life, some to receive a secular education. Even in the smaller monasteries the number of such pupils under instruction was upwards of fifty, while in the larger establishments they were reckoned by hundreds. The schools of Ireland and Iona became so celebrated that students flocked to them from all quarters,



CIRCULAR STONE BUILDINGS.

Of Columba it is said that he never would spend one hour without study or prayer or writing or some other holy occupation. We find him translating the Psalter, composing a book of hymns for the office of every day in the week, and at the same time cultivating his Irish language, and writing "thrice fifty noble lays."

This diligent attention to the education of the young went a great way both to attach the clan to the Church and to promote the growth of a native clergy

Patrick introduced to Ireland what was then the alphabet of the rest of Europe. He taught it to those whom he designed for holy orders, and encouraged them to make it known to others. In this alphabet he taught them to transcribe portions of Holy Scripture, and to copy other sacred books

Buildings.—At first these were very humble. In the majority of cases churches and houses alike were constructed of a double row of branches, the space between them being filled with turf or clay, forming a pretty solid wall. At an early period, however, some buildings in stone were erected

The buildings in stone were of three classes. The cells and other domestic buildings of the monks were made of stones vaulted over. The earlier prayer houses were built of uncemented stones admirably fitted to each other, converging from the base to their apex in curved lines. The churches were either oblong with a door to the west and a window at the east end; or a double oblong in the form of a cross. In the smaller churches the roofs were frequently formed of stone, but in the larger ones were always of wood

MISSIONS TO ENGLAND.

England was peopled by Celtic tribes like those in France, then called Gaul. Julius Cæsar had conquered Gaul, from which the white cliffs of England could be seen. In the year 55 B.C. he sailed over with 80 vessels and 12,000 men. The Britons fought bravely, and Cæsar was glad to accept their offers of peace and go away.

Next year Cæsar returned with 800 vessels and 30,000 men. After several battles Cæsar was glad to grant peace easily and go away again. Nearly a hundred years passed over, and the Britons were allowed to live in peace. At last

the Roman Emperor Claudius resolved to subdue the island. After a long and brave struggle, the Britons had to yield.

The Romans did much to improve the Britons. They made great military roads, they built forts and taught the people how to dress and arm themselves much better than they had ever known how to do before. They reformed the British way of living.

About 448 A. D., the Romans were compelled to withdraw their troops from Britain to defend Italy against the inroads of barbarian nations. A wall had been built across the island to protect the Britons from the ravages of the Picts and Scots in the north. This wall was repaired by the Romans before they left, but it was useless without brave men behind it. The Scots and Picts plundered the towns, killed the people, and came back so often that the wretched Britons lived a life of terror.

In their distress a letter was sent to the Romans, headed, *The Groans of the Britons*. "The barbarians drive us to the sea, the sea throws us back on the swords of the barbarians; so we have nothing left but to be drowned or slaughtered."

The Romans could not help the Britons, so they turned to another quarter. At that time the shores of the Baltic Sea were inhabited by several tribes of men, known as Saxons, Danes, &c., nearly in a savage state. Launching their boats, they suffered the wind to blow them to any foreign coast. Landing there, they spread devastation over a wide extent of country, and returned home laden with booty.

In the year 448, when the Britons were suffering from the ravages of the Scots, a party of Saxons, under two leaders, Hengist and Horsa landed in Britain. Vortigern, a prince of the Britons, advised his countrymen to ask the aid of these strangers. This was readily granted. Joining their forces, the Britons and Saxons marched against the Scots, who were defeated and driven back.

The Saxons seeing the pleasant nature of the country, began to covet possession of it for themselves. Sending

for more of their countrymen, they fell upon the unfortunate Britons, and defeated them in many battles, in one of which Horsa was killed.

Hengist took the title of king of Kent. New swarms of Saxons came pouring in, and by degrees got possession of a great part of the country. Some of the Britons took refuge in the mountains of Wales, others crossed over into France and settled in a part of the country which has since been called Brittany.

Each of the Saxon chiefs took possession of what he conquered, and thus at last arose seven different kingdoms, which are commonly called the *Saxon Heptarchy*. The king, who for the time had the ascendancy, was called Bretwalda, a word meaning Ruler of Britain.

GREGORY THE GREAT AND BRITISH CHILDREN

The Anglo-Saxon Kingdoms were often at war with one another. People were stolen and sold to foreign merchants. About the year 508 A.D., a trader had arrived from Rome with large numbers of slaves. As a Christian priest, named Gregory, was passing through the market-place which was crowded with people, Gregory saw among the slaves three boys, distinguished for their fair complexion, the beautiful expression of their faces, and their light flaxen hair. Filled with pity, Gregory asked from what part of the world they had come. He was answered, "From Britain, where all the inhabitants have the same fair complexion." He next asked whether the people of this strange land were Christian or heathen. Learning that they were heathen, he heaved a deep sigh, and remarked it was sad to think that beings so bright and fair should be in the power of the Prince of Darkness. He next inquired the name of their nation. "Angles" was the reply. Playing on the word he answered, "Rightly are they called *Angles* for their faces are the faces of angels, and they ought to be fellow-heirs with the angels of heaven."

Once more he asked, "And from what province do they come?" He was told that they came from Daira "Rightly," he replied, "are they named Deirras. From the ire of God are they plucked, and to the mercy of



GREGORY AND THE ENGLISH SLAVE CHILDREN.

God are they called" "And who is the king of this province?" he asked: "Alla" was the reply. The word reminded him of the Hebrew expression of praise, and he answered, "'Allelujah,' the praise of God shall be chanted in that clime"



Years passed by, but Gregory never forgot the moving sight in the Roman slave-market or the country of those

fair-haired boys. At first he thought of going there himself, and obtained permission from the Pope to embark in the enterprise. He had actually travelled three days' journey when he was overtaken by messengers from the people of Rome. He was so much beloved by them that they would not let him go, and the Pope withdrew his permission.

Gregory was thus forced to go back; but in 590 A.D. he himself became Pope, and five years afterwards an opportunity presented itself of carrying out the desire of his heart. The most powerful king in Britain at this time was Ethelbert of Kent. He is said to have been lord over all kings south of the Humber. Twenty-five years before, he had married Bertha, daughter of one of the French kings in Gaul or France. She was a Christian, and one condition of the marriage was that she should be allowed to practise her own religion. She worshipped God in a little church near Canterbury

AUGUSTINE IN KENT

In 595 A.D., Gregory sent forth a band of forty monks, with Augustine as their head, to undertake a mission to the English. Crossing the Alps, they came to France where they could learn the manners and customs of the fair-haired race. They were described as barbarians, ferocious, obstinate. They were recommended rather to go back home, and when they considered it, they thought it safer to go back.

Augustine was sent back at once to Rome, to beg of Gregory that they should not be held bound to proceed on so dangerous an expedition. Gregory sent Augustine back with another answer. "It were better not to enter upon good deeds, than to turn back from them. Carry out, with the utmost zeal, the good work which by the Lord's help you have begun. The labours, the abuse, of which you tell me, disregard. Great labours for God

receive a greater and eternal weight of glory To complete this work will be to the everlasting profit of your souls ”

Augustine returned to his companions, and by advice of Gregory brought with him to England priests from Gaul who were to be his interpreters



AUGUSTINE AND ETHELBERT.

Augustine and his party landed on an island in the east coast of Kent, and sent messages to king Ethelbert. They

had come from Rome. They had brought good tidings, the best and the highest

The king received the messengers in a friendly spirit. He bade them tell those who had sent them to remain in the island where they were until he should determine what to do in their case. Meanwhile their wants should be attended to.

After a while he came himself, and bade them tell him what tidings they had brought. But he met them in the open air. He would not meet them under any roof, as he knew not what charm or incantation they might work upon him, which he thought would have less power out of doors.

Ethelbert and his Queen sat under an oak, and awaited the coming of Augustine and his companions. To make a deeper impression on the monarch's mind, Augustine came up from the shore in solemn procession. An officer went in front bearing a large silver cross. Then followed Augustine and the forty brethren chanting a solemn prayer for the eternal salvation of the king and the people. Ethelbert could not understand Latin, and Augustine could not speak English. An interpreter explained to the king what Augustine had to say about the one God who made all things, how He had sent His Son Jesus Christ to die on the cross for mankind, and how He would come again at the end of the world to judge the living and the dead.

King Ethelbert hearkened to them, and made answer like a good and a wise man. "Your words and promises," said he, "sound very good to me; but they are new and strange, and I cannot believe them all at once, nor can I leave all that I and my fathers and the whole English folks have believed so long. But I see that ye have come from a far country to tell us what ye yourselves hold for truth; so ye may stay in the land, and I will give you a house to dwell in and food to eat; and ye may preach to my folk, and if any man of them will believe as ye believe, I hinder him not." So he gave them a house to dwell in, in the royal city of Canterbury, and let them preach to the people.

Many men hearkened to them and were baptised, and ere long King Ethelbert himself believed and was baptised; and before the year was out there were added to the Church more than ten thousand souls.

Augustine took up his abode in Canterbury. Near his house stood the ruins of an old church, built by Roman Christians. This, with the king's help, Augustine repaired. Rebuilt several times afterwards, it became the principal English Cathedral.

Augustine now wrote to Gregory to inform him of the success of his mission. Gregory was rejoiced at the intelligence, and after a time sent over four fresh labourers for the Mission. One of them was called Paulinus, whose work will next be described.

In 604 A.D. Gregory died, and not long afterwards Augustine followed his patron, and was buried outside the walls of Canterbury.

PAULINUS IN NORTHUMBRIA.

Edwin was king of Northumbria, that is, of all England north of the river Humber. He and his people were heathens, worshipping the Saxon gods. But he wished to have Ethelburga, sister of King Eadbald, son of Ethelbert, for his wife, and he sent to ask that she might be so. But Eadbald said it would not be right, for she was a Christian and he a heathen. Then he promised that she should continue to be a Christian, and that all who came with her might remain Christians too, and that perhaps he himself would become one. So she became his wife, and Paulinus went with her to instruct her and those who went with her, and if he could, to preach the Gospel to the heathen in Northumbria. But for a long time he seemed to preach to them in vain. Christianity, they said, might do for women, but not for men. It taught that people should love their enemies, whilst Thor, the god of war, said they should slay them, and their fathers had always done so. True, their good and gentle Queen was a Christian, but she was a woman. Edwin, their

King, valiant and fearless in battle, sacrificed to Woden and Thor, and they would do as their King did.

Next year the king of the West Saxons sent a man to kill King Edwin with a poisoned dagger, but one of the king's servants threw himself before the king when the man tried to stab him, and saved his life. On the same day the queen had a little daughter, and when the king gave thanks to his gods for her birth, Paulinus gave thanks to Christ, and told the king he had prayed to him for the safety of the queen and the little child.



COURT BEFORE EDWIN.

The king was very much pleased, and said that if God would preserve his life and give him victory over the king who had sent a man to murder him, he would give up his idols and become a Christian; and he asked Paulinus to baptize his little daughter. He was victorious, and when he came home he gave up his idols and asked Paulinus to instruct him, and consulted with his wise men what was best to do, and oftentimes he sat alone by himself silent and thinking

About this time Boniface, who was Pope, wrote to him to persuade him to become a Christian; he also wrote to Queen Ethelburga, to tell her to do all she could to bring her husband the king to serve Christ

But King Edwin did not at once profess to be a Christian. He wanted to know which was the right way; and he called together his council of nobles near York, and asked them what they thought about it. After the question whether the new ways should be adopted or the old belief retained had been much debated, Coifi, the high priest of Woden rose up, and said that no one had served the gods more truly than he had done, and yet many men were richer and greater than he. If the old deities retained any real power, they ought to have made him greater and richer than all other men. Wherefore he counselled that they should listen to those who could tell them what the new religion was good for, and if they found it better than their own, they should embrace it.

One of the king's nobles gave other reasons why they should hearken to the preachers of the new faith. Sometimes when the king was sitting at supper in the winter with all his chief men, a good fire in the midst, while out of doors there was only storm and snow, he had seen a little bird come in at one door, and fly out at another. While it was in the hall the bird was safe from the storm, but when it went out again no one knew whither it was gone. So was the life of man; he appeared here in this world for a little time, but what became of him afterwards nobody knew. If this new religion could tell them anything about that, it ought to be listened to. Other chief men spoke in the same way.

Coifi then rose again and advised that they should hearken to Paulinus while he explained to them the new doctrine. After hearing what was said, Coifi again spoke: "Long since have I known full well that what we have been worshipping is naught, and the more diligently I sought after truth therein, the less I found it. But now in what this stranger preacheth, I openly confess there

shineth forth such truth as can confer on us life, salvation, and eternal happiness. I advise, therefore, O King, that we straightway break and burn down those temples and altars which we have hallowed, and whence we have gained no good."

But who would venture to dare the wrath of the gods by throwing down their altars? "I will," said Coifi. "I have led in their worship, and I will lead in their destruction."

It was a law among the Saxons that the priests should never carry arms or mount a horse. Coifi called for a horse, with armour, spear, and shield. The people shrunk back with dread at such bold defiance of the gods. But Coifi was fearless. Girding himself with a coat of mail, and grasping his shield and lance, he mounted the horse, and rode on towards the temple. The king and his nobles followed, and the great crowd rushed to see what the high priest was about to do. Paulinus and his followers walked on, chanting their hymns of prayer and praise. They soon came to the great heathen temple, the most renowned in Northumbria. It was surrounded by dark and gloomy woods, a fit place for their bloody rites and of a worship so fierce and cruel as that of the heathen Saxons.

The whole was surrounded by a massive wall of earth. In the centre stood the temple. Here were the gigantic images of the gods, rudely carved figures in wood and stone: Woden the mighty, robed and crowned, bearing in one hand the sceptre of power and in the other the sword of vengeance; Thor, the thunder-wielder, his beard streaming down his iron-mailed breast, the mighty iron hammer that crushed his foes, uplifted to strike. Before each god was a blood-stained altar, smeared with the filth of countless sacrifices.

It was to this temple the great crowds went, led by an armed horseman. The priests, with uplifted arms and loud cries, tried to oppose the entrance of Coifi, but in vain. They then prostrated themselves upon the ground, hiding their faces and stopping their ears, that they might neither see the unholy deed, nor hear the thunders of the

expected retribution Coifi rode slowly around the temple, striking every altar with his spear as he passed. Then stopping in front of the image of Thor, he said with a loud voice. "Thor, god of the roaring thunder, and wielder of the mighty hammer, in the name of the Christian God I thus defy thee." With these words he hurled his spear at the face of the monstrous image. The crowd went back in terror, even the king seemed to dread the coming shock. No thunder shook the heavens, no lightning bolt struck the presumptuous Coifi dead. The crushing hammer remained in the uplifted hand of Thor. Soon the crowd awoke from their astonishment. With a wild shout they broke into the temple, and with axe and hammer soon hurled the gods and goddesses to the ground. Torches and fagots were brought, and within a few minutes the gods and temple were burning in one grand sacrificial fire.

King Edwin, his nobles, and many of his people, professed to become Christians. Paulinus preached the gospel in Northumbria for six years, and baptized numbers

AIDAN IN THE NORTH OF ENGLAND.

In the year 617 A.D., Ethelfred, king of the south of Scotland and north of England, fell in battle. Oswald, his second son, who was then about 13 years of age, was sent to the monastery of Iona to receive instruction in the Christian faith along with some of his companions. He resided for 17 years in this secure retreat, and was not only educated and baptized, but became perfectly instructed in their language.

Northumbria, during the reign of Edwin, was fast becoming a Christian country. Edwin fell in battle against his hereditary foes, the Britons. Within a few weeks they burned down the churches, and sought to destroy utterly the Angles in Northumbria. But the triumph of the Pagan invaders was short-lived. In little more than a year, the people invited Oswald out of Scotland

In 634 A.D. Oswald gathered a small Northumbrian force which pledged itself to become Christian if it conquered in the coming engagement. Causing a cross of wood to be hastily made, and digging a hole for it in the earth, Oswald supported it with his own hands while his men heaped up the soil around it. Then he bade his soldiers kneel with him and entreat the true and living God to defend their cause, which he knew to be just, from the fierce and boastful foe. This done, they joined battle, and attacked far superior forces. The charge was irresistible. The Welsh army fled and the king, himself, was slain.

After this signal victory Oswald set himself at once to restore the Christian churches which had been destroyed, and to introduce the knowledge of Christianity among his subjects. For that purpose he naturally made application to the monks of Iona, by whom he had himself been instructed in the doctrines of the Christian faith. The monks readily complied with Oswald's request, and one of their missionaries, named Cormac, was sent from Iona to Northumbria. The choice was not a happy one. Cormac was of a stern disposition, and finding his labours fruitless, he abandoned the field and returned to Iona.

A meeting was held to receive the report of Cormac's mission. He spoke of the rude and barbarous habits of the Northumbrians, and asserted that he could not do them any good on account of their stubborn disposition. A voice was then heard exclaiming that the failure of the mission might rather be owing to Cormac himself than to the stubbornness of the people. Every eye was turned towards the speaker, who proved to be Aidan, a monk noted for his gentle and amiable disposition. His brethren, after considering what Aidan said, thought that he was best fitted to carry on the work, and he was sent to preach the Gospel to the subjects of the Northumbrian king.

Aidan and the brethren he had brought as assistants reached their destination safely, and received a cordial welcome from Oswald. The first step of the missionary was to select a place which might be the centre of his

labours Probably in imitation of Columba, Aidan made choice of a low, flat, and bare island, called Landisfarne, of nearly the same size as Iona. At low water, it could be reached on foot from the adjoining mainland. From Aidan's selection it came to be called afterwards, "Holy Island," "the Iona of the Anglo-Saxons" There a church and monastery were erected.

At first Aidan was hampered by his imperfect knowledge of Anglo-Saxon, but Oswald, who during his long exile had thoroughly learned the Celtic tongue, interpreted his sermons. After a time Aidan acquired the language of those among whom he laboured.

Aidan travelled on foot over the north of England and the south of Scotland, preaching the Gospel to the rude inhabitants. He stopped to converse with any he met on the way, whether rich or poor. If they were still heathens, he exhorted them to believe; if they were Christians, he strengthened them in their belief, and encouraged them to the performance of all good works. The fame of his piety and winning gentleness drew crowds to hear him, and thousands were baptized. Rude buildings were first erected for public worship, but gradually good churches rose above them.

Aidan sought to promote education. At the beginning of his Mission he selected twelve Anglian youths whom he trained with great care for the service of Christ. They afterwards become zealous and successful labourers in the conversion of their countrymen. His teachers were mostly monks drawn from Iona. Every church and monastery established by Aidan had a good school attached to it.

At that time there were many slaves, some captives taken in war, others who had been sold by their parents or relations—a common practice at that time. Aidan used many of the gifts he received in purchasing the freedom of those unjustly sold. He had them carefully instructed, and some of them, after thorough training, were admitted to the office of the ministry.

Aidan rarely accepted invitations to the royal table,

and when he did go, he quitted the repast very early, and hastened to join his brethren in reading and devotional exercises. One day when at dinner with the king and seated beside him, Aidan had raised his hand to bless the food in a silver dish placed before Oswald. The nobleman who had been commissioned to give alms to the poor at the gate, suddenly entered, and told the king that a multitude still waited fasting without in the street. Oswald immediately gave orders that the untasted meat before him should be carried out to the poor, and that the silver dish should at the same time be broken in pieces and divided among them. Aidan would never court favours from the rich, lest he should lose the liberty of speech with which he rebuked their vices. Yet he gave praises when deserved. Touched at the goodness of Oswald, he seized the king's hand, exclaiming, "May this hand never grow old!"

Through the unwearied efforts of Aidan and his assistants, the knowledge of the Christian religion spread rapidly over the north of England and the south of Scotland. Gifts of lands were poured in by the Northumbrian nobles, who became converts to the Christian faith. Aidan, however, received nothing for himself, except a small room where he lodged during his incessant journeys.

Much to the surprise of the Anglians, who were skilful riders and very fond of horses, Aidan always travelled on foot. Oswin, the successor of Oswald, thought that Aidan should have at least a horse to cross the rivers, and to carry him when he was worn out with his labours. He therefore made him a present of a fine horse, with beautiful trappings. Aidan had used the horse but a few times when he met a man who asked alms. Having nothing else to give him, Aidan dismounted and presented the horse to the beggar.

Aidan laboured upwards of 16 years with great zeal and success in the Northumbrian mission field. His last illness came upon him during one of his missionary journeys. He died under a tent which was pitched in haste to shelter

him, at the back of a church which he had just built, his head resting against a post which served as a buttress. His body was taken across to Landisfarne, and placed in the churchyard of the brethren.

Aidan was distinguished for his amiable disposition and generosity. The gifts which were heaped upon him by the nobles, he immediately distributed among the poor. He was never induced either by fear or the desire of popularity to spare the vices of the rich and great, but rebuked with the greatest severity their pride, vain glory, and avarice. On the other hand, he was most tender in comforting the unfortunate and afflicted. He was diligent in the study of the Scriptures, and made his companions devote a portion of every day to reading the Bible and learning the Psalms.

CUTHBERT

Cuthbert was born in the south of Scotland, near the English border, about 639 A.D. He was the son of poor parents, and at 8 years of age found shelter in the cottage of a widow. He was bred a shepherd, and spent the succeeding 7 years of his life in that employment. As a youth he was noted for his activity, dexterity, and courage; in sports and athletic exercises he excelled all his companions. But his mind also leaned to serious thoughts. One night, as he was watching his sheep, he saw, he thought, a company of angels descending from heaven, and then reascending bearing away a soul of exceeding brightness. Shortly afterwards he heard that Aidan, the apostle of the district, had died during the night. The vision made him resolve to give himself to a religious life, and he immediately applied for and obtained admission into a society at Melrose, only a few miles distant from his home. The monastery at this time consisted only of group of straw-thatched huts, standing on the southern bank of the river Tweed, where a few monks from Landisfarne had settled. The establishment was under the care of Eata, one of the twelve Northumbrians, first selected and

trained by Aidan. He was absent, but Boisil, the monk in charge, welcomed Cuthbert with the words "Behold a servant of the Lord." Boisil loved the pious shepherd lad, and took charge of his education. A manuscript copy of the gospels in which the teacher and his pupil read daily is still preserved in the cathedral at Durham.

The country is now beautifully cultivated, and contains many populous towns; in the time of Cuthbert it was little better than a pathless waste, with a few shepherds' huts scattered over it at long intervals.

While under training, Cuthbert excelled the other inmates of the monastery in manual labour as well as in study and prayer. When the course was completed, he set himself with great activity and zeal to instruct the inhabitants of the hills and dales in the surrounding district, most of whom were Christians only in name. They had yielded to their nobles in accepting the new religion, as those had yielded to the king. But they retained their old superstitions, side by side with the new worship. When any calamity befell them, they had recourse for relief to heathen charms and amulets. If any trouble happened to the Christian preachers who came settling among them, they took it as a proof of the wrath of the older gods. When some log rafts which were floating down the Tyne for the construction of an abbey at its mouth drifted with the monks who were at work in them out to sea, the half-heathen on-lookers said, "Let nobody pray for them; let nobody pity these men; for they have taken away from us our old worship, and how their new-fangled customs are to be kept nobody knows."

Cuthbert visited all the country around, sometimes on horseback, but generally on foot, preaching the Gospel. He sought out those remote villages which were situated in wild mountain places, almost shut out from the world. Often he did not return to the monastery for some weeks, remaining all the time in the mountains, teaching the people by his example as well as by his words. The self-denial, zeal, and eloquence of this missionary produced a

great impression on the rough but warm-hearted peasantry to whom he thus laboured. As soon as his arrival in any place was known, the whole people of the neighbourhood hastened to hear him.

Once Cuthbert had wandered far with a youthful companion. Night drew on and they had nothing to eat. "Where shall we lodge and where can we get food?" asked his companion. "Learn, my son," said Cuthbert, "to have faith and hope always in the Lord. No one who serves God faithfully can ever perish with hunger. See you yonder eagle overhead? God can feed us through its means if He will," and lo! the scared bird let fall a fish. Cuthbert bade the lad cut the fish in two. One half they kept and made a meal of at a village which they reached, the other half they left that the eagle too might have its share in return for its service to them. At another time when he was with some of the brethren in an open boat, a blinding snow storm drove them on the coast of Fife. "The road is closed by the snow along the shore," murmured his comrades; "our way over the sea is barred by the storm." "But the way to heaven is not closed," said Cuthbert.

Traces of the labours of this devoted missionary still remain in various parts of Scotland. A memorial of his presence at the capital is to be found in the church which bears his name, nestled at the foot of the famous rock, on the summit of which King Edwin of Northumbria had not many years before erected a stronghold.

After labouring for about ten years at Melrose, Cuthbert was persuaded to accompany Abbot Eata to Northumbria to assist in establishing a monastery at Ripon. He held the office of steward in the institution, and showed as much zeal in the discharge of its duties as he had done in his missions. When travellers who had made their way to Ripon through the snow, famished and nearly fainting with cold, claimed the shelter of this house of refuge, Cuthbert himself washed and warmed their feet, and saw to the abundant supply of their wants.

Cuthbert did not long remain at Ripon, but returned to Melrose, where he resumed his life of missionary itinerating and preaching. Boisil, his old friend and teacher, died three years after of the great plague, known as the "yellow pestilence." Cuthbert was also attacked, but he recovered, and at Boisil's request was appointed his successor. Nominal Native Christians in South India are apt to resort to demon ceremonies on an outbreak of cholera. It was the same with the English in the time of Cuthbert. Many sought relief from the yellow pestilence by falling back on heathenish practices. Cuthbert was indefatigable in going about teaching the people the right course.

After thus labouring for several years, Cuthbert was called to be prior, or head, of Landisfaine. The example which he set told with a force that could not be resisted. Sometimes he would spend whole nights in prayer. He was ever to be found, either making something with his hands, or reciting the Psalms, or going about the island to see that all was well. He found work to be done, not only amongst the brethren, but the country people also. Again he went forth on his missionary journeys, visiting village after village, attracting by his winning sweetness the hearts of men, and bidding them be diligent in seeking the joys of heaven. He taught them also the art of cultivating their fields and gardens, and his medical skill enabled him to effect the cure of various diseases.

When twelve years had passed away, Cuthbert longed for more complete solitude. He first retired to the mainland, and lived in a recess in the rocks, still known as "Cuthbert's Cave." After a while he went to a wilder spot, one of the little Farne islands where never before had man dwelt. In modern times it has become famous as the scene of the rescue of shipwrecked persons by Grace Darling and her father. There, with the deep sea rolling at his feet and the birds wailing above his head, he built for himself, with the aid of the brethren, a wall of stone and turf so high that he could see over it nothing but the sky. Within this enclosure he erected a circular hut of turf and

rough stone, and made two rooms within, one for prayer, the other for a dwelling-place. At the place of anchorage, he erected a larger building to shelter the brethren from Landisfarne when they paid him a visit. He lived on the produce of a field of barley, cultivated with his own hands. Such was the fame of his sanctity and wisdom, that large numbers, not only from the adjoining coast, but from distant parts of the country, flocked to his lonely islet to ask from its famous inhabitant counsel and comfort. Cuthbert disclaimed the idea that the life of a hermit was to be ranked higher than that of an ordinary member of the community. "It must not be supposed," he said, "because I prefer to live out of reach of every secular care, that my life is superior to that of others. I know many whose souls are more pure, and more exalted than mine."

There are very mistaken notions in India about the supposed sanctity of ascetics and hermits. The first and great commandment is to love God with all our hearts. The second is to love our neighbour as ourselves. A hermit who selfishly cares only about himself and does nothing for those around him, deserves blame rather than praise. It was a saying of Cuthbert's that "to advise and comfort the weak was equivalent to an act of prayer."

After Cuthbert had spent eight years in this retired spot, one day, to his great surprise and regret, the King of Northumbria and his chief nobles landed on the islet, and entreated him to accept the office of Bishop of Hexham. After long resistance, he yielded to their request, but he persuaded his friend Eata to exchange with him the bishopric of Landisfarne instead of that of Hexham.

For two years he continued to preach the gospel to the heathen, to encourage the Christians, to heal the sick, and to bestow food and clothing on the poor. He penetrated as of old into hamlets and distant corners, climbing the hills and downs, sleeping under a tent, and sometimes finding no other shelter than in the huts made of branches from the nearest forest. He remembered with affectionate attention the aged widow who had watched over him

in his boyhood when he kept his master's sheep. He availed himself of every opportunity to visit her in her moorland cottage, and to minister to her wants.

The time at length drew near when, worn out with his labours, privations, and anxieties, Cuthbert found he must die. After farwell visits to his most intimate friends, soon after Christmas A.D. 686, he entered the boat which was to convey him from Landisfarne to his cell. As he stepped in, one of the brethren asked him when they should see him again. "When ye bring back my body hither," was his reply, and he repaired alone to his solitary isle.

About the close of the following February, he was seized with his death sickness. On the morning of the attack the Abbot of Landisfarne paid him a visit. The dying man had made all arrangements for his burial. A stone coffin lay concealed beneath the turf, and a shroud was ready.

After ministering to his wants, the Abbot returned to Landisfarne, intending speedily to come back to the dying bishop. But wild winds arose, and for five days no boat could put out to sea. On the sixth day the Abbot returned and found Cuthbert at the landing place, greatly exhausted. The Abbot, after giving him what was needed, persuaded him to allow a few of the brethren whom he brought over to stay on the island.

Ere long his sickness increased, and he perceived that his end was near. Accordingly he bade the brethren take him to his room for prayer, and then one of them was allowed to watch by him. It was about nine o'clock on the morning that they carried him thither, for his exceeding weakness forbade him to walk. All day he lay calmly awaiting his great change, and giving his last charges. As the night wore on, he continued in prayer. After receiving the communion from the Abbot, he lifted up his eyes to heaven and passed away without a groan to the joys of the kingdom of heaven.

It was agreed that Cuthbert's death should be made

known at Landisfarne by waving a torch. The brother who had been stationed at the watchtower, straining his eyes across the dark waters, saw the light waving to and fro. He ran into the church, and the brethren knew that Cuthbert had passed away from this mortal scene.

Cuthbert was first buried in Landisfarne. After several changes, his remains found their last resting place in the Cathedral of Durham, where his tomb was discovered in 1827.

Cuthbert's life was afterwards written by Bede, both in verse and prose. Bede was 13 years old at the death of Cuthbert.

CÆDMON.

The Anglo-Saxons were fond of poetry. Their bards were a recognized order; at their feasts the bard had his seat of honour, and while he drank his mead, sang the victories of the kings over their enemies. Their poetry was alliterative, or words often began with the same letters, as in "Many men, many munds." Cædmon was the first great Anglo-Saxon Christian poet.

Cædmon seems to have been a lay brother of the monastery of Whitby, in the north of England. He had reached a somewhat advanced age ignorant altogether of song, and even unable to read. When his turn came to sing in the hall on festive occasions, and the harp was handed to him, he used to go out of the room. One evening he retired from this cause to the stables, of which he had charge; and fell asleep. He dreamed that a man stood by him, and bade him sing something. Cædmon replied that he could not do so. "Nay, but thou hast something to sing to me," was the answer. "What must I sing?" said Cædmon. "Sing of the creation." The new poet burst into unexpected song on this subject, and when he awoke the words were in his memory. When he recited his verses, all thought that he had received a gift from God. They next explained to him some portion of the Bible, and desired him to put it into metre. In the morning the

lines were ready. Hilda, the head of the monastery, made Cædmon become a monk, and took care that he was acquainted with the Scriptures. Everything he heard he versified with sweetness and power, whilst his life was a pattern of goodness.

Fourteen days before he died Cædmon was seriously unwell, but was able to speak and walk. On the evening before his death he bade his attendant make up a bed for him in the room for the sick and dying. He had some pleasant conversation with the inmates, and obtained from them the mutual forgiveness of any injuries. He then asked them how long it would be before the midnight prayers began, and learning that the time was near, he expressed his joy, and his desire to wait for the service. Falling asleep, he passed away shortly afterwards in his slumber, about 680 A.D.

Cædmon put into verse, among many other things, the books of Genesis and Exodus in the Old Testament. In the New Testament, he sang the chief incidents of the life of the Lord Jesus Christ. The poetry of Cædmon was greatly admired, not only by the common people, but by some of the best scholars of the time. Bede wrote his life, and was very fond of quoting his verse.

BEDE.

Columba, Aidan, Cuthbert, and others, were zealous missionaries, travelling about to preach the Gospel, but they left few if any writings behind them. Bede, of whom a short account will now be given, remained constantly at home; but by his learning and his books he did equal service to the Christian church.

Bede was born in the year 673 at a village not far from the present Newcastle, in the north-east of England. In those days there were no books, no roads, no security for property. Monasteries were therefore founded where men, protected from violence, could have time for study and prepare themselves as Christian teachers. Without these

monasteries Macaulay says, "the population would have been made up of beasts of burden and of beasts of prey."

Being born on the land belonging to the monastery of Wearmouth, Bede, according to the law then prevailing, was the serf of that establishment. When he was seven years of age, he was given over to Benedict, the head of the monastery, to be educated. Benedict, in building the church, employed masons, skilful in working stone after the Roman manner, whom he fetched over from France. When the walls were finished, he sent for glaziers, whose art was yet unknown in England, and filled the windows with glass and lattice work. For the music, he obtained a skilful singer from Rome. A few years later, Benedict laid the foundations of a new monastery at Jarrow, on the river Tyne, a few miles from Wearmouth. Bede went to Jarrow not long afterwards, and there he spent the rest of his life.

Benedict had the largest collection of books in Britain, and the monastery was provided with good teachers. Latin and Greek, Bede learned thoroughly. He even seems to have had some knowledge of Hebrew. From his seventh year till his death, Bede says, "I applied all my study to the meditation of Holy Scripture; and observing withal the regular discipline and keeping the daily singing of God's service in the church, the rest of the time I was delighted always to learn of others, to teach myself, or else to write."

Little by little he made himself master of the whole range of the science of his time, he became, as Burke rightly styled him, "the father of English learning."

In his nineteenth year Bede was made a deacon, and in his thirtieth year a priest. He refused the abbot's office lest its many cares might distract his mind from his studies. An invitation to Rome was also declined.

Learning in England was then in a very low state. Bede mentions that he had himself given to several priests, who were ignorant of Latin, the Apostles' Creed and the Lord's Prayer in an English translation.

Bede says, "I am my own secretary; I make my own notes. I am my own librarian." He had the whole world of letters to unfold to his countrymen, who were altogether unacquainted with even the names, much less the writings of the great men of pagan or Christian antiquity. After his death, 45 works remained to bear witness to his unceasing literary activity.

Theology in England may be said to have commenced with Bede, and it was drawn directly from the true fountain of all Christian teaching, the Holy Scriptures. Bede's works include numerous commentaries on books of the Old and New Testaments. But he was far from confining himself to theology. In treatises compiled as text-books for his scholars, Bede threw together all that the world had then accumulated in astronomy, in physics and music, in philosophy, grammar, rhetoric, arithmetic, medicine. The work which has chiefly handed down his name to posterity is his "Ecclesiastical History of the English Nation." He was at once the founder of mediæval history and the first English historian. To him we are indebted for nearly all our information on the ancient history of England till the year 731.

Warm-hearted, affectionate and sympathetic, Bede lived in his pupils, and his pupils in him. They are his "dearest sons", he is their "dear father" and "most beloved master." His piety, his gentleness, his simplicity, breathe through every line of the history of the Church he loved so well. "Never did I see or hear," says his biographer, "of any one who was so diligent in rendering thanks to the living God."

Bede's history was finished, A.D. 731. It was written in Latin, the learned language of the time, like Sanskrit in India. Three years afterwards, Bede went to York, to help in establishing a school in that city, which afterwards became famous. He promised to repeat his visit the following year, but his health failed. The stooping attitude so constantly maintained by one who wrote so many books seems to have affected his chest. He was

greatly troubled with shortness of breath, but mercifully without much pain. Though it became clear that his end was not far distant, he continued to labour, preserving his sweet ways, and his usual cheerfulness. In spite of increasing weakness and prolonged want of sleep, he listened to the reading and singing of his pupils, or advised them about their studies. Words of Holy Scripture, and particularly those of Paul, "It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God," were constantly on his lips. He repeated also, from time to time, some verses of English songs, one of which is thus rendered: "None, ere he goeth yonder, considers as wisely as he ought, before his departure hence, what his spirit has done of good or evil, and that sentence must be rendered accordingly." Often, too, he gave thanks to God for the afflictions laid upon him, and repeated the words of the apostle, "He scourgeth every son whom He receiveth."

Bede still laboured on, anxious to complete his translation into English of St. John's Gospel. His difficulty of breathing grew worse, while a slight swelling of the feet gave token of his approaching end. Still, he continued dictating, and in his usual cheerful way bade his scholars lose no time, saying, "I know not how long I may last; perhaps in a very short time my Maker may take me."

He lingered, however, through the night and early on Wednesday morning, when the rest of his scholars had left him to walk in procession, he was left alone with one who still continued writing at his dictation. The writer said to him, "Most dear master, there is one more chapter wanting; do you think it troublesome to be asked any more questions?" "It is easily done," said the dying man; "take thy pen and write quickly." Busily the scribe toiled on till three in the afternoon, when Bede said he had something in his chest which he should like to give to his brethren in the monastery. He sent for them and divided among them what he had. While they wept at parting from him, he said: "It is time that I return to Him who made me, fashioning me out of noth-

ing. I have lived long My righteous Judge has ordered all my life well. Now the time of my release is at hand. I desire to depart and to be with Christ."



DEATH OF BEDE.

With such language Bede passed the afternoon joyfully till the evening. Then the youth who was waiting for him said, "Dear master, there is yet one sentence unwritten." He answered, "Write quickly." Soon after the youth said, "It is finished at last." Bede replied, "Thou hast spoken truly. It is finished. Hold up my head, and let me sit opposite to that holy place in which I was wont to pray. There let me sit and call upon my heavenly Father." Placed on the floor of his little room, he began to sing, "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost." When he had spoken the last word, he died, and his happy spirit ascended to sing praises in heaven. He was afterwards called the "Venerable Bede," because he was thought so worthy of respect for his goodness and his learning.

PROGRESS OF CHRISTIANITY IN ENGLAND.

In less than a century and a half from the landing of Augustine to the death of Bede, more than 50 years before the conflicting kingdoms were united into one monarchy, every one of these kingdoms had become Christian. Each had its bishop or bishops, who took their seats in the great council of the nation; sitting later as nobles with the earls. Peaceful monasteries arose in all quarters. Each great church, certainly each cathedral, had its monastery, the priests of which not only conducted the services of the church, but were missionaries in all the surrounding districts. Christianity became the law of the land, the law underwent the influence of Christianity.*

THE CONTINENTAL TEUTONS OR
GERMANS.

Cæsar mentions the Rhine as the common boundary of the Teutons and Celts, but he states that some Teuton tribes had crossed it to the westward. On the other hand a Celtic immigration had worked its way into the south of Germany.

Manners.—The Germans, Cæsar informs us, differed in several respects from the Celts. They were much less advanced in civilization; they did not dwell together in towns, nor live under civil government. They took no interest in agriculture, but for the most part roamed from one spot to another for the sake of hunting and pasturage. Their chiefs were simply the leaders they chose for each casual enterprise. Respect was early paid to women, and they were allowed to share in counsel and the conduct of public affairs. Their manners were simple and domestic; the ties of marriage and kinship were held in special sanctity

* Milman's *Latin Christianity*, vol. II., pp. 98, 99.

among them. Their women shared with them the hardships of warfare, cheering them to the battle, and ministering to them on the field, and acquiring thereby a right to share in their counsels. The Germans, though fierce and cruel to their enemies, were hospitable and even generous to strangers from whom they had suffered no injury.

The Continental Germans were divided into three chief tribes. The Eastern Germans were called GOTHs. They first occupied the southern coasts and islands of the Baltic. The island *Gothland* has its name from them. Some went southward and westward. The eastern portion received the name of Ostrogoths (East Goths), and the western portion Visagoths (West Goths). The *Franks* were German tribes on the Rhine. Between the Goths and the Franks there were other German tribes, one of the principal of which was called the *Alemanni*. The French have given their name to the whole of Germany.

Religion.—The Teutons believed that all inanimate objects and animate beings had spirits akin to their own. Men who practised witchcraft or magic flourished among them, and dreams were greatly regarded. Certain gods had attained prominence under similar names in many tribes; but each had more or less its own special gods and observances.

The highest deity among the Teutons was Woden. The name means all-powerful. Woden gives victory in war, fertility of soil, and the highest blessings. With such a warlike people, he was prominently the arrayer of wars and battles. He is sometimes described as looking down on the earth through a window and hearing, Frigga, his wife, sitting by his side. He took up the heroes who fell in fight into his heavenly dwelling.

Woden is represented sometimes as a water spirit. Like the Hindu Rudra, severe pestilences sprang from him and also their cure. The sun is his eye. To him are traced up all the races of heroes and kings. Wednesday (Woden's day) is an evidence of his importance.

FRIGG, or FRIGGA, the wife of Woden, represents the inhabited earth. She takes the highest rank among the goddesses. She knows the fates of men, is consulted by Woden, presides over marriages, and is prayed to by the childless. Balder is her son, whose fate she and Woden mourn together.



THOR.

THOR, or DONAR, ranks next to Odin. He rules over clouds and rain, lightning and thunder; yet he is a fatherly god, though a punishing one, and frequently angry. As crops are greatly affected by rain and thunderstorms, the control of them is ascribed to Thor. Like Woden, he presides over the events of war, and receives his share of the spoils.

Thor is represented as enormously strong, with a long red beard, fiery eyes, girt with a belt of strength, swinging a hammer in his hand, wearing a crown of stars in his head. He rides in a chariot drawn by two goats. He is terrible when angry, but naturally good-natured. His hammer can split the mountains; the belt of strength doubles his divine strength.

Thor's wife, Sif, is a symbol of the earth, and gold is termed her hair.

Tiu was the third great god of the Teutons. His name is connected with the Sanskrit Dyaush, the Greek Zeus, the Latin Jupiter. The Teutons, from their character, associated him chiefly with warlike deeds, though his sphere is wider than that. Though represented as Odin's son, he becomes equal with him as a war god. He is the god of martial honour, the most daring of all the gods, the giver of valour. The Romans identified Tiu with their Mars. Tuesday is Tiu's day.

FRY presided over rain and sunshine and the fruits of the earth, dispensing wealth and good harvests. He had a ship, made by the dwarfs, capable of containing all the gods with their weapons and stores. He is also said to have had a sword of wonderful powers, which could put itself in motion against the giants.

FRYA, sister of Frey, as a goddess ranks next to Frigga, the wife of Woden. It is uncertain which of them gave name to Friday, Frigga's or Freya's day. She was the Teuton Venus, and was invoked by lovers. She rides in a chariot drawn by two dogs.

Oder, Freya's husband, left her, and travelled into far countries, since which Freya continually seeks him, weeping tears of pure gold. Women after death go to Freya.

NJORD, the father of Freya, was a water deity, presiding over the winds and controlling the sea. Hence he was invoked by fishermen and sailors.

LOKE, or LOKI, is the spirit of evil, and pervades all nature as a corrupting influence. Originally he appears as the companion and relative of Odin. He was fabled to have



FREYA.

taken part in the creation of men, contributing evil desires. He became sly and treacherous, beautiful in appearance, but inconstant and evil, the slanderer of the gods, the contriver of deceit and fraud. Thus nobody honours him as a god. Hel, who presides over the land of death, is his daughter.

The goddess **HEL** has a gloomy underground domain, surrounded by a fence. A dog stands outside of a cave, and howls loudly. Hel binds the dying with chains which cannot be broken. She has a nethermost place for the wicked, where serpents vomit venom.

The Supreme Deity cannot be identified with any of the Teutonic gods, but rather with that "him who sent it," who was before the beginning of creation. And the word "God," which is a very old Teutonic word, is not identified with any particular named God. It is possible, therefore, that the named gods are mainly ancestors or hero gods or personifications of persons or departments of nature.

The Teutons peopled the unseen world with crowds of spirits of various kinds, heroes, giants, elves, dwarfs, etc. There is a vast body of mythology relating to magic, ghosts, devils, animals, and plants.

Sacrifices.—Both prayer and sacrifice to the gods date from the earliest times. Sacrifices were frequently thank-offerings, a share of the gifts bestowed by a god being offered to him. Other sacrifices were expiatory, offered on occasions of disaster, famine, pestilence, etc. Human victims were occasionally offered in circumstances of special gravity; frequently they were captured enemies, or slaves or criminals. Horses were favourite animals for sacrifice, horse-flesh being very generally eaten by the Teutons. The head was not eaten, but specially consecrated to the gods.

Fruit offerings occupy but a small space; but drink is more prominent. Some drink was poured out to the household spirits, and at great festivals and sacrifices the gods were separately honoured, and horns full of liquor drunk to them.

Temples.—The old Teuton word for temple also means "wood," indicating that primitive Teuton worship was conducted in woods or groves. There the deity dwelt, veiling his form in the foliage; there the hunter presented to him the game he had killed, and the herdsman his horses, oxen, and rams. There are some traces also of

the worship of the gods on hill-tops, in caves, or by the river side. In groves no images are mentioned as being set up, and no temple walls seem to have enclosed the sacred space. But altars and sacred vessels were erected there, and heads of animals were hung from boughs. There were, however, some temples.

The gods dwell together in Asgard. Twelve gods are reckoned, and twenty-six goddesses.

A great ash-tree, Ygdrasil, was supposed by its branches to furnish bodies for mankind. Its roots extended through all worlds; its branches reached through the heavens, and fostered every living thing. Under the root, which extended to the gods, was a holy fountain, where the gods sat in judgment. By this fountain were three maidens, Present, Past and Future, who like the Greek and Roman Fates, fixed the lifetime of man and dispensed good fortune, there were others who gave men bad destinies.

End of the World.—This resembles the *Mahápralaya* of Hinduism at the end of a Kalpa, when all the worlds with their inhabitants, gods and even Brahmá himself, are annihilated. Events happening to the Teutonic gods foreshadow their final destruction. The world is becoming worse and worse; frightful calamities and strange miracles abound. After a great contest between evil and good spirits, the final destruction of all takes place. But after the earth and the heavens have all been consumed by flames, a new heaven and a new earth arise. All ills cease; Balder comes.

ULPHILAS AND THE CONVERSION OF THE GOTHs.

ULPHILAS, commonly called the "Apostle of the Goths" was born A.D. 311 in Eastern Europe, north of the Danube. His name is supposed to mean 'wolf's cub.' When 21 years of age, he was sent as a hostage to Constantinople. During the ten years he resided there, he

acquired the Greek language. He also embraced Christianity. The young convert was soon appointed to read the Scriptures in the congregation, which naturally turned his mind to the task of translation. But the Goths, for whom Ulphilas specially laboured, possessed no form of writing. The first business of the translator into the Gothic language was to invent letters for them. All the German dialects were at this time unwritten; all had to be fixed in Greek or Latin characters. The letters of Ulphilas were modified from the Greek, but he invented four letters expressing sounds unknown to the Greeks. One of these was W, another Th.

Ulphilas had now made himself a comprehensive linguist. He wrote in the Greek, the Latin, and the Gothic languages. He is said to have composed several theological treatises now forgotten; but his great work, the Gothic translation of the Scriptures still exists in a great measure, though in an incomplete state.

In the year 341, Ulphilas, then just thirty years of age, was raised from the humble rank of reader to that of bishop, through the influence of Eusebius, bishop of Nicomedia.

For seven years Ulphilas was able to go about preaching, and many professed themselves Christians. A great persecution then arose against the new converts. After the martyrdom of many men and women, Ulphilas was driven, with a number of his people, south of the Danube, where they were kindly received by the Emperor Constantius. The learning and piety of Ulphilas marked him as a fitting associate in the numerous counsels held by Constantius.

In 361 Constantius died. Julian, his successor, allowed the Christians to live in peace, but the era of Valentinian and Valens, from 363 to 378, was marked by floods, wars, and revolutions on the Lower Danube.

Athanave, a Gothic chief, caused the image of his national divinity to be borne through the country on a waggon, and the Christians who refused to worship it were passed through the fire before it.

In 376 the Gothic tribes beyond the Danube were overwhelmed by a second irruption of the same savage races. Many of the Goths then sought the protection of the Eastern Empire. The Emperor Valens received them on condition that they gave up their arms and embraced the Christian faith. In a war which followed, Valens himself perished in the burning of a cottage in which he had taken refuge.

The Emperor Theodosius the Great defeated the barbarians several times, so that they were glad to sue for peace. He invited Ulphilas, now in his seventieth year and highly respected, to attend a Council, to be held at Constantinople, but his death occurred at the time the bishops were assembling.

The religious opinions of Ulphilas differed in some respects from those held by the Christian Church. They were first taught by a man named Arius, and hence they were called Arian. A lower place was given to Jesus Christ than by the Christian Church. Some of the Emperors were zealous Arians, and sought to spread their opinions. The Goths were largely Arians.

CLOVIS AND THE CONVERSION OF THE FRANKS

As already mentioned, the Franks were German tribes near the Rhine. They had occupied the greater part of Belgium. At the close of the fourth century, Clovis, still a youth, on the death of his father was raised upon a buckler by his brother warriors and acknowledged king. The wars in which he led them were uniformly successful. He defeated the remnant of the Roman power, and checked an invasion of the Alemanni.

Down to his thirtieth year, Clovis continued to worship the gods of his barbarian ancestors. He was, however, early impressed with the gentle spirit of the Christian ministers with whom he came in contact, and, instead of destroying their churches, allowed them the free exercise of their rites. His wife Clotilda was a Christian. While still

himself a pagan, he allowed his child to be baptized. At the great fight of Tolbiac, afraid lest he should be beaten, he cried out, "O Jesus Christ, if thou givest me the victory, I will believe and be baptized, for I have called on my own gods in vain." He did gain the victory, and felt for the time very thankful to God. The queen, who was glad, sent for Remigius to come and instruct him. One day when the bishop was telling him about the Jews crucifying Christ, he was very angry and said, "Would I had been there with my Franks! I would soon have chastised them." He was baptized on Christmas day with a great deal of pomp and show, and more than three thousand of his soldiers were baptized at the same time.

Gaul was now nominally Christian, and became the bulwark alike of Christianity and southern civilization against the barbarians of Germany.

MISSIONARIES TO THE CONTINENTAL GERMANS

COLUMBAN.

After Ireland had been, to some extent, Christianised, it sent out missionaries to labour among the barbarous tribes of Switzerland and Germany.

These Irish missionaries generally travelled in companies, their outfit a pastoral staff, a leathern water-bottle, a wallet, a leather case for their service books. They flocked across the sea, landed on the western shores of France and then pressed on to some forest, where they settled down, and by dint of great labour cleared some portion of the waste. Before long the wooden huts arose with the little chapel and tower by its side, with the abbot's chamber, the dining-hall, the kitchen, the barn for the grain and other buildings. There they lived, and prayed, and studied, preaching the word, taking care of the sick, and comforting the afflicted.

One of the earliest of these missionaries was COLUMBAN. He was born in Ireland about the year 543, of noble parents. At an early age he was placed under the venerable abbot Senile. His studies embraced, besides the scriptures, grammar, rhetoric, and geometry. His progress was so rapid that at an early age he wrote a commentary on the Psalms and other religious works. Afterwards he entered the monastery of Banchor, recently erected, but already flourishing and renowned under its founder, the holy Comgall. Gladly would Comgall have retained Columban, but he had a strong desire to preach the Gospel to the pagan tribes on the continent of Europe. When he told Comgall of his work, although at first he remonstrated, he afterwards gave his consent. Columban had the true missionary spirit. He prayed thus: "O my God, kindle our lamps that they may shine continually in Thy temple. From Thee, the everlasting light, may we receive light, that our darkness may be dispelled, and that the darkness of the world may flee before us."

Columban, when thirty years of age, with twelve companions from amongst the brethren, bade farewell to Ireland, and after barely touching on the shores of Britain landed in France in the year 580 A.D. He found the kingdom of the Franks only Christian in name, and disturbed by furious wars. After traversing the country for some time and preaching the word, he came to Burgundy, where he was welcomed by Guntram, one of the grandsons of Clovis. Here he might have found a useful sphere of labour, but he wished for a sterner mission field. With his twelve companions he settled in the wild and desolate region of the Vosges mountains on the north-east of France over which wild tribes of Germany roamed. Over a range of 180 miles in length and 30 in breadth, nothing was seen but parallel chains of defiles, divided by endless forest. War and devastations had well-nigh effaced every trace of Roman civilization. What had been cultivated became once more the haunt of the bear and the wolf.

The number of the disciples of Columban increased

rapidly, and soon he had to lay the foundation of another monastery. The boundaries of each were marked out and the forest cleared. Within arose the humble cells of thatch and branches, and conspicuously the church with its round tower which could serve as a place of refuge in time of need. In the fields reclaimed, the seed was sown, and in autumn the brethren reaped the golden harvest. The people, Christians and pagans, were greatly moved. Hundreds flocked to hear their religious instruction, and hundreds more were led to copy their labours in clearing and tilling the land.

The discipline of the monastery was severe. Incessant toil either in the field or in copying manuscripts, the observance of repeated devotional exercises, three by day and three by night, with minute regulations extending to every motion of the body, were the methods employed by Columban in moulding to implicit obedience those who were admitted to his society.

The following were some of the rules preserved. Let the monk perform his allotted task with diligence, only when wearied out let him retire to bed; let him be compelled to rise before he has slept sufficiently, when he is injured, let him hold his peace; let him obey without questioning, let his fare be homely and sparing, sufficient to support life without weighing down the spirit,—a little bread, vegetables, pulse or flour mixed with water; let this be his diet, as becometh one who professeth to seek in heaven an eternal crown.

But the abbot taught his disciples that the essence of true piety did not consist in externals; true religion consisted not in the outward humility of the body, but of the heart. He himself set them a worthy example. After working as hard in clearing the forest as the best of them, he would retire to read and meditate on the Scriptures, which he always carried with him. On Sundays and high festivals he sought a cave where he would devote himself to prayer and meditation, and so prepare for celebrating the holy services of the day.

But Columban was not without his sorrows and anxieties. Death carried off seventeen of the brethren, and he buried them in a portion of the forest he had so lately cleared. His strict life excited the prejudices of the Frankish clergy, whose worldliness stood rebuked by his self-denial.

Thierry, the young king of the country often visited the monastery. Columban solemnly reproved him for his immoral life, and urged him to marry. His mother, who saw in a queen a death-blow to all her influence, was unbounded in her rage against Columban. Through her influence, Columban was forcibly taken away from his monastery and put on board a ship bound for Ireland. But a storm arose and the vessel was driven back, when Columban and his companions landed in France.

Although Columban was kindly received by the French king, he resolved to proclaim the faith among the pagan tribes in Switzerland. One of his companions was an Irish monk, named Gallus. They finally settled at a small town on the lake of Constance. Here they found the ruins of a church, within which were three images of brass, gilded, fixed to the wall, which the people were wont to worship as the presiding deities of the place, and to invoke their protection.

At a great festival Columban asked Gallus, who was acquainted with the native language, to address the people on the folly of idolatry, and proclaim to them the one living and true God and His son Jesus Christ. Then taking the idols, he broke them in pieces, and flung them into the lake. The people were divided. Some seeing the inability of the gods to help themselves were baptised, others went away filled with anger and bent on revenge.

Columban and his companions remained there upwards of three years, erected a monastery, and cleared a portion of the forest. At first their hardships were very great. Gallus provided for the wants of the community by making nets and fishing on the lake.

The heathen party roused against them one of the

native chiefs, and Columban resolved to leave the neighbourhood. With a single companion he crossed the Alps, and repaired to the court of the king of the Lombards in Northern Italy, by whom he was cordially welcomed. The king bestowed on him the territory of Bobbio, situated in a defile of the Apennines. Here were the ruins of a church, which Columban, with the aid of companions, who quickly joined him, restored. Here he erected the famous monastery of Bobbio. Though invited by the sole king of the Franks to return to the scene of his early labours, Columban spent the remaining years of his life in his new monastery, where he died, aged seventy-two, 615 A.D.

GALLUS, THE APOSTLE OF SWITZERLAND.

It has been mentioned that Gallus was one of the twelve companions of Columban, and for years they worked together. Columban left Switzerland and went to Italy. Gallus, prevented by a severe attack of fever from accompanying Columban across the Alps, remained behind. For a time he remained with some companions, finding employment for his boats and nets on the waters of Lake Constance.

After a time Gallus wished to find a place in the forest where he could find a cell for himself and the other monks to live in, and where they might till the ground. He went to a friend, named Hillibald, who used often to be in the woods catching birds for food and asked him to help him. His friend told him about the wild beasts which lived in the forest; but Gallus said, "If God be with us, who can be against us? all things work together for good to them that love God."

Then Hillibald said, "Take some bread and a little net in your bag to-morrow, and I will take you into the forest." As they went on, Hillibald got hungry, and said to him, "Let us now take some bread and water, that we may be strengthened for the rest of the journey." But Gallus would not eat or drink till he had found a suitable

place. So they went on till the evening; and then they came to a spot where there was a beautiful clear stream, in which were plenty of fish. Gallus thought this would do, and having caught some of the fish with the little net that he took with him, they boiled them, and ate them with the bread they had brought.

There in that wild and savage country, amongst mountains covered with ice and snow, Gallus settled. He was joined by a deacon, named John, and twelve other monks, with whose assistance he cleared the waste, and erected the famous monastery which now bears his name. Here Gallus spent the rest of his life, superintending for twelve years the labours of his monastic brethren. At an urgent request he went to Arban, and preached to a large congregation. Setting out on his return he was attacked with fever, and before he could regain his favorite retreat, was overtaken by death, A D. 627.

Gallus, like his master Columban, was eminent for self-denial and usefulness. He reclaimed from barbarism the districts bordering on the Black Forest. He taught the people the arts of agriculture as well as the duties of religion. His humble cell became after his death the resort of thousands of pilgrims, and was replaced by a more magnificent edifice, erected under the auspices of one of the French kings. During the ninth and tenth centuries it was the asylum of learning, and one of the most celebrated schools of Europe.

WILLIBRORD.

MISSIONS TO THE SAXONS OF NORTHERN GERMANY

The ancestors of the English, called Saxons, came from the coasts of Denmark and Prussia. In course of time a number of them became Christians, while those who remained in their native country remained heathen.

Some of the English Christians had a strong desire to

carry the Gospel to Frisia, the country of their ancestors. Among them was a good man, named Egbert. When about to sail with some zealous brethren, a storm shattered the vessel in which he was about to embark. A vision also bade him remain in Ireland to instruct those in the monasteries. He looked out, however, other labourers who would carry on the work.

In Northumbria, in the north-east of England, Willibrord was born, and was sent, quite a child, to the monastery at Ripon to be instructed. There were no schools then, except at the monasteries; the people were very ignorant, hardly any besides the monks could read or write. Willibrord made great progress in his learning, and when he got older he went to Ireland, where he studied for twelve years under Egbert.

When 32 years of age, Willibrord, yielding to the solicitations of Egbert, agreed to go with twelve companions to Frisia. After arriving safely, he was heartily welcomed by Pepin l'Heristal, a French general who had lately been successful in several engagements against Radbod, a powerful Native prince, and a warm supporter of heathenism.

Willibrord preached with such zeal in the districts lately taken from Radbod, that many embraced Christianity. At the end of four years Pepin sent him to Rome, with the request that he might be made a Bishop.

Sergius, the Pope, in 696 A.D., willingly agreed to the request, and in 696 A.D., Willibrord, under the name of Clemens, was consecrated Archbishop, with his seat at Utrecht. Here Willibrord established himself, and being assisted by the brethren he had brought over from Ireland and others who followed, he succeeded in evangelising a considerable portion of Frankish Frisia, and in building several churches and monasteries.

The following year Willibrord wished to go to Denmark to plant there the Christian faith. His efforts, however, were rendered useless by the terror inspired by Ongend, a ferocious Dane. All that he could do was to take back

with him to Utrecht, thirty boys to be educated as future missionaries.

On his way back a storm drove him for shelter to the island of Heligoland, then much larger than it is at present, and known by the name of *Fositesland*, from the German deity, Fosite, son of Balder, to whom it was dedicated. It was considered so sacred that it was unlawful to touch any animal living there, or, except in solemn silence, to drink of its holy well. Willibrord, having to wait some time for a fair wind, killed several of the sacred cattle to provide food for his crew, and baptized three of the lads he had brought with him, in the sacred spring. It would have been better if Willibrord had tried to teach the people the folly of their idolatry before killing the beasts and baptizing in the well.

The people of the island, thunderstruck at what Willibrord had done, expected that their god would vindicate his power by striking him down with instant death. As nothing happened, they sent messengers to Radbod, then in the island. Willibrord was instantly summoned into the presence of the chief, who decided that one of the three offenders must die. The lots were cast thrice before the victim could be determined. At last one was taken and put to death to appease the wrath of Fosite.

When Radbod asked Willibrord to explain his conduct, he spoke to him very plainly.

"It is not a god, O king," said he, "whom thou worshipspest, but an evil spirit who has led thee into fatal error. For there is no other god but One, who made the heaven, the earth, the sea, and all that they contain. He who worships this God, with true faith, shall receive eternal life. I am His servant and call upon you this day to abandon these dumb idols, and believe in one God Almighty, and be baptized. If thou follow my words thou shalt enjoy eternal life, but if thou despise the way of salvation, know assuredly that thou shalt suffer eternal punishment with the wicked one whom thou obeyest."

Radbod was astonished at the boldness of the speech,

but sent Willibrord back, with an honourable escort, to Pepin, king of France.

Encouraged by the protection of Pepin and his successor Charles Martel, Willibrord visited all parts of his diocese, preaching in every town and village where the people had become Christians, urging them to stand fast and to glorify God by a life becoming the religion they professed.

When news of Willibrord's success reached England, many earnest Christians left to take part in his labours. Among them were two brothers, named Ewald, who selected the territory of the Old Saxons as their field. In the first village they entered, they met with a friendly reception. Encouraged by this, they expressed a wish to see their chief as they had a message of the utmost importance.

Meanwhile their daily prayers, singing of psalms and mysterious rites excited the suspicion of the Saxons, and they began to fear that if the strangers were introduced to their chiefs he might be led to give up his ancestral faith. They therefore fell upon them one day unexpectedly, and having beheaded one of the brothers and cut the other to pieces, flung their bodies into the Rhine. The chief, however was not pleased with what had taken place. He slew all the inhabitants of the villages, and laid them in ashes. The bodies of the martyrs were afterwards recovered from the river, and buried with much pomp at Cologne.

Wulfram.—Among the fellow-labourers of Willibrord, was bishop Wulfram, who preached the Gospel with much success.

Wulfram found the people addicted to offering human sacrifices. Some were hanged, others were strangled, others were drowned in the sea or some river. Once on a great festival Wulfram saw a boy being led forth as a sacrifice. The gibbet had been erected, and a vast crowd had assembled to feast their eyes on the cruel sight. Among those present was Radbod, with whom Wulfram pleaded earnestly that the boy's life might be spared. This the

chief said could not be. The boy had been marked out by lot as the victim, and he must die. As Wulfram continued pleading for the boy's life, the chief said, "If your Christ can save him from death, he may be his servant and yours for ever." Upon this the rope was fastened round the neck of the victim and he was thrown off. Meanwhile Wulfram had flung himself on his knees and prayed earnestly that God would glorify His name by saving the boy's life. The rope then broke and the victim fell to the ground. Wulfram finding that life was not extinct, took measures to recover the boy, and he was afterwards sent with others similarly saved to the monastery of Fontenelli.

At another time, two sons of a widow, one seven, the other five years of age, were selected for sacrifice. A stake was erected on the sea-shore, to which the boys were fastened, to be drowned by the rising tide. As the waves crept nearer, the elder of the two children tried to support the younger on his shoulders, to save him for a little time at least from death. The crowd was watching anxiously for the end, when Wulfram again went to Radbod and begged the life of the children. "If your God, Christ," replied Radbod, "will deliver them, you may have them for your use." Upon this the bishop prayed earnestly, and the waves left the spot where the children stood. The bishop then went into the water, and seizing one of the children in his right hand, and the other in his left, took them home to their mother.

Wulfram's labours had a considerable effect upon the people. Even Radbod's son consented to be baptized, and the chief himself is said to have had at one time serious thoughts of following his example. Many gladdened the heart of Wulfram by, at least, a nominal profession of Christianity before his death in A.D. 720.

On the decease of Radbod, Charles Martel once more reduced the Frisians to a state of nominal subjection. This enabled Willibrord to press forward his labour, with greater hope of permanent success. But he had already been

joined by a still more distinguished missionary, whose success speedily eclipsed his own, and who won for himself the name of the "Apostle of Germany."

BONIFACE,

"THE APOSTLE OF GERMANY."

At the beginning of the eighth century of the Christian era, Christianity had already established itself within the territories which had once formed the provinces of the Roman empire. Italy, Spain, France were nominally Christian. The Saxons, too, who had invaded England, through the labours of Augustine, Aidan, Cuthbert, and other missionaries, had accepted the Gospel. But the Saxons who remained behind in the central regions of Europe were still heathen. Their conversion to Christianity was largely due to him whose history is now to be described, and who has been well called the "Apostle of Germany."

Boniface, whose English name was Winfred, was born in Devonshire in the year A.D. 680, in the time of the Saxon kings. The names of his parents are unknown, but his father is said to have been of noble birth. He was nursed by his mother with great tenderness, and his father, preferring him to his other children, spared no pains on his early educational training that he might have a distinguished secular career. But those purposes of worldly advancement were strongly opposed by Winfred, when he was little more than a child. Some pious monks were in the habit of visiting his father's house, to instruct the family in religious truth, and little Winfred used to sit down and listen to them with great attention. Perhaps it was seeing and hearing these good men that made him wish to be a monk. His father was much against this, till at length, alarmed by a dangerous illness, he relented, and at the age of seven years Winfred was sent to an Abbey School at Exeter. The library there was small, and Winfred soon exhausted its stores. At his own request, he

was removed to the Abbey of Nutescelli, in Hampshire, which was rich in books and teachers. There he made such progress that in course of time he was placed at the head of the school. His fame for learning, wisdom, and piety spread through all the south of England, and crowds flocked around to hear his expositions of Scripture.

At the age of thirty he was ordained a priest, and from his well known talents he was on several occasions entrusted with business of importance. The king honoured him with his confidence, and he might have risen to a high position in the church. But other aspirations had now taken possession of his soul. He thought of the country from which his Saxon ancestors had come, and he longed to carry the Gospel to his pagan kindred in their German home.

This desire was probably awakened by what he heard of the labours of Willibrord among the heathen tribes of Friesland, who inhabited the country now known as the coasts of Holland and Hanover. They were closely allied to the Anglo-Saxons, and spoke the same language. They were a very barbarous race, living like fish in the water, and holding intercourse with other nations only by sea. Their land was uncultivated, and scarcely a human habitation was to be seen.

The Abbot tried to dissuade Winfred from his dangerous enterprise; but in vain. With three of the monks whom he had inspired with his own missionary zeal, he sailed for Friesland. The western portion of Friesland had at an earlier period been conquered by the Franks, and there the Gospel had been preached and churches established principally through Willibrord and his companions. Winfred arrived at an unfavourable time. Radbod, king of the Frisians, taking advantage of the death of the king of the Franks, seized West Friesland, burned the Christian churches, and began a fierce persecution of the Frisian converts. On the approach of winter, Winfred returned to Nutescelli.

Soon after he came back, the Abbot died, and Winfred

was strongly urged to allow himself to be chosen as his successor. But the missionary spirit still burned within him. The following year he again set out for the continent. Before beginning his labours, he went to Rome to obtain the sanction of the Pope, in the belief that this would conduce to his success. He took with him letters of commendation from his friend, the Bishop of Winchester. Arriving at Rome he was warmly received by Gregory II., who then occupied the papal chair. The pope blessed him, and under the name of Boniface, which means a "doer of good works," authorized him to proclaim the Gospel in Germany wherever he might find an opportunity. He was commanded "to haste and kindle among the nations bound in the errors of paganism, that saving fire which our Lord came to cast on earth, so that God might grant him to lead them into the kingdom of God by the preaching of the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, and to infuse the reasonable doctrines of Holy Scripture into their ignorant minds." Fortified with this commission, Boniface set out for Germany. But to what district in the unknown land should he turn?

The chief object of Boniface was the conversion of his kindred in Old Saxony; but the door was shut against his entrance there. Two of Willibrord's companions had gone there to preach the Gospel; but no sooner was the object of their mission discovered than they were cruelly murdered. Direct access to this stronghold of heathenism being for the present impossible, Boniface tried to Christianise the tribes on the frontier. He therefore entered into Thuringia, a district on the south of that occupied by the Saxons. To this region the Gospel had been brought thirty years before by Kilian, an Irish missionary, but some of the tribes had relapsed to heathenism. Here Boniface laboured for a season, inspiring the Christians whom he found with new life and courage, and persuading some of the heathen to part with their idols.

Hearing that Radbod, the king of the Frisians, was

dead, Boniface went to Holland, the scene of his earliest missionary effort. He travelled throughout the country, preaching wherever he went; Christians who had fallen away in times of persecution were restored; thousands of pagans turned from their idols, heathen temples were overthrown, and replaced by Christian churches. Willibrord was now an old man and Boniface was strongly urged to become his successor, but nothing could prevail on him to accept the position. He had given himself to the work of evangelizing the heathen Germans, and he returned again to Thuringia, accompanied by some of his Frisian converts. He found the country in a miserable condition. The Saxons were ravaging everywhere with fire and sword. The Christians were so severely persecuted that some had relapsed into paganism, and the rest were obliged to conceal themselves. Boniface shared with them their trials, and his life was in constant danger, but in spite of all he continued his work, restoring the fallen, and strengthening those who held to the faith. Two chiefs, attracted by his preaching, were baptised. A monastery was founded, and in course of time multitudes, both in Hesse and on the borders of Saxony, received the Gospel.

A monk was sent to make known to the Pope these gratifying results, and in 723 A.D. he summoned Boniface once more to Rome. Boniface was made a bishop with a general authority over all whom he might win over from paganism to the Christian fold. He also received letters of commendation to the king of the Franks, and the chiefs of the countries where he was about to labour. Boniface found on his return that matters had not improved during his absence. Some of his converts had remained firm in the faith, but many, still under the spell of their old superstitions, had mixed their new and old creed in wild confusion. They still worshipped groves and fountains, still consulted fortune-tellers, and cast lots, still offered sacrifice on the old altars, mixing up the words of Scripture with those which they had been accustomed to use in the worship of their gods.



BONIFACE CUTS DOWN AN OAK.

A decisive step was necessary. At Geismar, in Upper Hesse, there stood a gigantic and venerable oak tree,

sacred to Thor, the god of thunder. It had been regarded with superstitious awe and veneration by the people, and beneath its gloomy shade their most solemn rites had for centuries been performed. In vain had Boniface declaimed against idolatry, the presence of that sacred tree counteracted in the minds of his hearers every impression he had made. He determined therefore to remove an object of such superstitious reverence. With axe in hand, he went to the spot with some of his associates in labour. He had made known what he was going to do and thousands of the heathen flocked to the place, some doubtful, but the greater part believing that the god would avenge himself by striking his enemy dead on the spot. Every eye was fixed on Boniface as he advanced and struck a vigorous blow. A cry of horror burst from the excited crowd; but as stroke after stroke of the axe fell, it became clear that Thor could not protect his own. In vain was Thor supplicated to show his power and avenge himself. Before long a crashing was heard; the helpless idol fell thundering on the ground, rent and broken by the fall. A deep impression was produced on the heathen, many of whom renounced their idols. To deepen the impression, Boniface built a church of the wood of the fallen tree, wherein the true God would be worshipped.

After this throughout Hesse and Thuringia the Gospel made rapid progress. Heathen temples disappeared; humble churches rose up amidst the forest openings; monasteries sprung up where a fruitful soil and the presence of running water showed an inviting site; the land was cleared and brought under the plough; and the sound of prayer and praise awoke unwonted echoes in the forests. The harvest truly was plenteous, but the labourers were few. Boniface therefore invited assistance from his native land. In the year 733 he addressed a circular letter to the bishops, abbots and clergy in England begging their assistance. "We beseech you," he writes, "that ye will remember us in your prayers to God and our Lord Jesus Christ, who would have all men to be saved and come to a knowl-

edge of the truth, that He will vouchsafe to convert to the true faith the hearts of the heathen Saxons, that they may be delivered from the snares of the Evil One, wherewith they are now held captive. Have compassion on them, brethren. They often say, 'We are of one blood with our brothers in England' Remember they are your kinsmen according to the flesh. Remember that the time for working is short. Aid us, then, while it is yet day."

In other letters he begs for copies of different portions of the Scriptures. He wrote for a copy of the Epistles of Peter with gilded letters, for him to use when he was preaching. He thought the people might learn to reverence the Scriptures more if they saw them written in gold. He also asked for copies of the Gospels, written in large letters because his sight was weak. Commentaries, especially those of Bede, were also solicited. The appeals of Boniface were not in vain. Prayer was offered for his success, books, money, and other necessaries were contributed for his help. Better still, for the last 25 years of his life, and for many years after his death, a constant stream of men and women flowed from England, Ireland and France into Germany to take part in the work of educating and Christianizing its inhabitants. Some were men of learning, others were skilled workmen, so that hand in hand with Christianity, education and the arts of civilized life found a home in the German wilderness.

On the death of Gregory II., Boniface in 732 A.D., once more crossed the Alps and sought an interview with his successor, Gregory III. The new Pope received him with more than ordinary respect, and made him an Archbishop, with power to visit and organize the churches in Germany.

Boniface established many monasteries, but the most celebrated was that of Fulda in Hesse, founded in 744 A.D. Within a year it had 400 inmates. The Abbot wrote of them "Some are missionaries appointed to minister to the churches and people in sundry places; some are monks; some are children sent here for instruction; and a few are old men, who have lived a long time

with me, helped me, and shared my labours." Many were the saint-like, learned and zealous men which that missionary centre brought forth.

Boniface was now growing old—about three score and ten—and his long and incessant labours had begun to tell upon his constitution. He had planted the Christian church amongst a hundred thousand Germans. He had founded nurseries of learning and civilization at several places in the Teutonic forests. He had kept up communication with England and induced numerous helpers to come from his native land to aid him in his work. He had placed devoted labourers in the remotest districts of the vast wilderness, and cheered them by his exhortations and example. He obtained leave from the Pope to appoint a successor, while he intended to return to his beloved Fulda, that there he might pray for a blessing on his labours and end his days in peace.

But the old man could not rest. In 755 A.D., when 75 years of age, he resolved to visit again Frisia, the scene of his earliest labours, to strengthen the Christians, and to redeem the land from the remaining paganism. From that missionary journey he felt that he never would return. He gave his last solemn charge to his successor, and directed that in the book-chest which he always took with him on his journey, should be placed a famous treatise on "The Advantage of Death," and along with it a shroud, in which his body was to be carried back to Fulda. With about fifty clergymen and laymen, he sailed down the Rhine. At Utrecht he was joined by his old pupil Eobin, the bishop. They then went together into the eastern part of Frisia, threading their way through the villages scattered here, and there among the marshes.

For a time all went on well. The missionaries were welcomed by several of the tribes, and were enabled to lay the foundations of several churches. Gladdened by the accession of many converts, they at length reached the banks of a river not far from Dockum, where he had appointed the converts to meet him the following day. As

he waited their approach, the sound of the pagan war-cry burst on his ear. The heathen Frisians, enraged at the success of the missionaries, had sworn to put to death the enemies of their gods. Some of the followers of Boniface counselled resistance and would have defended him with their lives, but he stepped forward and commanded them to forbear, and to await with patience the crown of martyrdom. "Let us not return evil for evil," said he: "the long-expected day has come, and the time of our departure is at hand. Strengthen yourselves in the Lord, and He will redeem your souls. Be not afraid of those who can only kill the body, but put your trust in God, who will speedily give you an eternal reward, and an entrance into His heavenly kingdom."

Calmed by his words, his followers bravely awaited the onset of their enemies, who rushed upon them and quickly despatched them, 52 in number, Boniface himself, praying and still holding in his hand a copy of the Gospels, met the martyr's death. The heathen speedily searched the tents of the missionaries; but instead of the treasures they expected, found only the book cases which Boniface had brought with him. These they rifled, scattering some of the volumes over the plain and hiding others among the marshes, where they remained till they were afterwards picked up. With the remains of the great missionary, they were removed to Fulda. There for many a year might be seen the shroud he had carried with him, and the "Advantage of Death," sprinkled with his blood.

Thus Boniface died in 755 A.D. He was a man who could say, "No," and a strict disciplinarian, but his letters show the kindness of his nature, and the number of his devoted personal followers proves that he could win and retain men's hearts. His spirit lived after him in many of his disciples, who continued the work he had begun. He planted the Christian church among the people of Central Germany, and founded centres of civilisation and learning amid its forests. He organised the church and provided for its future government.

FORCIBLE BAPTISM OF THE SAXONS BY CHARLEMAGNE.

CHARLEMAGNE (born A. D. 742; died 814) was the greatest monarch of his time. He was the son of Pepin, king of France, but he became ruler, not only of France, but of nearly the half of Germany and Northern Italy. In the year 800 he was crowned Emperor of the West, by Pope Leo III.

All along the eastern frontier of the Frank dominions of Charlemagne lay the Saxons. They were a numerous people, spread over a vast territory, retaining in the eighth century the barbarous manners, the idolatrous religion, and the predatory habits of their ancestors. The result was that the civilised Frank kingdom suffered from the incursions of the Saxons, as the Roman Empire used to do from those of the Franks.

Charlemagne did not commence war with the Saxons, for a state of war between the two peoples had existed for centuries. What he did was no longer to content himself with a war of defence and reprisals, but to put an end to those hostilities by a war of conquest. It was the longest, the most bloody and most difficult of all his wars. It was carried on in seventeen campaigns, which extended over 33 years.

In 774, the Saxons, taking advantage of Charlemagne's absence in Italy, broke into the French territory, harrying the country with fire and sword. Charlemagne took the field against them, with the determination not to lay down his arms till he had compelled them to embrace the Christian religion or had exterminated them. Priests and monks followed his victorious armies, the conquered were invited to receive baptism; churches were built and monasteries founded. Two years later the Saxons again broke out into a general revolt. The fighting Saxon men retreated before Charlemagne, and the elders of the people met him, all offering to submit to his rule and to receive the Christian faith. An immense crowd of

Saxons, men, women, and children were baptised in the river in presence of the conquering troops.

In 782, there was another outbreak of hostilities. In the regions between the Ems and the Elbe, the churches were burnt, the Christians scattered, and the missionaries slain who had not found safety in flight.

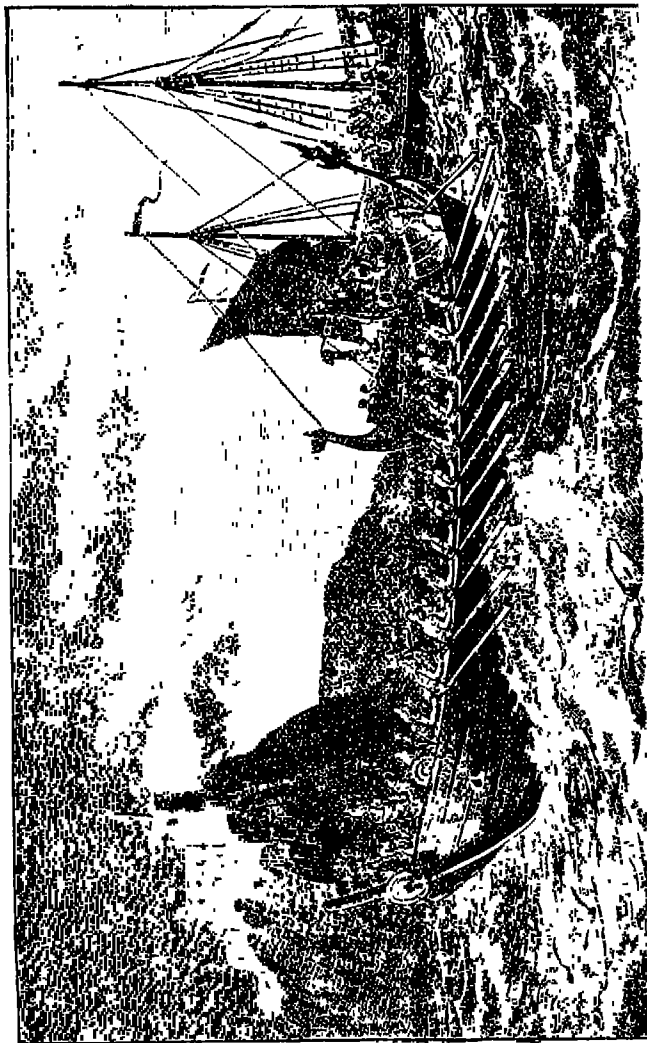
The anger of Charlemagne was roused, and he resolved upon the infliction of a terrible chastisement. All who had taken an active part in the recent outrages were ordered to be delivered to him, and in one day 4,500 men were beheaded. This massacre left a deep stain upon the character of Charlemagne.

The massacre, instead of filling the Saxons with terror, inspired them with rage, and the whole country broke out into insurrection. Charlemagne brought an irresistible force into the country, and threatened the penalty of death against the refusal of baptism, against setting fire to churches, the offering of human sacrifices, and against certain barbarian superstitions. Parents neglecting to have their children baptised within a year of their birth, were punishable by a fine. A similar penalty was incurred by sacrificing in the groves or any other act of pagan worship. Thus Charlemagne endeavoured to compel the people to forsake their barbarian customs, and to embrace Christianity as the only means of effectually taming these wild spirits.

The Saxon territory was reduced to the form of a province, and divided into several bishoprics. Churches were gradually established, and the people became nominally Christian and civilised.

CONVERSION OF THE NORTHMEN.

The NORTHMEN belonged to the great Teutonic or German family. The name was used in the eighth century to describe the inhabitants of Denmark, Sweden, and Norway. Living on the coasts, they left them in their boats to plunder the neighbouring countries, and came to former



SHIP OF NORTHMEN.

settlements. For three centuries they infested the European seas. Fierce and reckless robbers, they were everywhere the object of detestation and terror. They were particularly hostile to monasteries and religious establishments. The monks and nuns were cruelly treated, and the buildings often set on fire.

Woden, called Odin, was their principal deity. He was represented as one-eyed, wearing a broad hat, and wide mantle. He had a wonderful spear which he lent to heroes. To him were attached two wolves and two ravens, following the fight and seizing on corpses.

Odin dwelt in a great hall, Valhalla, its ceiling supported by spears, its roof formed of shields. To it Odin invited all those who were wounded or fell in battle. There they were fetched and attended by the Valkyries, Odin's waiting maids.

The belief in Valhalla exercised a great influence on the Teutons. The warrior was cheered when dying by the thought that the Valkyries had been sent to invite him to Valhalla; only by true courage could he win Odin's welcome. Cowards he would despise and drive away, and thus it was misery to the Teutons or Norsemen not to die valiantly in battle. In Valhalla there is perpetual food, a miraculous boar, cooked every day, but becoming whole again every night; and perpetual supplies of beer furnished drink. The day in heaven was supposed to be spent in fighting, and the nights in feasting and drinking.

Thor was the national god of the Norwegians, and his temples and statues were most numerous in Norway and Sweden. Even into comparatively modern times, there was special observance of Thursday (Thor's day). His sturdy strength recommended him specially to certain peoples, and prayers, oaths, curses retained his memory often and longer than that of any other god.

ANSKAR, THE APOSTLE OF DENMARK

DENMARK means the 'country of the Danes.' It consists of a low sandy peninsula, very much indented by shallow winding inlets, called fiords.

Charlemagne had in view the conversion of the Danes, and he intended to plant a church near Hamburg which should become a missionary centre. This plan, though interrupted by his death, was taken up by his son Louis. Harold, king of Denmark, asked the assistance of Louis in a dispute, and Ebbo, primate of France, accompanied the army sent to his aid. After three years the primate returned accompanied by Harold, his queen, and a number of Danes, who were all baptised with great pomp.

Ebbo wished a missionary to accompany the newly baptised king, but the ferocity of the Northmen long deterred any one from offering himself. At last he heard of a volunteer, named Anskar, who, though of noble birth, had been devoted by his parents to the monastic life. He was born about the year A.D. 801, and when only five years of age, he lost his mother. He early exhibited the deepest religious enthusiasm, and devoted himself to his studies with great zeal. His talents and Christian character brought him into general notice, and when a new monastic outpost was founded, Anskar was elected to superintend its school and preach to the people.

When on a visit to the older monastery, Anskar learned that a monk was needed to accompany the Danish Harold to his native land, and that he had been nominated for the arduous work. His brethren set before him the hardships and perils of the undertaking, but he was immovable in his resolve to go. A single associate, named Autbert, agreed to accompany him.

The Mission met with little success. Before long Harold was obliged to fly from his kingdom. Anskar had also to leave, and Autbert died in A.D. 830.

Ambassadors from Sweden to the Court of Louis announced that many of their countrymen were favourably disposed towards Christianity, and begged the Emperor to send them teachers. Louis at once thought of Anskar, and bade him leave Denmark for a more hopeful mission.

Anskar, with a companion named Witmar, set out in A.D. 831 with presents from the Emperor to the king of

Sweden. But the voyage was full of disappointment. Their vessel was attacked by pirates who plundered it, including the presents to the Swedish king. Hungry and nearly naked, they were put on shore, and they had to make their way through forests infested with bears and wolves and over snow-covered mountains till they reached the port of Birka. They were well received by King Biörn and allowed to baptize any who wished to become Christians. Herigar, the king's counsellor, declared himself a convert, and erected a church on his own estate.

After a year and a half Anskar returned to the Frankish territory, and sought an interview with Louis, who was greatly pleased with his success. Louis sought to carry out the scheme of his father to have an Archbishop of Hamburg. Pope Gregory IV. invested Anskar with the pallium, a sign of the archiepiscopal dignity. He was also authorized to labour for the conversion of the Northern nations.

It was agreed that the Swedish mission should be committed to a nephew of Ebbo, named Gauzbert, who was raised to the episcopacy. Gauzbert received a hearty welcome from King Biörn and his people, and laid the foundations of a church.

Anskar built at Hamburg a church, a monastery, and a college. He redeemed from slavery a number of boys whom he either educated himself or sent to a monastery that they might form the nucleus of a native ministry.

After seven years Hamburg was attacked by a very large army of Northmen, taken, and sacked, and burnt. Before the sun had set, Anskar saw every outward memorial of his mission, reduced to ashes. Reduced as he was to the utmost extremities, he could only repeat the words of Job. "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, and blessed be the name of the Lord."

To add to the distress of Anskar, he heard that owing to similar risings of the Northmen, Bishop Gauzbert had been driven from Sweden, and his nephew murdered.

For some time Anskar wandered from place to place, and many of his monks, finding no means of subsistence,

were obliged to leave him. Many men would have given up the work in despair; but Anskar still laboured on, and comforted himself with the words of Archbishop Ebbo shortly before his death. "Be assured, brother," said the prelate, "that what we have striven to accomplish for the glory of Christ will bring forth fruit in the Lord; for it is my firm and settled belief, nay, I know of a surety, that though what we have undertaken amongst these nations is subject for a time to obstacles and difficulties, on account of our sins, yet it will not be lost or perish altogether, but will, by God's grace, thrive and prosper, until the name of the Lord is made known to the furthest ends of the earth."

Mindful of the converted chief Herigar, Anskar had sent a convert named Ardgar to Sweden, to ascertain how he was, and to strengthen him against relapsing into heathenism. Ardgar rejoiced to find Herigar still remaining steadfast in the faith. Besides, the new King Olaf, who succeeded Biorn in the government of the southern provinces of Sweden, granted him permission to preach the word, without fear, which encouraged the remnants of the Christian party to persevere.

Ardgar, on several occasions gave proofs of his boldness. The town of Birka was attacked by pirates. The place was surrounded on all sides, and there seemed no hope of successful resistance. The townspeople offered sacrifices to their gods and collected such treasures as enabled them to make an agreement with the hostile chiefs. Their followers not satisfied with the amount, wished to assault the town. Again their altars were raised, the victims offered, and the gods consulted. But again the result was unsatisfying. Herigar now rebuked the people for their adherence to gods unable to help them in the day of trouble. "What wouldst thou have us to do, then?" they asked. "Tell us, and we will follow." "Make a vow of obedience to the Lord God Omnipotent," he replied, "and turn to Him, and He will assuredly not fail you in the hour of danger." The people took his advice, went forth to an open place, and then bound themselves to keep a

feast in honour of the God of the Christians, if he would deliver them from their enemies. The leader of the hostile force, while his people were clamouring for the signal to attack, suggested that the will of the gods should be consulted. The lots were cast, and it was ascertained that the omens were unfavourable for the assault, and thus Birka was saved.

When the bishop of Bremen died, it was proposed that the see should be annexed to the archbishopric of Hamburg. Anskar had now plenty of men, and before long many professed their adhesion to Christianity.

Meanwhile, Ardgar left Sweden. Anskar in vain tried to induce Gauzbert to return to the scene of his former labours. There was nothing left for it, but that he should go himself. Encouraged by Harold, king of Jutland, who gave him warm letters of commendation to King Olaf of Sweden, Anskar set out for Birka.

The heathen party in Sweden had recovered a portion of their former ascendancy. The people were told that if they wished a continuance of prosperity, they must restore the ancient worship with greater zeal. Anskar's friends advised him to give up his enterprise altogether as it might cost him his life to persevere. But he was not so easily disheartened. He invited Olaf the king to dine with him, and set before him the presents sent by the King of Jutland, and asked permission to preach. The king replied that he could not act on his own impulse merely. He must call an assembly of the nobles, and in their presence ascertain the will of the gods by casting the sacred lots. The lot was cast and the result was favourable to Anskar. The matter was next referred to an assembly of the people. While it was being discussed, an old man stood up and said, "Hear me, king and people. Many among us have been assured that this new Deity can help those who trust in Him, many others have experienced His aid in perils. Why then hesitate to admit His Divine power? Our own deities fail us, and cease to succour us in time of danger. Truly it would

be well to win the favour of God, who never fails those that call upon Him."

The words of the old man found favour with the people, and it was agreed that Anskar should not be hindered in his work. The king even gave a grant of land for building a church and welcomed Erimbert, a companion of the archbishop, whom he presented to him as the new director of the Swedish mission. Before long, Anskar found himself able to return to Denmark.

In Denmark matters had gone backward. Fierce struggles attended the preaching of Christianity. Eric the Red had provoked the hostility of the Northmen, by his profession of Christianity. He was attacked by a heathen force. The battle is said to have raged for three days, at the end of which Eric and many nobles lay dead on the field. The most powerful of Anskar's friends shared the fate of their king. Eric II., easily persuaded that the late misfortunes were due to the abandonment of the old religion, commenced a cruel persecution of the Christians. Anskar could only throw himself in prayer on the Great Head of the Church. Soon after he received a letter from the new king giving him permission to recommence his work. He even gave him a grant of land for the erection of a new church at Ripa, while the old church at Sleswick was, for the first time permitted to have a bell, forbidden before from the dread of enchantment.

Anskar now returned to Hamburg, and devoted himself to the administration of his diocese. Through his seminary at Ramsloh, he was enabled to supply missionaries when required. Anskar's labours continued until the 64th year of his age, and the 34th of his episcopate. One of the latest acts of his life was a noble effort to check the infamous slave trade. A number of native Christians had been captured by pirates, and reduced to slavery. Effecting their escape they fled to North Germany; but, instead of sheltering the fugitives, many of the chiefs either made them slaves of their own, or sold them to heathen and even Christian masters. At the risk of his life, Anskar went

to the guilty chiefs to reprove them for their conduct. His bold endeavour was successful. He was able to induce some to set their captives free, while others he ransomed.

Anskar retained his simple mode of life to the last. His charity was unbounded, and his solicitude for the welfare of slaves and captives in war, as also the sick and poor, induced him to make the most strenuous exertions in their behalf. Not only did he distribute a tenth of his income among the poor, but every five years he tithed his income afresh that he might be sure the poor had their proper share. Whenever he went forth on a tour through his diocese, he made a practice of never sitting down to dine, without ordering some of the poor to be brought in, and he himself would sometimes distribute food among them.

Anskar employed the remaining years of his life in arranging the affairs of the diocese, and after committing the northern division to the Emperor's special protection, died in A. D. 865.

The conversions in Denmark were confined to the mainland. The islands still remained pagan, while human sacrifices continued to be offered till the Emperor Henry I., extorted from Gorm, the first king of all Denmark in A.D. 934 protection for the Christians and the abolition of human sacrifices.

THE GOSPEL IN NORWAY.

NORWAY is a long narrow country, nearly as large as the Bombay Presidency, forming the western part of the Scandinavian peninsula. It is one of the most mountainous countries in Europe. The coast is indented by narrow deep winding inlets, and skirted by innumerable rocks and islets.

Harold Haarfager, 'The Fair-haired,' was the first acknowledged king of all Norway.* He had several sons,

* Born 863, died 930 A. D.

but one, called Hakon, was born to him in his old age. He was sent to England in charge of Hauk, a great warrior. During a state banquet he suddenly placed the child upon the knee of Athelstan, the king, announcing that Harold had sent it to be fostered by the English sovereign. Athelstan kept and received the lad; he had him baptized and brought up as a Christian.

On the death of Harold Haarfager, he was succeeded by Eric the Bloody Axe, his eldest son. He had slain three of his brothers, and made himself universally detested. Hakon, with the hearty support of Athelstan, came over to Norway, where he was received with acclamation, and was declared King by one assembly after another. His brother Eric tried to collect an army, but the signal failure of his efforts made him leave the country.

Hakon was now free to attend to the welfare of his people. Careful to consult those whose opinions carried weight with the people, he avoided any approach to an arbitrary exercise of his sovereignty. Thus he won the golden opinions of his subjects. They proudly accorded to a king, who showed himself to be both mentally and morally worthy of their confidence, the flattering surname of "The Good." The material prosperity of the country further contributed to enhance Hakon's popularity, for plenty or scarcity, favourable weather or the reverse, was always associated by the people with the good or bad fortune of the reigning king.

Although Hakon desired with all his heart that the Norwegians should embrace Christianity, he knew well the desperate opposition it would encounter. He therefore proceeded cautiously. He restricted himself for some time to a private observance of Christian customs. He next recommended that the mid winter feast of Yule^{*} should be deferred for a few days so as to tally with Christmas. Having gained this point, he invited a bishop and priests to come over from England.

* At the winter solstice when bonfires were raised.

Some of those converted by the king's winning measures now received baptism, which was followed by the building of several churches in the Drontheim country. It was suggested to the inhabitants of that district that Christianity should be their professed religion, but it was recommended that the proposal should be brought before a popular assembly.

At an assembly which was held, Hakon besought them "all, young and old, rich and poor, women as well as men, that they should all allow themselves to be baptized, and should believe in one God, and in Christ the Son of Mary; and refrain from all sacrifices and heathen gods, and should keep holy the seventh day."

The royal proposal was unanimously rejected. The people revered their king, it was true, but they revered still more the faith inherited from their fathers. Hakon must either withdraw his motion or he must be prepared with a popular disaffection which might cost him his crown.

At this moment Jarl Sigurd, a well-known chief, told the people that they had nothing to fear from the king, who had no intention of forcing upon them an unwelcome religion. This soothed the multitude, and the king consented to abandon his design for a time.

But the distrust of the people was awakened, and at the next harvest festival, Hakon was met by a demand, that, instead of feasting apart from them, he should occupy his throne as president of the proceedings. To this Hakon agreed. It was customary to begin with a draught of ale in honour of Odin. To divest it somewhat of its paganism so far as he was concerned, he made the sign of the cross over the horn before drinking. This excited suspicion, but Jarl Sigurd appeased the people by saying that the king was only making the sign of Thor's hammer above the cup.

But next day the people insisted that Hakon should partake of the sacrificial horse-flesh, to which he had the greatest abhorrence. When he shrank back from this, the

people would have done him instant violence, but for the prompt intervention of Sigurd. He prevailed upon Hakon to inhale a little of the vapour of the boiled horse-flesh, which sufficed to stave off immediate danger.

The people, however, were not really pacified. Eight chiefs undertook to compel Hakon to sacrifice to the heathen gods and to extirpate the new religion wherever it had found a foothold. Three churches were burnt, and three priests were killed.

But all religious differences were suddenly merged in a great national anxiety. Hakon's nephews, supported by the King of Denmark, had invaded Norway. In a fierce battle which took place Hakon was victorious, and the invaders were driven back to their ships with heavy loss.

Again and again Hakon's nephews waged war against their uncle, backed by armies which Harold of Denmark was glad to supply. Two great battles took place, in both of which the invaders were defeated with much bloodshed. But the second was fatal to the valiant King of Norway. While in full pursuit of the routed enemy, a random arrow struck him, and his strength ebbed fast with the flowing blood. Feeling that his end was at hand, he recommended that his nephews, the sons of Eric, should succeed him, and begged that an appeal might be made to them, to hold his friends in honour and respect.

The Norwegians mourned greatly the loss of their King. He had died sword in hand, as Odin loved his heroes to die, and they believed that he was now an inmate of Valhalla, Odin's heaven. They buried him under a great mound, in full armour and in his best clothes.

Christianity gained no ground during the reign of the sons of Eric. Baptized as they had been in England, they opposed paganism to the extent of pulling down the temples, and interfering with the sacrifices whenever an opportunity presented itself; but their high-handed proceedings, distasteful to the people in themselves, were doubly obnoxious on account of the character of the instigators.

OLAF TRYGGVESON.

No attempt will be made to describe the troubled history of Norway, during the next half century. An account will rather be given of the next distinguished Christian king. When the sons of Eric killed their cousins, Astrid, the widow of one of them, sought safety in flight with her infant son. Astrid determined to join a brother, who held an appointment at the Russian court. On the voyage they were made prisoners. Her son Olaf, now three years old, was separated from his mother. Both were sold into slavery, but they became the property of different owners. For six years the child lived in Russia where he was well treated. Olaf's uncle came to the place on Government business. He saw young Olaf, and was struck with his distinguished appearance. On ascertaining their relationship, he took him back with him to Novgorod, the Russian capital. Here the boy lived for nine years in marked favour with the Russian queen. He grew into a handsome youth, a proficient in all manly exercises, and a favourite with all around him. The King Vladimir then became jealous of him, and with the queen's leave he left Russia.

We next find Olaf in Prussia, where he married one of the king's daughters, and became the able administrator of her valuable estates. When his wife died, Olaf could no longer remain in the country, and left in quest of fresh adventures. As a Sea King we find him marauding on the French, Irish, and British coasts.

One day when off the Scilly Islands in the south-west of England, he heard of a Christian hermit, gifted with prophetic powers. After testing the truth of his claims, Olaf applied to the hermit for instruction, and finally was baptized by him, an example followed at once by all his men.

After several adventures, Olaf married an Irish lady, sister of the King of Dublin. In Dublin Olaf met a messenger from Norway, who was charged to compass

his ruin if he had formidable pretensions to the Norwegian throne.

The messenger, under the spell of Olaf's personal presence, proved faithless to his master, and drew a very tempting picture of the welcome in Norway on which a descendant of Harold the Fair-haired might reckon. Olaf was pleased with the thought that, after all his wanderings, he would find a home in the land of his fathers. He set out immediately in the hope of winning his kingdom by a sudden stroke.

On the first Norwegian ground Olaf trod, he caused a Christian service to be performed, and the site marked for a church to be built in more settled times. The circumstances were favourable. Jarl Hakon, the king, by his misconduct had occasioned an active revolt, and had fled. A slave who shared Hakon's place of concealment, cut his master's throat, and was in his turn beheaded by Olaf, whose favour he had hoped to win by the murder. Hakon's sons fled to Sweden, and Olaf Tryggveson was unanimously proclaimed King of Norway.

His reign was an uninterrupted struggle to impose Christianity upon his native country, where he had the happiness of meeting his mother once more. Astrid had been redeemed from slavery by a Viken merchant who made her his wife, and Olaf succeeded in establishing Christianity in Viken.

At an assembly of four districts, Olaf, at the head of a powerful army, offered the people the choice of being baptized then and there or of fighting with him. Ill prepared for battle on the spot, they elected baptism. Dreaded by his foes and adored by his friends, Olaf everywhere asserted his supremacy, and made nothing of baptizing a whole district at once.

At Lade he stripped Jarl Hakon's pagan temple, burning the building to the ground. One of the ornaments there was a "great gold ring," hung by Hakon in the doorway. Desirous of marrying the dowager Queen of Sweden, Olaf sent the "great gold ring," as a propitiatory present.

It turned out that the ring was merely gilded copper, so the scorn of the lady was intense. Still, the negotiations went on, but they were brought to an end by Olaf's demand that the queen dowager should be baptized before the marriage. This she absolutely refused. Olaf might adopt any religion he chose, but she would cling to the faith of her forefathers. Upon this Olaf was very angry, and treated her rudely. This the queen dowager said should one day bring about his death.

To paganism Olaf would give no quarter, and sorcery came under his hot displeasure. Sometimes by craft, but more often by violence, he had his way. At a great gathering he struck down the image of Thor, with his axe, in the very middle of the temple ceremonies. This was the signal for a general demolition of idols. After this proof of the impotence of the heathen gods, there was a large accession to the Christian community.

Olaf sent a Christian priest to Iceland, but by his conduct he made himself offensive to the Icelanders. Some Iceland chiefs, however, staying in Norway came in contact with Olaf. Much impressed with his kindness and the solemn services of the Christian church, on their return to Iceland the introduction of Christianity was formally proposed to the national council and great results followed.

Olaf also sent an envoy to Greenland, to baptize, preach, and generally promote Christianity there.

Olaf was a shipbuilder. His first ship was long and narrow, and well adapted for speed. Her name was the *Crane*, and the king commanded her himself. In her he sailed on many an antipagan cruise. After a time the *Crane* was superseded by a 'fine dragon ship,' wrested from a terrible sorcerer. Olaf called his new possession the *Serpent*, and gloried much in her grandeur. She furnished the pattern for a still finer vessel, called the *Long Serpent*. This new ship was the pride of her master's heart. It was on her deck that the brave king fought his last fight, and over her side he leapt into the sea, rather than yield to his mortal enemies.

The queen dowager was married to the king of Denmark, and her son was king of Sweden. The two kings, with Eric, the son of Jarl Hakon, attacked Olaf's fleet.

Valiantly Olaf fought, his figure always conspicuous in its red coat and helmet inlaid with gold, and both the Swedish and Danish fleet were driven back. But Eric laid his ship, girt about with iron spikes, alongside the *Long Serpent*, and boarded her. Thrice he was forced backwards to his ship and to the last Olaf did good work with his battle axe and trusty sword. At last wounded and his men struck down one after another, he sprang overboard and sank in the deep waters.

OLAF THE SAINT.

For fifteen years Norway was under Sweden and Denmark. About the year A. D. 1015, Harold Haarfager, better known as Olaf the Saint, put an end to their rule, and became king of Norway.

Seated on the throne, he invited a number of Christian ministers from England, at whose head was Bishop Grimkīl, who composed a system of ecclesiastical law for the Norwegians. The observance of Christianity was commanded. All who refused to obey were threatened with confiscation of property, maiming of the body, or death. Olaf learning that heathen sacrifices were still offered at certain places, equipped a fleet of five vessels and three hundred men, and suddenly appeared in the middle of the night at a place where they were celebrated. The leader was put to death, and the property of all was divided among Olaf's men-at-arms. He also obliged the people to submit to the erection of several churches, and the settlement among them of several clergy.

Gudbrand, a powerful chief in another district, tried to make the people resist Olaf. "This Olaf," said he, "will break in pieces all our gods. He says he has a greater and more powerful god; but if we carry Thor out of our temple, Olaf's god will melt away."

It was proposed that an assembly should be held to decide whether there was any truth in this "new teaching."

Olaf consented, and at the meeting told how the people in the neighbouring districts had received Christianity, broken down their houses of sacrifice, and now believed in the true God. "And where is thy God?" asked Gudbrand. "Neither thou nor any one else can see him. We have a God who can be seen day by day. Since thou sayest thy God is so great, let him send us to-morrow a cloudy day without rain, and then let us meet again," which was agreed.

Olaf learned that the image was one of Thor, that he held a hammer in his hand, was of great size, but hollow within; that he was adorned with gold and silver, and every day received four cakes of bread besides meat.

Olaf spent the night in prayer. One of the king's retinue was a chief of high birth, called Kolbein, the strong, who usually carried besides his sword a great club. Olaf begged him to keep close to him.

Before long a great crowd appeared carrying a large image, glittering all over with gold and silver. After the people had bowed down to the idol, Gudbrand cried to the king, "Where is now thy God? See how our idol looks upon you." Olaf whispered to Kolbein to strike the idol as hard as he could when the people were looking elsewhere. Olaf turning to the people said, "Gudbrand would frighten us with his god which can neither hear nor see, nor even move without being carried. You say our God is invisible, but turn your eyes to the east, and see him advancing in splendour."

The people all turned to look at the rising sun. Kolbein immediately struck the image, with all his might, so that it burst asunder, and disclosed a number of mice and other vermin which had hitherto fattened on the sacrifices offered to the idol.

Olaf then addressed the people saying, "There is the idol, which you adored with gold and silver, and supplied with provisions. You see for yourselves what he can do for

you, and for all who trust to such folly. Take now your gold and ornaments lying along the grass and give them to your wives and daughters, but never hang them hereafter upon stock or stone." He offered them the choice of two conditions—"Either accept Christianity, or fight this very day."

Even Gudbrand had to say to the king, "Our god will not help us, so we will believe in the God that thou believest in." He and all present were then baptized, and Gudbrand himself built a church in the valley.

Wherever Olaf went accompanied by his bishops, the same scenes were constantly enacted. He even extended his care to Greenland, and sent to Iceland, along with timber for building a church, a bell to be suspended in it.

A rebellion, fomented by the king of Denmark, led Olaf to leave his kingdom for a time. He fled to Russia, where he was honourably received by the king. While there he is said to have seen a vision bidding him return to Norway. This he did, but in a bloody battle which was fought Olaf was defeated and slain. After his death the people repented of their rebellion, and began to look upon Olaf as a saint.

The Norwegians were now beginning to lay aside their old habits of lawless piracy. Expeditions to Christian lands and intermixture with their populations brought about different feelings towards Christianity from those previously entertained. Schools and monasteries gradually arose, bishoprics were founded, the rude Runic character was superseded by the Latin alphabet, agriculture was encouraged by the monks, new kinds of corn were planted, mills were built, and mines opened. Before these civilizing agencies Odinism gradually waned, as Hinduism will do in India.

THE GOSPEL IN EASTERN EUROPE.

While Christianity was gradually making its way among the German tribes, the nations in the east of Europe had neither kings to compel them by force to be baptized nor zealous missionaries to instruct them.

The Bulgarians occupied the country between the Danube and the Balkan Mountains. Sometimes Bulgarians were taken prisoners and brought to Constantinople, and one of them was the sister of the Bulgarian King. During her captivity she became a Christian, and when she was ransomed and sent back to her own friends, she tried to convert her brother to the Christian faith. But he was afraid that if he became a Christian the people would rise against him and perhaps kill him.

At this time there was a great famine and plague in the land, and many people perished. The King's sister persuaded him to pray to God that the plague might be taken away. He did so, and the plague ceased. He now began to think that God was the only true God, and sent to the Greek Emperor Constantine for missionaries to come and teach him and his people. The King, whose name was Bogoris, was very fond of pictures, and his sister knowing this, sent for a monk, named Methodius, who was a clever artist. The King asked him to paint for him a large picture, representing him and his nobles hunting. Methodius, instead of this, drew a picture of the Last Judgment,—with all people—kings, and nobles, and poor people—standing together before Christ the Judge. Bogoris had never seen any thing like this before, and when Methodius explained it to him, he was terrified, and made up his mind that he would become a Christian. He was soon baptized, but he knew little about true Christianity, for he tried to force his people to be Christians, and when they rebelled against him for this, he was very cruel in punishing them.

After a time Bogoris sent to Rome to Pope Nicholas to send him teachers. The Pope sent two bishops with

Bibles and other books, and wrote a long letter to the king. He reproved him for putting to death those who would not become Christians, and said that the people who would not give up their idols were to be persuaded to do so, and not punished, and many other things he wrote to instruct him in the Christian faith.

To the west of Bulgaria was a kingdom named Moravia. It had fallen within the empire of Charlemagne and his son Louis, and according to their settled policy the people had received a compulsory form of Christianity. A German bishop was appointed to bring about the conversion of the people. Foreign priests, unacquainted with the Slavonic language, were not likely to attract many to their Latin services or to prevent the great bulk of the people from relapsing into heathenism.

About the year A.D. 863, Rosbslov, king of Moravia requested the Greek Emperor Michael to send him learned men who might translate the Scriptures into the Slavonic tongue. "Our land is baptized," was his message, but we have no teachers to instruct us, or to translate for us the sacred books. We do not understand the meaning of the Scriptures. Send us teachers who may explain them to us, and tell us their meaning."

The Emperor Michael was told that at Thessalonica was a man, named Leon, who had two sons, well acquainted with the Slavonic tongue, and learned men. On hearing this the Emperor sent the message to Leon, "Send to us these two sons Methodius and Constantine."* On their arrival the Emperor said to them, "The Slavonic lands have sent to me requesting teachers, that they may translate for them the Holy Scriptures."

Methodius and Cyril therefore went to Moravia, and began to form a Slavonic alphabet, composed of Greek letters, with the addition of other characters, partly of their own invention, the whole number amounting to forty. They then translated the Gospels and Acts of the Apostles, the

* Afterwards called Cyril

Psalms and other books. Many of the people rejoiced to hear the word of God in their own language, and several churches were erected.

Before the translations of Methodius, the Scriptures were available only in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin. As complaints were made about his translation, he went to Rome to defend his conduct before Pope John VIII.

The Pope's scruples were removed by remembering the verse in the Psalms, "*Praise the Lord, all ye nations.*" It could hardly have meant that the Creator's praise was to be restricted to three languages, Hebrew, Greek, and Latin. A qualified approval was given to the work of Methodius.

Cyril died at Rome. Methodius returned to Moravia, and, in spite of much opposition, adhered to the great principle that the language of each separate nation is not to give place in public worship to a sacred language peculiar to the clergy. He died about A.D. 885.

THE GOSPEL IN RUSSIA.

Russia was first peopled by different wandering tribes. About A.D. 862, Ruric, a Scandinavian, and his two brothers established themselves in Russia, building forts, and extending their authority over the country.

In A.D. 955 the Princess Olga, accompanied by a numerous retinue, went on a visit to Constantinople. There she embraced Christianity, and on her return to Russia endeavoured to instil the doctrines of her new creed into her son Swiatoslav. But on him her exhortations produced little effect. He was a rough warrior. Wrapped in a bear skin, he usually slept on the ground, his head resting on a saddle. His food was often horse flesh boiled or roasted on the coals. For him the gods of his ancestors were sufficient, and the entreaties of his mother were entirely thrown away.

Vladimir, Olga's grandson, seemed likely to prove a more docile pupil. In his reign only two Christian martyrs were put to death by the fury of the people, because

one of them, from natural affection, had refused to give up his son, when he had been devoted by Vladimir to be offered as a sacrifice to Peroun, the national god. Muhammadans, Jews, and Christians, both Western and Eastern, sought to induce Vladimir to embrace their creed. At an assembly of his nobles, Vladimir said, "Everyone praises his own religion." He would therefore send messengers to visit different countries and report.

An unfavourable report was received of all except the Greek Church at Constantinople. The gorgeous procession of the mass, the chanting, the appearance of the clergy, so utterly different from anything they had seen in their own wild country, had an overpowering effect upon the Russian envoys. On their return to Vladimir, they spoke not a word in favour of the other religions, but of the Greek Church they could not say enough.

Vladimir still hesitated. Soon afterwards he laid siege to Cherson. The siege was long and obstinate. Vladimir promised to be baptized as soon as he should master the place. His wish was gratified, and forthwith he sent ambassadors to Constantinople to demand the head of Ann, sister of the Emperor Basil.

Compliance was promised on condition of his accepting Christianity. On Vladimir's consent, the sister of the emperor was compelled to go, and she left attended by a large body of clergy. Her arrival hastened the baptism of the prince.

Many of Vladimir's nobles followed his example. Soon afterwards, accompanied by the Greek clergy, Vladimir went to Kieff, one of the strongholds of the Slavonic religion. Forthwith he ordered his twelve sons to be baptized and all the monuments of heathenism to be destroyed. The high idol Peroun was dragged from its temple at a horse's tail, scourged by twelve persons who followed, and then flung into the river Dnieper. The people at first followed their idol down the stream, but were soon quieted when they saw it had no power to help itself.

Vladimir encouraged by his success gave orders for the

immediate baptism of his people. "Whoever on the morrow," ran the proclamation, "shall not repair to the river, whether rich or poor, I shall count him for an enemy." Upon this all the people, with their wives and children, came in crowds to the Dnieper. Some stood in the water up to their necks, others up to their breasts, holding their young children in their arms, while the priests read the prayers from the banks, naming whole companies by the same name. Vladimir, full of joy at the sight, cried out, "O great God, who hast made heaven and earth, look down upon thy new people; grant unto them, O Lord, to know Thee, the true God, as Thou hast made known to Christian lands, and infuse in them a true and unfailing faith, and assist me, O Lord, against my enemy that opposes me, that trusting in Thee and in Thy power, I may overcome all his wiles."

The church of St Basil was built on the spot where the temple of Peroun had stood, and the Greek priests were encouraged by Vladimir in erecting others throughout the towns and villages of the kingdom. The close of the tenth century saw Michael, the first metropolitan bishop, travelling from place to place, baptizing and instructing the people. Churches were built, and the music and church service of Constantinople were introduced. Before long schools also arose, and people became acquainted with the Slavonic Scriptures and church services prepared in Bulgaria and Moravia by the labours of Cyril and Methodius.

BISHOP OTHO IN POMERANIA.

Slavonic superstitions continued to have a firm hold upon the people of Poland, Pomerania, and Prussia. The priests were as numerous and almost as powerful as the Brahmans in India. The chief priests exerted a power always equal and often superior to that of the princes.

Pomerania is a flat marshy province, south of the Baltic, between Prussia and Poland. About A. D. 1121, it became, after ceaseless contests, tributary to the Polish

Duke Boleslav, who wished to spread among his new subjects some knowledge of Christianity. He brought eight thousand of them to the borders of Poland that they might forget their heathen worship and learn about the Christian religion. He wished also to send Christian missionaries among them, but the people were known to be so fanatical that the Polish bishops refused to venture among them.

In A. D. 1122, a Spanish bishop, named Bernard, volunteered to preach the Gospel in Pomerania. The duke explained to him the difficulties of the undertaking, but he resolved to make the attempt. Accompanied by his chaplain and an interpreter supplied by Boleslav, he went to the town of Juhn, barefooted, and in the garb of a mendicant.

The Pomeranians accustomed to the splendid appearance of their own pomp, looked upon Bernard with contempt. When he declared that he had come as a messenger from God, they asked who could believe that the great Lord of the world, possessed of boundless power and wealth, would send a messenger in such a mean dress, and without even shoes for his feet. If God had really desired their conversion, He would have sent a more suitable messenger. They thought that in reality Bernard was only a beggar.

The Pomeranians urged Bernard to leave the place, but instead of heeding their advice he struck down one of their idols, on which a riot ensued, and Bernard was hurried away, with the advice that he should preach to the fish of the sea and fowls of the air.

Bernard afterwards met with Bishop Otho, a German of noble family, who had lived in Poland as the chaplain of the Duke Wrateslav. He urged him to attempt an enterprise which had failed in his own hands, but would certainly succeed if the bishop made his appearance among the Pomeranians with becoming pomp and a large retinue. Boleslav offered to defray all the expenses, to provide a guard, interpreter, and whatever else was necessary.

Otho, at length agreed to comply, and set out on the 24th April, 1124.

After passing through the thick forests between Poland and Pomerania, they came to the banks of a river, and were met by Duke Wratislav, who came to meet them with 500 soldiers. These soldiers pretended to be pagans, and told the priests they would stab them, and tear off their skins, and burn them alive, but when the duke came, the soldiers said they were Christians, and had only said these things to see if the priests were brave men. The duke told Otho he might preach wherever he liked, and commanded the people to receive them kindly.

They next came to a town called Pyritz. A great heathen festival was being held there when they arrived. The bishop thought it best not to go into the town, lest the people, many of whom were intoxicated, should do them injury. They therefore pitched their tents some distance off. The next day the commander of the guard, whose name was Paulitsky, gathered some of the chief people together, and told them what they had come for, and that the bishop was near at hand. The people, who had before promised the duke Boleslav to become Christians, were afraid to offend the duke; so the bishop was allowed to come. He taught the people seven days, and then he and his friends baptized 7,000 of them, and instructed them in the Christian religion.

But the missionaries were not always kindly received. In some places to which they went the people attacked them violently, and Otho was nearly killed.

At Stettin also, the principal town in that part of Pomerania, the people were very unwilling to become Christians. They said the Christians were thieves, and they did not wish to be like them. It was true that some who pretended to be Christians were very wicked men. But it was not being Christians that made them so. Otho tried all he could to win their hearts. When the country people came into the town on market days, he preached to them in the streets. He was very kind to the

poor, and gave money to ransom captives, to show them that his religion was a religion of love.

There were a few Christians living in this part of Pomerania, though they had before this been afraid of being known to be so because of the heathen. One of them was a lady who had married a rich man, and had two sons. These young men came to Otho to talk to him about Christianity; at last they wished to be baptized, and went to live with him for a few days to receive his instruction. Before the time appointed for their baptism, their mother heard of it, and came to the bishop asking to see them. Otho received her, seated on a bank of turf, his clergy standing around him, and the young men sitting at his feet, clothed in white robes. They saw her coming, and bowing to the bishop, hastened to meet her. When she saw their white robes, she sank to the ground, weeping. The bishop thought she had fainted from grief, and went to raise her up; but as soon as she was able to speak she said, "I praise Thee Lord Jesus, the source of all hope and of all consolation, that I behold my sons initiated into Thy sacraments, enlightened by faith in Thy divine truth."

Then she kissed them both, and went on praising Christ, saying that for many years she had been desiring this for them, and turning to the bishop said, "Blessed be the day of your coming to this city; for if you will but persevere, a great Church shall here be gathered to the Lord." She then declared herself a Christian before them all, and the good bishop gave thanks to God, and encouraged her in her faith. She now began to try to do good to others. She talked to her servants, her neighbours, and friends about Christ, and all her family were baptized. Her two sons became teachers of the young, and many professed to be Christians.

After these things came a letter from the duke, telling the people that if they became Christians they should have peace, but if not, he should be very angry with them, and bring fire and sword into their country. This was not

the way to make them Christians ; but many had already truly received Christ, and others were frightened, and so



OTHO DESTROYS IDOLS.

all agreed to call themselves Christians and to destroy their idols and idol temples. The bishop and clergy went first with hatchet and pick-axes, and the people followed. In the first temple they destroyed, there were a great many rich and beautiful things—gold and precious stones, knives and daggers; for the people always put into this temple a tenth part of all they took from their enemies in battle. They wanted the bishop to have these things, but he would not, and divided them amongst them all. The image of their god had three heads; this he cut off and sent to Rome. Other temples and idolatrous places of worship were also destroyed.

There was a gigantic oak and a sacred spring close by which were regarded with peculiar reverence. The tree Otho consented to spare, in compliance with the solicitation of the people, on condition that they would agree to resort to it for the future merely to enjoy its shade, and not to perform any superstitious ceremony.

When the emblems of heathen worship had thus been put away, the bishop exhorted the people to regard all Christian men as brethren, whom it was sinful to sell into slavery, maltreat or torture, he warned them against piracy, robbery, and infanticide; and after instructing them in the elementary truths of Christianity, baptized them. Before Otho left, he could point to a memorial of his victory over the national heathenism in a church which was erected in the market place of that town.

Otho visited several places where he was successful in inducing many to abandon idolatry. But the approach of winter warned him to bring his labours to a close. After revisiting the places where he had achieved such rapid success, and exhorting the infant churches to constancy in the faith and a holy life, he returned to his own diocese.

It was not till the spring of 1127 that Otho was able to resume his labours. Once more he collected a number of valuable presents as a preliminary to his journey. Taking a different route he sailed down the Elbe, and reached

the town of Demmin. Here he met duke Wratislav and agreed with him that a meeting should be held at Usedom, at which the acceptance of Christianity should be formally proposed to the neighbouring chief.

At the assembly Wratislav urged the people to lay aside their idolatrous rites and follow the example of their countrymen at Stettin. Otho then came forward and addressed the people. Many who had relapsed into idolatry, confessed their sins and were reconciled to the church; others received instruction and were baptized. Wratislav suggested that he should send his clergy, two and twos, to the neighbouring towns and villages, and prepare the people for his own coming.

Two of Otho's clergy accordingly set out for the town of Wolgast, and were hospitably welcomed by the wife of the burgomaster. No sooner, however, had they explained to her the object of their coming, then in great alarm, she informed them that their priests had denounced death as the penalty if any emissaries of the hateful bishop entered the place.

The reason of this soon transpired. One of the chief priests of the town, enraged at what had passed at Usedom, tried the following stratagem. Clad in his white robes, he concealed himself in the night-time in a neighbouring wood, and remained there till dawn. As the day broke, a peasant journeying towards the town heard a voice calling to him from the dark forest. Looking up, he could just discern, in the dim light, a white figure partially concealed by the jungle. "Stand," said the voice, "and hearken to what I say. I am thy god; I am he that clothes the fields with grass, and arrays the forest with leaves; without me the fruit-tree cannot yield its fruit, or the fields its corn, or the cattle its increase. These blessings I bestow on them that worship me, and from them that despise me I take them away. Tell the people of Wolgast, therefore, that they think not of serving any other god but me, for no other can profit them, and warn them that they suffer not those preachers who are coming to their town

to live" With these words the figure vanished into the depths of the woods.

Trembling with fear, the peasant went into the town and told the people what had happened. The excitement was intense, and the peasant said, "What have we to do with any other god? Is not our god justly angry with us? If we would not have him strike us dead, let us put to death those men who would seduce us from our faith."

Such was the story which roused Wolgast against the missionaries. The burgomaster's wife, however, though at great risk, concealed her guests for two days till Otho came with a large body of troops and some of the chiefs from Usedom. Overawed by their appearance, they did not venture to oppose his entrance, and he was enabled to preach as in other towns. Before he left, Otho laid the foundation of a church, and a considerable number were baptized.

From Wolgast the bishop went to Gützkow. This was the site of one of the most splendid of the Slavonic temples, which Otho determined to raze to the ground lest it should keep alive old superstitions. The people at length agreed, and the bishop in return commenced the erection of a church of unusual size and splendour. At its consecration, Otho preached on the uselessness of Christianity if men did not devote themselves to works of mercy, forgiveness and love, and avoid all rapine, fraud, and slave dealing.

One place alone withstood all the efforts of Otho. This was the island of Rügen in the Baltic, the last and great stronghold of heathenism. The bishop wished to land there, but the Pomeranian chiefs forbade his exposing himself to certain death, and much against his will he was forced to comply.

Otho now sent his clergy to different parts of Pomerania, while he himself selected Stettin for another visit. The heathen faction had revived, and the danger seemed so great that no one would go with him. After engaging in earnest prayer, he set out alone without telling any one his

intention. In the morning he was found missing. Some of the clergy, ashamed of their cowardice, followed him, and with him entered the city.

A pestilence had broken out, which the priests said was a sign of the anger of the national gods. An assault was commenced against the churches which Otho had built, when one of the ringleaders in the movement was struck by a sudden fit, his hand stiffened, and his club fell. On his recovery he persuaded his fellow townsmen, after this proof of the power of the Christians' God, to spare the church, and to erect an altar to one of the national deities by the side of the Christian altar, that so the joint protection of both might be secured.

The heathen party made a last effort to arouse the popular feeling, and surrounding the church containing the bishop and the clergy, threatened them with instant death. Had the bishop's courage failed him, he would probably have fallen a victim to their fury. But he ordered the cross to be uplifted and went forth at the head of his clergy, chanting psalms, to meet his enemies. Half in awe and half in admiration, the mob desisted from their attack.

Next Sunday after the bishop had been preaching in the market-place, a heathen priest, blowing a trumpet, called to the people to make an end of the enemy of their gods. Lances were already poised to pierce him through, when again the undaunted composure with which he confronted his adversaries struck them with awe, and induced them to stay their hands.

Otho advancing with his clergy to the church, threw down the altar which the heathen party had erected, and commenced the immediate repair of the church. An assembly was called when the acceptance or rejection of Christianity was formally proposed. After a long discussion, it was resolved to offer no further opposition to the spread of Christianity. The bishop overjoyed, received back all who had given up Christianity, and baptised all who were willing to receive that rite. His kind disposition and

his redeeming numerous captives from slavery won for him the popular respect.

In after life, although unable to revisit the churches he had founded, he did not forget them. This was shown by one of the last acts of his life. Hearing that a number of Pomeranian Christians had been taken captive by a horde of heathen invaders, he bought a quantity of valuable cloth and gave orders that part of it should be distributed among chiefs to secure their good-will in behalf of Christianity and part sold and applied to the ransom of the captives. He was able to superintend the Pomeranian Church till A. D. 1139, when he died amidst universal regret.

ADALBERT, THE MARTYR OF PRUSSIA

Prussia was inhabited at this time chiefly by Slavonic tribes. Nowhere was Slavonic superstitions more deeply rooted.

The people worshipped not only the heavenly bodies, but had a number of divinities, of whom three were held in chief estimation. Perkunas, the god of thunder, Potrimpos, the god of corn and fruits, and Picullos, the god of the lower regions.

Every town and village possessed a larger or smaller temple, but the chief seat of the religion was at Romove. Here also resided the high priest, who was held in such veneration that even a herald bearing his staff was sacred. The priests, forbidden to marry, had unbounded influence over the people. At times human sacrifices were offered.

Every man was allowed to have three wives, who were looked upon as slaves, and who were expected on the death of their husbands to ascend the funeral pile or otherwise put an end to their lives. It was the custom to sell or destroy all the daughters of a family except one. Children also that were deformed, aged persons and all whose recovery was doubtful, were put out of the way. Male and female slaves were burned with the corpse of their master, as also his horses, dogs, hawks, and armour.

One of the earliest preachers who endeavoured to proclaim the gospel amongst the Prussians was Adalbert, bishop of Prague in Bohemia

Adalbert was born in the year 956, and was named Nogteich. When he was a child he was very ill and his parents thought that he was going to die; but they prayed that God would spare his life, and he got better. When he was quite well, he was sent to school to Adalbert, archbishop of Magdeberg, and the archbishop gave him his own name of Adalbert or Albert. He was very diligent in learning, and he early began to show that it was his heart's desire to serve God. He often spent part of his play-hours in prayer, and in going to see poor and sick people.

Adalbert laboured very hard among the heathen of Bohemia. Some who professed to be Christians grieved him much by their bad conduct, and twice he was obliged to leave them because they would not give up their evil ways. When he left them, he went into Hungary, where he instructed and baptized Prince Stephen, who afterwards became king, and did so much good to the country.

But Adalbert wished very much to go to the heathen in Prussia where no missionary had ever been before. He proceeded to Dantzic, then a border town between Poland and Prussia. His landing was not opposed, here he preached and baptized not a few. Then he crossed the river in a boat which he sent back, and with only his companion, a priest named Benedict, and one of his own pupils, named Gaudentius, went among the heathen. He thought it best to go thus, that they might not suppose that he had come to do them any harm. In a little boat he sailed to a small island at the mouth of the river Pregel. There his landing was opposed by men with clubs, and he was knocked down. The Book of Psalms, out of which he has been singing, was knocked out of his hands, and he was much hurt. When he was able to get up he said, "Lord, I thank Thee that Thou hast thought me worthy of at least one blow for my crucified Saviour."

After this they went to another place where the chief of that part of the county brought them to his house, and calling together the inhabitants asked the strangers to explain the object of their visit. Adalbert said to them that the gods they worshipped could neither hear nor speak, nor see. He had come to turn them to the worship of the one true God, their Creator, that they might receive eternal life.

These words aroused the wrath of his hearers, and they gnashed upon him with their teeth "Away," they cried, "with such fellows from our land! These are they that cause our crops to fail, our trees to decay, our herds to sicken. Let the strangers deem themselves fortunate that they have come thus far unhurt. Let them depart before night comes on or expect instant death."

Thereupon Adalbert and his companions departed, and went their way to the coast. At daybreak they plunged into a thick forest and pursued their journey chanting Psalms.

About noon they halted, and Gaudentius celebrated mass, and the bishop partook of the Lord's Supper. Then they took some refreshment, after which they tried to proceed on their journey. Adalbert, feeling wearied, repeated a verse of Scripture, chanted a Psalm, and fell asleep. His companions followed his example. But they had not slept long before they were roused by the loud shouts of a mob who bound them prisoners, and clamoured for their instant execution.

Still preserving his coolness, Adalbert bade his two friends not to be discouraged. "Be ye not troubled," said he; "we know for whom we are thus called to suffer, even for our Lord. What can be a nobler death than to die for Him?" He had scarcely spoken, when a priest came forward from the infuriated crowd, and pierced him with a lance in his breast; others followed his example, and plunged their spears into his body. Thus, raising his eyes to heaven and offering prayers for his murderers, Adalbert perished on the 23rd April, A.D. 907.

About a century later, Bruno, chaplain to the Emperor

Otho III., made another attempt to carry the Gospel to the heathen Prussians. With eighteen companions entered Prussia in the year A.D. 1008, but within two months he and all his companions had shared the fate Bishop Adalbert.

In A.D. 1210 a monk, named Christian, accompanied several brethren, was able for some years to preach in peace, but in a heathen reaction nearly 300 churches and chapels were destroyed, and many Christians were put to death.

Another agency was afterwards employed for the conversion of the Prussians. Some German merchants, witnessing the sufferings of wounded Christians during the Crusades, erected hospitals for them. The new hospital attendants formed themselves into a military order, binding themselves to tend the sick and wounded, and wage war upon the heathen. They were distinguished by a white mantle with a black cross, and were called Teutonic knights.

About the year 1225 a Polish Duke invited the knights to help him against the heathen Prussians. For the space of about fifty years they waged war with the inhabitants. Slowly, but surely they made their way into the heart of the country. In 1243, three bishoprics were formed in Prussia, and with them sprang up a number of churches and monasteries. The Prussians began to discontinue many of their heathen customs, and schools began to be erected.

A rebellion afterwards arose, the Prussians being aided by the Lithuanians. The clergy were murdered and the monasteries were plundered. Assisted by armies of Crusaders, the knights at length gained the mastery, and the Prussians agreed to receive at least a nominal form of Christianity.

RAYMOND LULLI, THE APOSTLE TO THE MUHAMMADAN

The wave of Muhammadan conquest which had swept unchecked over Northern Africa, crossed over to Europe. Gibraltar, inundated nearly the whole of Spain, and advanced nearly to the centre of France, where it was stayed by the victory of Charles Martel in A.D. 732, but it w

not till 1492 that the Moors were finally driven out of Spain.

In the year A.D. 1219, the Crusaders, under Louis of France, lay encamped under the walls of Damietta. St. Francis of Assisi went alone into the presence of the Sultan to preach to him the Gospel. The Sultan listened to his words with attention, and sent him back unhurt.

In the year 1235 there was born at Palma, in the island of Majorca, Raymond Lulli, who distinguished himself by his efforts on behalf of Muhammadans. He was of noble birth, and his father had taken an active part in driving the Moors out of Majorca, which was made a kingdom. Raymond Lulli was made a page to the king, and afterwards rose to be grand seneschal or steward.

‘For thirty years,’ he says, “I brought forth no fruit in the world; I cumbered the ground, nay was noxious and hurtful to my friends and neighbours.” One day while writing a love song, the image of Christ hanging on the cross suddenly arrested his attention, and he determined to give up his sinful pleasures and devote himself to the service of Christ.

After long thought he considered that he could not devote his energies to a higher work than that of proclaiming the Gospel message to the Saracens. Selling all that he had and providing for his wife and two children, for nine years he lived in solitude in Majorca, with a Saracen slave who taught him Arabic, but afterwards attempted his life. He was also occupied in the preparation of a treatise on the truth of Christianity for the use of Muhammadans.

Lulli persuaded the king of Majorca to establish and endow a monastery in the island, where thirteen Franciscan monks might study Arabic and be trained to become able disputants among Muhammadans.

Pleased with this success, Lulli went to Rome to ask Pope Honorius IV. to establish missionary schools and colleges in different parts of Europe. On his arrival he found that Honorius was dead, and the election of his successor engrossed attention

After waiting in vain for some time, he went to Paris, and lectured on his treatise at the University, and composed another work on the "Discovery of Truth."

At length Lulli determined to attempt alone and single-handed to carry the Gospel to North Africa. For this purpose he went to Genoa, and engaged his passage in a ship bound for the African coast.

Lulli's books had been sent on board and every thing was ready for the voyage, when suddenly his courage failed him at the thought of what might befall him, he sent for his books, and the ship sailed without him.

Soon after he was seized with such remorse that it brought on a violent fever. Though still weak, he was put on board another ship, and to the surprise of all he regained perfect health.

In his 55th year he reached Tunis in 1291. On his arrival he invited learned Muhammadans to a discussion, promising that if he found the reasons for Muhammadans to be the stronger, he would embrace Islam. His offer was accepted, the Mullahs expecting an easy victory.

As the result of Lulli's arguments, a learned Muslim pointed out to the king the danger of allowing such a zealous missionary to go on spreading his opinions, and recommended that he should be put to death. He was cast into prison, but through the intercession of a more liberal-minded Muslim the sentence of death was commuted to banishment from the country. He was placed on board the vessel which brought him to Tunis, and warned that if he came to the country again, he would be stoned to death. He did return and for three months lived in concealment, but finding no opportunity for spreading his doctrines, he sailed to Naples, where he remained teaching and lecturing for some years. He again went to Rome to seek aid in establishing missionary colleges, but met with no encouragement.

Lulli then determined to travel from place to place preaching wherever an opportunity offered. After trying to convince Muhammadans in Majorca of their errors, he

sailed for Cyprus. From that island, attended only by a single companion, he went as far as Armenia, striving to reclaim the various oriental sects to the orthodox faith. After spending ten years in this manner, he returned and lectured in several of the universities of Italy and France.

In 1307 Lulli again made his way to Northern Africa, and at Bugia, or Bona, then the capital of a Muhammadan kingdom, he publicly proclaimed in the Arabic language that Christianity was the only true faith.

Many were going to stone him, but he was rescued by some Mullahs who remonstrated with him for exposing himself to certain death, but Lulli said that death has no terror to him. Lulli's teaching caused him to be thrown into prison for six months, befriended only by some Spanish and Italian merchants. Riches, wives, rank were offered to him if he would consent to embrace Islam. While he was engaged in writing a defence of Christianity, the king decided that he should be sent out of the country.

During the voyage a storm arose and the vessel was driven on the coast of Italy. Here he was received with the respect due to him. Although upwards of seventy years of age, his zeal was undiminished. He writes :

"Once I was rich, once I had a wife and children; once I tasted freely of the pleasures of this life. But all those things I gladly resigned that I might spread abroad a knowledge of the truth. I studied Arabic, and several times went forth to preach the gospel to the Saracens. I have been in prison, I have been scourged. For years I have striven to persuade the princes of Christendom to promote the common good of all men. Now, though old and poor, I do not despair. I am ready, if it be God's will, to persevere even unto death."

Afterwards he attended a General Council of the Church, and proposed that missionary colleges should be established in different parts of Europe. The Council passed a decree that professorships of the Oriental languages should be endowed in the universities of Paris, Salamanca, and Oxford, and in all cities where the Papal court resided.

Instead of enjoying the rest he so well deserved, he wrote, "Men are wont to die, O Lord, from old age, from the failure of natural warmth, and excess of cold. But this, if it be thy will, thy servant would not wish to do. He would prefer to expire in the glow of love, even as Thou wast willing to die for him."

Lull once more crossed over to Bugia in 1314, where for a year he laboured secretly among a few who on former visits had listened to his teaching. At last, longing for the crown of martyrdom, he publicly presented himself to the people, and boldly proclaimed the truth of Christianity and the errors of Islam. By the command of the king he was stoned to death on the 30th June, 1315. His body remained under a pile of stones, till some merchants of Majorca obtained permission to remove it to their native land.

REVIEW.

A few points may be noticed.

The deplorable Condition of Europe during the Dark Ages.—The fairest provinces of the Roman Empire were ruined by merciless taxation and the inroads of barbarians, large tracts were forsaken. Forests arose concealing the ruins of cities, and spreading onwards until they joined the immense and impenetrable forests which covered France, Switzerland, and North Europe. Many of the tribes were low and ferocious, and wild disorder prevailed.

The Apostles of Christianity.—Notwithstanding this state of things, there were brave zealous men found to penetrate the densest forests and to go to the terrible Northmen, whose vessels were prowling round every coast, carrying havoc and desolation. Knights, when they rode through the forests, went armed from head to foot; merchants travelled through a few tracts, in great companies, armed with spear and bow. Peasants ventured into them only a few miles to cut timber and find forage for their swine. Men, like Boniface, did not hesitate to

brave the darkness of the forests, there to live and pray and study and till the waste. Before long the forest was cleared, and the wooden huts were exchanged for statelier buildings. The brethren were never idle. Some educated children whom they had redeemed from slavery, others copied manuscripts; others cultivated the soil, guided the plough, and planted fruit trees. The monasteries were hospitals for the sick, refuges for the poor, and nurseries of learning.

The number and singular habits of the monks could not fail to make a deep impression on the heathen tribes whom they addressed.

Forced Conversions.—In those days religious toleration was unknown, and a king thought that he had a right to impose his religion on his subjects. Some of the means employed are strongly to be condemned. The following excuse has been made for Charlemagne. The alternative, "Believe or die" was sometimes proposed by Charlemagne to the Saxons. But before these terms were tendered to them, they had again and again rejected his proposal, "Be quiet and live." A long and deplorable experience had shown the Frankish people to expect neither peace nor security so long as their Saxon neighbour retained their heathen rites and the ferocious barbarism inseparable from them." The popes sometimes addressed letters to kings condemning forced conversions, and urging that only peaceful means should be employed. Christianity strictly forbids the employment of force or fraud for the spread of religion. The Emperor Constantine when granting religious toleration justly said, "Forced religion is no religion."

It is much to be regretted that religious toleration does not exist among the Hindus. A man, it is true, may believe anything or nothing, but if he professes Christianity, he is treated as an outcaste.

Change in Europe.—The state of Europe during the Dark and Middle Ages has been described. How very different is its present condition! Many causes have contributed to this, as the invention of printing and

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the general progress of civilization. The main cause, however, is Christianity. Gladstone says "I see that for the last fifteen hundred years Christianity has always marched in the van of all human improvement and civilisation, and it has harnessed to its car all that is great and glorious in the human race."

"Christianity continues to be that which it has been heretofore, the great medicine for the diseases of human nature, the great consolation for its sorrows; the great stay to its weakness, the main and only sufficient guide in the wilderness of the world."

India still in the Dark Age.—Through the British Government, India is free from foreign invasions and intestine wars; but in a religious point of view the Hindus are still in the Dark Age. Hinduism and its gods have thus been described by Sir Alfred Lyall.

"A mere troubled sea, without shore or visible horizon, driven to and fro by the winds of boundless credulity and grotesque invention."

"A tangled jungle of disorderly superstitions; ghosts and demons, demigods and deified saints; household gods, tribal gods, local gods, universal gods, with the countless shrines and temples, and the din of their discordant rites; deities who abhor a fly's death, those who delight still in human victims, and those who would not either sacrifice or make offerings."

This sad state of things is a loud call to educated Indians to seek the enlightenment of their countrymen. They have not to confront the perils which Boniface and others had to encounter, but they ought to possess a similar spirit.

Before any one can successfully take part in this work, he must himself be reconciled to God. With deep sorrow he should confess his sins to his heavenly Father, seek salvation through Jesus Christ, and ask the aid of God's Holy Spirit to purify his heart. Thus he will have strength for duty, and may look for a blessing upon his labours.

Attention is invited to the list of books in the Appendix. Some of them will prove very helpful in every respect.

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Christian Frederick Swartz



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CHRISTIAN FREDERICK SWARTZ



CHRISTIAN FREDERICK SWARTZ
Born 1726; died 1798 A.D.

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Christian Frederick Swartz¹

I—INTRODUCTION

CHRISTIAN FREDERICK SWARTZ was, in several respects, one of the most eminent missionaries that ever came to India. He was distinguished for his ability, his wisdom, his deep love of the people, his disinterestedness, his unwearied labours, his success as a missionary, and his deep piety.

Besides setting an example worthy of imitation, his life is interesting as showing the condition of South India during the eighteenth century in the times of Hyder 'Alī and Tipu Sāhib. A comparison between the condition of South India in the past and its condition now will show the great advance that has been made under the British Government.

II—EARLY LIFE

Christian Frederick Swartz was born at Sonnenberg, a small town in Prussia, in October, 1726. His father's name was George, and his station in life appears to have been respectable. His mother died during his infancy; but on her death-bed she told her husband and pastor that she had dedicated her son to the Lord, and that should he express a desire to be educated for the ministry, this should be promoted to the utmost of their power.

¹ The name is correctly written *Schwartz* and means 'Black'. The shorter form, employed by Swartz himself, has been adopted.

At the age of eight years young Swartz was sent to the grammar school at Sonnenberg. The teacher, Mr. Helm, particularly enforced upon his pupils the duty of prayer in the language suggested by their own feelings. Swartz used frequently to retire into solitude, and there pour out his heart to God. When he had acted wrongly, he could never regain peace of mind till he had earnestly begged forgiveness. On the removal of Mr. Helm, his successor neglected the religious improvement of his scholars, and Swartz became comparatively indifferent.

Having acquired as much knowledge as the school of his native place could impart to him, he was sent to an academy at the neighbouring town of Küstrin, to pursue his studies, and to qualify for the University. His father, a man of sense and piety, had always accustomed Swartz to much simplicity and self-denial. He walked with him to Küstrin, where he consigned him to the care of his new master. Unlike the parents of two of his young friends from the same town, he allowed him no more money than was required for his necessary expenses. Here, by associating with thoughtless companions, his heart became still more alienated from God, though his outward conduct was correct. Occasionally, however, good impressions were revived by earnest addresses which he heard at church. But he imagined that it was not possible for him, while he remained there, to lead a religious life. He did not then understand the nature of true piety or feel the need of divine strength to enable him to persevere in a Christian course. Happily he became acquainted with one of the professors who had formerly been a student at Halle. The daughter of this gentleman took a warm interest in the young scholar, and lent him several books, among which was an account by Francke of the rise and progress of the celebrated Orphan House at Halle. This book produced a deep impression upon his mind, and its influence on his life and character was strong and permanent. When reviewing that period of his life, Swartz afterward observed that

he was diligent in study, chiefly from worldly motives. Twice in seasons of dangerous illness he had resolved to devote himself entirely to God, but he soon forgot his good resolutions.

He returned from Kustrin well prepared for the University, and exhibiting in his conduct a striking contrast to that of his two companions from Sonnenberg. His father, referring to the economy he had exercised, thus addressed him: 'My dear Frederick, you may, perhaps, have sometimes repined on comparing your homely food and clothes with that of others, and possibly you may have thought that your father did not love you so much as the parents of some of your friends, but I trust that your own good sense and the painful example of their failure will have led you to perceive my reasons for inuring you to hardships, and never encouraging you in self-indulgence. I may now justly hope that in whatever situation it may please God to place you, you will be qualified to sustain it.'

In the year 1746, when twenty years of age, he proceeded to Halle, and entered the University. While pursuing his studies there, he was chosen as teacher for the Latin classes and to assist in the evening meetings for prayer with the servants of the Orphan House. Those employments were highly beneficial to him. The instruction he received at devotional meetings and his intercourse with the learned and pious Professor Francke confirmed him in the determination to devote himself to God.

It was proposed at this time to print an edition of the Bible in Tamil at Halle, under the superintendence of Schultze, a missionary who had laboured many years in South India. Swartz was recommended to acquire some knowledge of Tamil to qualify him to assist in correcting the proofs of this work. Though the intended edition was not printed, the study of Tamil occupied Swartz for several months, and probably first directed his mind toward the sphere of his future labours. While thus engaged, Swartz learned that Professor Francke was making inquiries for men

to go as missionaries to India. Though the idea of such an employment had but recently occurred to him, he determined, if he could obtain his father's approbation, to offer himself for that important work. He made a journey home to obtain his father's permission. Here everything seemed unfavourable. Being the eldest son, he was considered the chief prop of the family, and no member of it believed that his father would consent to his becoming a missionary. Swartz, however, stated his wishes to his father, together with the motives which influenced him. The father replied that he would take two or three days to consider it. At length his father gave him his blessing, and bade him depart in God's name, charging him to forget his native country and his father's house, and to go and win many souls to Christ.

Having thus obtained the permission he desired, he hastened his departure, and generously resigning his share of the family inheritance to his brothers and sisters, he returned to Halle. A few days afterwards, an advantageous offer was made to him to become a minister at home, but he declined it.

In August, 1749, Swartz, with two other missionaries, set out for Copenhagen to receive ordination, after which he returned to Halle.

III—THE FIRST PROTESTANT MISSIONARIES TO INDIA

Before describing his arrival in India, it will interest the reader to have a short account of the origin of the Danish Mission at Tranquebar.

The success of the Portuguese in India had led some other European nations to seek to obtain settlements in that country. Among them were the Danes, belonging to Denmark, a small kingdom in the north of Europe. In the year 1621, about the same time as the English formed a settlement at Masulipatam, the Danes obtained a concession from the Raja of Tanjore, Tranquebar, on the eastern coast of South India. More than eighty years elapsed, however, before they took any steps to make known the gospel in India.

Frederick IV, King of Denmark, had been educated in the Lutheran belief that it is one of the duties devolving upon monarchs to make provision for the christianization of their non-Christian subjects. Consequently when he became King, he felt it his duty to send the gospel to his subjects at Tranquebar, and he commissioned his court preacher, the Rev Dr. Lütkens, a German, to provide some missionaries. Lütkens wrote to his friends in Germany, and two young men, who had been students of the Halle University offered themselves and became the first Royal Danish missionaries. They landed in India on the ninth of July, 1706, the voyage having lasted nearly eight months.

Worn out with toil before he had completed his thirty-sixth year, on the twenty-third of February, 1719, Ziegenbalg was seized with the pains of death. His loss was mourned over by 355 converts, besides a larger number under instruction.

A few months later, three new missionaries arrived from Europe. One of them, named Schultze, an able scholar and good man, completed Ziegenbalg's translation of the Old Testament, and translated the Bible into Hindustani. He also established a mission in Madras. When in 1742 Schultze returned to his native land, the Indian Christian congregation in Madras amounted to about 700 persons.

In 1726 the converts numbered 678, in 1736 they had increased to 2,329, and during the next ten years 3,812 persons were baptized.

IV—DEPARTURE OF SWARTZ FOR INDIA

Swartz and his two companions, after taking leave of their friends at Halle, proceeded to England to obtain a passage to India. They spent six weeks in that country, during which they were diligently employed in learning the English language. The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge kindly received and provided for them during their stay, and the

East India Company, at the request of the Society, gave the missionaries a free passage to India.

The ship sailed on the twenty-ninth of January, 1750. In those days there were no steam vessels, and ships were dependent upon the winds. After making a promising start, the ship was driven back and was detained at Falmouth more than a month by bad weather. It was, however, providential for thus they escaped severe storms. On the twelfth of March they again set sail. During the voyage, morning and evening, the missionaries had meetings for prayer and the reading of the Scriptures, part of the day was devoted to the study of English. The history of missions was another subject which received attention. On the thirteenth of July, to their great joy, Ceylon was sighted, and on the sixteenth of July the ship cast anchor off Cuddalore—five and half months after she first left England. By rail and ship, through the Suez Canal, India can now be reached from England in fifteen days.

The political condition of India when Swartz landed in 1750 was very different from what it is now. The battle of Plassey had not yet been fought, and, with the exception of Calcutta, Serampore, and Chandernagore, the whole of North India was under Muhammadan rule. In Western India the English had only small settlements at Bombay and Surat. In South India the English had Madras, the Chingleput District, Masulipatam, Cuddalore, and a few other places.

There were two ancient Hindu kingdoms in South India, the Pandya, with Madura as its capital, and the Chola, which at different periods had Conjeeveram and Tanjore as its capitals. These kingdoms were absorbed by the great Hindu kingdom of Vijayanagar, which, in its turn, was broken up by the Mahrattas and Muhammadans. A Marāthā power reigned at Tanjore, and the Nawab of Arcot ruled a considerable portion of South India, with Trichinopoly as its capital.

As soon as the ship anchored off Cuddalore, Indians came on board offering fruit and fish for sale. Swartz

sent a letter informing a missionary on shore, named Kiernander, of their arrival, and he sent a boat to fetch them. After a few days at Cuddalore, they left for Tranquebar where they met with a cordial welcome.

Swartz thus describes the occupation of the young missionaries at Tranquebar:—

‘At seven in the morning we begin to practise Tamil almost the whole forenoon. Three days we have a lesson in Portuguese. From two to three in the afternoon we again read Tamil. Afterwards every one remains alone till five. From five to six we practise speaking Tamil. We attend a service preparatory to baptism as we begin already to understand a little. We perceive that God helps us on from day to day. In the morning and evening we excite each other by joint prayer and reading the word of God.’

Such was the diligence with which Swartz pursued the study of Tamil, that in less than four months after his arrival in India he preached his first sermon. His subject was the invitation of Christ to the weary and heavy laden to come to Him.

V—EARLY MISSIONARY LABOURS

As soon as Swartz had acquired some knowledge of Tamil, he entered vigorously upon the discharge of his duties. He began a daily catechetical exercise with the youngest children in the Tamil school, not merely questioning them, but explaining the truths of Christianity by examples taken from common life. He also catechized the children of the Portuguese school, and preached every second Sunday in Portuguese. He also held two preparatory classes for candidates for baptism, many of them were afterwards baptized. The increase in the Tamil congregation during the year was very pleasing, amounting to 400 including children.

Accompanied by a catechist or some other assistant, Swartz and some of the school boys of the first class went out almost daily to speak to the people. The boys sang hymns, while Swartz and the catechist

gave addresses. One of his conversations is thus related :—

A Hindu pretended that he and his countrymen worshipped the same God as the Christians did, only under other names. Swartz replied, 'The true God must possess divine perfections, such as supreme wisdom, omniscience, omnipotence, holiness, justice. Now, nothing of this is found in your divinities; but, by your own record, they are ignorant, impure, cruel. How can it be said of such that they are gods? You have a proverb, that where sin is, there is no excellence. Now you acknowledge the practices ascribed to your gods to be sinful, consequently, by your own confession, they are unworthy of the name.'

'That is very true,' said the Hindu; 'but if we receive even what is false, and think it to be true in our heart, it is done to us according to our faith.' 'How can you adopt,' answered Swartz, 'a sophism which you yourselves, on other occasions, reject? You are accustomed to say, "If one write the word sugar, and then lick his finger, it will not on that account become sweet, though he believe it ever so firmly".'

No one ever rebuked sin more frankly than Swartz, yet few have inspired so much affection in the hearts of those whom they reproved. Often, when he had been endeavouring to convince his hearers of the sin and folly of idolatry, he would end with such words as these 'Do not suppose that I reprove you out of scorn, no, you are my brethren, we are by creation the children of one common Father. It grieves us Christians that you have forsaken that almighty, gracious Father, and have turned to idols which cannot profit you. You know, because you have often heard, that a day of judgement is before us, when we must render up an account. Should you persist in remaining enemies to God, and hear on that day the terrible sentence of condemnation, I fear you will accuse us of not having warned you with sufficient earnestness. Suffer yourselves, then, to be persuaded, since you see that we want nothing of you, but that you should

turn with us to God, and be happy.' And the people to whom he thus spoke, seldom or never failed to declare that they were convinced of his friendly intentions towards them.

To reason with Hindus to greater advantage, Swartz judged it necessary to be well acquainted with their religion. To this end, after he had attained a good degree of proficiency in Tamil, he diligently read during five years the *Rāmāyana* and other sacred books of the Hindus. Irksome as the task must have been to a mind which delighted in Christian thoughts and aspirations, he reaped from it this great benefit, that he could at any time command the attention of the people, by allusions to their favourite books and histories—allusions which he never failed to render subservient to the truth.

In such labours and studies the early years of Swartz's residence in India passed rapidly away. The older missionaries at Tranquebar quickly discerned that his abilities were of no common order, and committed to his superintendence the various congregations and schools south of the river Cauvery. From the time that he rose in the morning till he returned to rest at night, he was unceasingly occupied.

In company with a missionary, named Kohlhoff, Swartz paid a visit to Cuddalore. They performed most of the journey on foot, and thereby found numerous opportunities of speaking a word in season to the persons whom they met by the way, or who received them into their houses. With Hindus they reasoned concerning the folly and fatal consequences of idolatry. Some presently turned away offended; others brought forward various doubts and objections to the doctrine of the Christians. Swartz remarked, 'Truly if idolatry were only an error of the understanding, the greater number of the heathen would already have renounced it. It is because it is a work of the flesh that they hold to it. Many have acknowledged to us that their love of the pleasures of this present life prevents them from giving heed to our words.' To a group of sanyasis, the missionaries

spoke of the poverty of the soul, and of the source wherefrom true riches are derived. Meeting fishermen with their nets on the shore, they talked with them of the great deceiver who casts his nets for the souls of men, and the deliverer who only can rescue the captives entangled in Satan's meshes. A robber, one of whose feet had been struck off by order of the magistrate, begged a plaster, which the brethren gave him, with an earnest exhortation to apply to the physician who could heal his spiritual wounds.

They remained at Cuddalore a fortnight, cheering with their hearts' sympathy and assistance the labourers stationed there, and making almost daily excursions by land or water to the neighbouring places where they preached both to Hindus and Muhammadans. After one of these discussions, Swartz says. 'How refreshed were we by the simple faith of a poor Christian woman who received us into her cottage. We asked her what she had prayed for that day. "I have prayed to the Lord Jesus, that He will forgive me my sins, and send me His Holy Spirit," said she' Before leaving Cuddalore they united with their brethren there in a solemn renewal of their covenant to serve their Redeemer with all their heart, and to labour yet more and more diligently to preach His gospel to the people.

Whenever the missionaries set out on a journey, or returned from one, when they arrived at another missionary station, or departed from it, their first and last employment was to bend their knees in prayer to Almighty God with all their brethren. When the travellers returned to Tranquebar on the present occasion, the school-children came out to meet them with a song of praise; and on their arrival at the mission house, their brethren and some of the Danish military officers joined in the following thanksgiving and prayer which Swartz offered up. 'Praised be Thy Name, O Lord, in profound humility, for all the grace, protection, and blessing which Thou hast bestowed on us during the whole of our journey, of Thine undeserved mercy and for the sake of Christ our

Mediator! May the seeds of the word which we, Thy poor servants, have sown by the way, spring up and bear abundant fruit, that we and those who have received the word into their hearts, may adore Thy goodness to all eternity. Our supplications, which we have jointly brought before Thy footstool, for ourselves and the flocks intrusted to us, graciously vouchsafe to hear, and let us perceive it for the strengthening of our faith. And thus begin anew to bless us and to prosper the work of our hand. Yea, prosper Thou our handiwork, O Lord, for the sake of Christ, and of His bitter sufferings and death! Amen'

On the ninth of July, 1756, the fiftieth anniversary of the day when Ziegenbalg and Plutschau first landed on the shore of India, the missionaries celebrated their first jubilee. During the half century many trials had befallen the mission, but 11,000 souls had been added to the church. This number was sufficient to inspire gratitude for the past and hope for the future. 'This is certain,' says Swartz, 'and I learn the lesson daily, that neither is he that planteth anything, neither he that watereth, but he who altogether despairing of his own strength and power, goes forth in humility with constant prayer to seek the lost and wait for the former and the latter rain from the Lord, he receiveth the desired blessing, and is preserved from much disquietude of heart, and although the blessing be not instantly visible, yet God enableth me to say, "At Thy word I will let down the net." These words are often in my mind, on them I preached my first sermon at the University, and by means of them God has produced in me poverty of spirit, and at the same time filial reliance on His word. May He teach it me more and more perfectly'

VI—WAR IN THE CARNATIC

During 1757-8, stirring events happened in India. In 1757, Clive, in Bengal, gained the victory of Plassey, and laid the foundation of British sovereignty in that

part of India. In the south, the French and English were contending for supremacy, a war in which several of the Indian princes were involved. The interior of the country was much disturbed, particularly by the incursions of the Marāthās, who supported the French. The ravages of their predatory troops spread desolation and alarm wherever they appeared.

A dispute between the Danish Government and the Raja of Tanjore led to an incursion into the Danish territory, in which the Christians were pillaged, and the Mission Church at Poreiar was considerably injured. The Raja was informed of a large underground treasure which was guarded by demons, who would not permit it to be removed without the sacrifice of 500 human beings. It was reported that the Raja had sent out fifty kidnappers through the country who, by throwing a magical powder upon their victims, pretended to deprive them of their senses, and thus get possession of them. This so alarmed the Hindus, that scarcely any but Christians ventured for some time to travel from one place to another.

In 1756, three Muhammadans were baptized at Vepery, Madras, and formed the first fruits of the conversion to Protestant Christianity of that class on the Coromandel coast.

In 1757, Kohlhoff visited Sriangam, near Trichinopoly, where there is the largest temple in India. He there saw how immense stones were conveyed to the top of the highest buildings. It was effected by throwing up a sloping mound of earth against the building, and rolling up the stones. Negapatam, on the coast, was at this time under the Dutch. It was visited by Swartz and Kohlhoff, who met with a kind reception. After engaging in various religious services with the Indian and European Christians, before leaving, the Europeans presented a collection for the poor at Tranquebar, amounting to thirty-two pagodas, a great part of which was contributed by the Dutch soldiers. The Governor promised to build a church for the use of the Indian Christians, a promise which he fulfilled.

The year 1758 was marked by important events. During the night of the twenty-eighth of April, the French landed a body of troops near Fort St. David, close to Cuddalore, which, being joined by others from Pondicherry, ravaged and plundered the neighbouring towns and villages in a most cruel manner. Many of the Roman Catholic Christians fled to their church, where they trusted that, as brethren in the faith with the French, they should be safe. Some one however having reported that they were English Protestant Christians, and that it was their church, the poor Roman Catholics who had taken refuge in it were massacred, and the church was broken down. Meanwhile the Protestant missionaries were safe within the walls of Cuddalore.

On the first of May, the French troops approached Cuddalore, and the walls being very weak, it was expected that they would storm the town. The alarm of the inhabitants was very great, and they came in hundreds to the mission house for protection. Next morning however the town was surrendered on capitulation. The English commander of the Fort advised the missionaries to seek the protection of Count Lally, the French General. He immediately assured them that they had nothing to fear.

As it was supposed that all the inhabitants would require to take an oath of fidelity to the French Government, the missionaries thought that it was no longer expedient for them to remain at Cuddalore. The day after the English garrison marched out of Cuddalore, some French officers took up their quarters at the mission houses. Count Lally gave the missionaries two boats with which to transport their goods to Tranquebar. Many Christians, with their families, were allowed to accompany the missionaries on leaving Cuddalore. At Tranquebar the Indian Christians were lodged for a time in the paper mill at Poreiar, and the children were received into the Tamil school. As most of the Indian Christians had left Cuddalore, Kiernander, one of the missionaries, went to Calcutta, where he established the first

Protestant mission Hutteman, the other Cuddalore missionary, remained at Tranquebar till 1760, when he returned and resumed his labours at Cuddalore which had been retaken by the British. After taking Cuddalore, the French army approached Madras in November, 1758, availing itself of the monsoon, during which the English fleet could not remain at this station. On the 6th of December, the French began to invest Madras. On the 12th of December after firing a few rounds, the English retreated into the fort. Scarcely had this movement taken place, when the Muhammadan irregular cavalry of the French army galloped over the plains, and listening to no representation of the Vepery missionaries, forced their way into their houses, and robbed and plundered them of everything. At length they approached the church, in which great numbers of men, women, and children had taken refuge. Here they compelled the men to give up their clothes and turbans, and the women their necklaces and ear-rings. Fabricius, the missionary, then went to the French camp to obtain protection from Count Lally. The French officers expressed regret that he had not sooner applied for it, adding that on such occasions it was not in their power to restrain the excesses of Muhammadan troops. Having obtained a soldier to protect him, Fabricius returned to Vepery, where he found everything in the utmost confusion. Most of the mission furniture, their provisions, books, clothes, and utensils had disappeared. Their manuscripts and correspondence, though scattered in every direction, were happily preserved, and some of their most useful books were afterwards discovered. Kind friends in Fort St. George sent the missionaries a present of money, linen, and clothing, and thus the providence of God watched over them and supplied their wants.

In December the French plundered Black Town (now, Georgetown) and commenced the siege of Fort St. George. To avoid the difficulties and dangers attending such a scene, the missionaries, about Christmas, together with many of their converts, went to Pulicat,

VISIT TO CEYLON AND OTHER LABOURS 17

a Dutch settlement, about seven miles north of Madras, where they were hospitably received. On the 16th, February, 1759, the very day which had been fixed for the assault, an English fleet unexpectedly arrived off Madras, and in two hours the French officer commanding in the trenches received orders to abandon the siege. The next day the French army retreated from Madras, and in a few weeks the missionaries returned to their labours. The victory of Colonel Coote at Wandewash, and the subsequent capture of Pondicherry, defeated the last hopes of the French in that quarter, and established the British ascendancy in the Carnatic.

VII—VISIT TO CEYLON AND OTHER LABOURS

The sea-coasts of Ceylon were taken possession of by the Portuguese about A.D. 1518. In 1656 they were ousted by the Dutch, the interior remaining independent under the King of Kandy. The Dutch wished to spread Christianity in Ceylon, but the means employed were not always judicious. None but Christians could enter the public service: this induced lacs to profess themselves Christians, while, in reality, Buddhists or Hindus. Among them, however, there were some true converts. Early in 1760, an earnest request came to Tranquebar from Ceylon for a visit from some of the Danish missionaries for the purpose of spiritual instruction. Swartz determined to accede to this invitation. From Negapatam he sailed to Jaffna, where he was kindly received by the Dutch residents. He preached several times, and visited the hospitals. To administer the Lord's Supper, it was necessary to obtain permission from the Governor. He therefore set out for Colombo, the tedious journey occupying twelve days. The Dutch Governor invited him to dinner, to whom he related the most important occurrences at the several missionary stations, and the work in progress both among Christians and Hindus. Soon afterwards he was attacked by illness which continued a whole

month. During that time he was lovingly watched over, and the affliction had a beneficial influence upon his own mind which he thankfully acknowledged. On recovering from this indisposition, on the 17th of July, 1760, the anniversary of his arrival in India ten years before, Swartz preached a sermon preparatory to the Holy Communion, which was afterwards received by 400 persons, many of whom acknowledged the powerful impression produced on their minds.

Swartz next received an invitation from the Christians at Galle, a seaport in the south of the island. Several of the congregation met him on the road with tears of joy. After remaining a week at Galle and administering the Holy Communion, he left for Kalutara towards Colombo, the road shaded on both sides by coco-nut trees. From Colombo he sailed for Jaffna. After holding services there, he went to Point Pedro to see the large tree under which Baldæus, who accompanied the Dutch expedition which took possession of Ceylon in the seventeenth century, addressed his first discourse to the people. After a short and pleasant voyage, he landed at Negapatam, on the seventh of September, having been absent about four and half months. He thus notices his visit to Ceylon. 'With a humble heart I bless the name of the Lord for the grace, help, and protection He has vouchsafed to me. May He pardon, for Christ's sake, all my sins of omission and commission, and may a lasting blessing rest on all I have done and spoken in my infirmity, agreeably to His word! Amen.'

In 1762 Swartz found a wider sphere of usefulness than was afforded by the narrow limits of the Danish territory. In May, accompanied by another missionary, he went on foot to Tanjore and Trichinopoly, preaching both to Christians and Hindus. At Tanjore he was permitted to explain the doctrines of the Gospel, not only in the city, but even in the Raja's palace, where he took occasion, from questions which the officers of the court asked him concerning worldly affairs, to turn the conversation to religious subjects. The Raja was present and heard him, but

was not visible. At Trichinopoly, where he remained till July, he was treated with great kindness by the English. With the assistance of Major Preston, a room was built for the purpose of divine worship and as a school for children. On his return from Tanjore, he baptized several Hindu converts.

Though Tranquebar continued for some time to be nominally his place of residence, Trichinopoly and Tanjore began, from this period, to be the chief objects of his attention, as they were ultimately the principal sphere of his missionary labour. Trichinopoly had then about 25,000 inhabitants, several hundred mosques, a palace and garden of the Nawab.

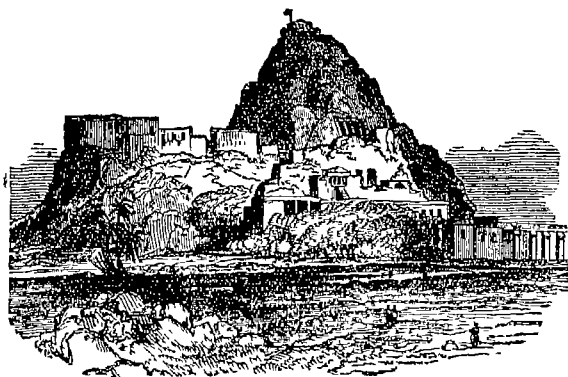
During a visit to Trichinopoly the following year, Swartz became known to Muhammad 'Ali, Nawab of the Carnatic. He was walking in the garden of his Highness, when the Muhammadan Prince himself happened to enter it, and sitting down near a piece of water, he desired him to approach, and offered him some refreshment, which, however, he declined. A few days afterwards, on seeing him again, the Nawab accosted and conversed with him in a very friendly manner. His chief minister always behaved with much kindness, and often said, 'You have no regard for me; for you seldom come to my house.' Swartz had much conversation with this Muhammadan, but when he found himself closely pressed and appeared much affected, he always broke off the visit abruptly.

Swartz was of very great assistance during the siege of Madura at this time, not only by attendance on the sick and wounded, but by his influence with the people in getting supplies for the army in a country desolated during a long contest. Even at the beginning of the present century, the Madura district was by no means tranquil. It was unsafe to venture beyond the walls in the evening.

VIII.—APPOINTED MISSIONARY TO TRICHINOPOLY.

In 1766, the Christian Knowledge Society wished to establish a Mission at Trichinopoly. The frequent

visits of Swartz to that city, and the favourable manner in which his labours had been received, and his eminent qualifications for usefulness, pointed him out as the most eligible person to be placed at that important station. Deeply as his brethren at Tranquebar regretted the removal of so able and excellent a colleague, they readily acquiesced in the arrangement, which was also sanctioned by the Royal Mission College at Copenhagen. He accordingly quitted Tranquebar, and fixed his residence at Trichinopoly.



TRICHINOPOLY

Mr. Chambers, an English gentleman who saw Swartz at Trichinopoly, gives the following account of his appearance and work:—

‘Figure to yourself a stout well-made man, somewhat above the middle size, erect in his carriage and address, with a complexion rather dark, though healthy, black curled hair, and of a manly engaging countenance, expressive of unaffected candour, ingenuousness, and benevolence; and you will have an idea of what Mr. Swartz appeared to be at first sight. His dress was pretty well worn, foreign, and old fashioned.’

At Trichinopoly he had much to do with very narrow means. His whole income was ten pagodas

or thirty-five rupees per month. Let us see how he managed with this income. He obtained from the commanding officer a room in an old Hindu building which was just large enough to hold his bed and himself, and in which few men could stand upright. With this apartment he was contented. A dish of rice and vegetables, dressed after the manner of the Indians, was what he could always cheerfully sit down to, and a piece of cotton cloth, dyed black, and other materials of the same homely sort, sufficed him for an annual supply of clothing. Thus easily provided as to temporalities, his only care was to 'do the work of an evangelist'.

Besides preaching constantly to Hindus, Swartz sought to benefit the Europeans. He found at Trichinopoly a large English garrison without a chaplain. To these, also, he sought to be of service by every means in his power. The kindness of his heart and the unaffected simplicity of his manners, soon procured him a civil reception among them. He improved this into an opportunity of gaining a better knowledge of the English language. After he had made some proficiency in English, he undertook to read the service to the garrison on Sundays and at the same time sermons from English divines of an evangelical spirit. After obtaining a more perfect acquaintance with English, he preached *ex tempore*, commanding the utmost attention of his audience.

It is, indeed, astonishing, if we consider the character of English troops in India, how he was able to persuade whole garrisons. At first he prevailed upon them to meet in a large apartment in an old Hindu building, but in time the garrison resolved to subscribe to erect themselves a church. The money was so well husbanded and the materials and work, in consequence of Swartz's knowledge of the country and its language, were procured so very cheaply, that a very handsome lofty and roomy structure was raised out of it.

The church built was capable of holding about 1,800 persons. Its erection was considerably promoted by the patronage and assistance of Colonel Wood, at

that time commandant of the fort, and deservedly held in high estimation. With that distinguished officer Swartz lived in habits of intimate acquaintance, and dined frequently at his table, when after conversing with his friends about half an hour, with that good sense which was natural to him, he retired to his own apartment.

The following extracts from the admirable prayer which Swartz offered up at the dedication of the church at Trichinopoly, 18th of May, 1766, are indicative of his devout and truly Christian mind.—

‘Be merciful unto us, O God, and hear our prayer, that we make before Thee in this place. As often as we, from henceforth, shall assemble here, let Thy spirit awaken our heart to seek Thy face sincerely without hypocrisy. As often as we shall hear Thy word, let us do it with an unfeigned intention to obey it and keep it without exception. As often as the sacraments which are holy means of entering into a covenant of loving obedience, are administered in this house, O be pleased to make them effectual to the salvation of our souls. And, finally, when strangers, who do not know Thy name, hear of all the glorious doctrines and methods of worshipping Thee, preached in this house; incline, O mercifully incline, their hearts to renounce their abominable idolatry, and to worship Thee, O God, in the name of Christ!

‘In this manner make this a place where Thy name is glorified, Thy kingdom sought for, and Thy will daily performed

‘Hear these our supplications, O Father of mercies, for the sake of our Mediator, and to the glory of Thy name’

Adjoining the church Swartz built a mission house, consisting of a hall and two rooms, with suitable offices, and subsequently an English and a Tamil school. In completing those useful and charitable works he expended the salary of £100 per annum, which the Government of Madras, without any solicitation on his part, had granted him as chaplain to the garrison.

The peace which had subsisted for some years in the south of the peninsula was in 1767 disturbed by the arbitrary designs of the celebrated Hyder 'Ali. This extraordinary man by his boldness and military talents, and partly by strategem and intrigue, had raised himself from an obscure state to the sovereignty of Mysore, and was evidently aiming at a more extensive dominion. His rapid progress at length alarmed the great powers of Southern India, and an alliance was formed between the Mahrattas and Nizam 'Ali, Subahdar of the Deccan, at whose disposal the English agreed to place an auxiliary force to check the further advance of the Mysore chief. The contest was carried on with fluctuating policy and varying fortunes. During the early part of it Colonel Wood, the friend of Swartz, distinguished himself by successfully repelling Hyder with a small body of troops against a very superior force at the fort of Mulwagle, though he was afterwards unable to maintain his ground against that active and enterprising enemy. In the course of the two years during which the war continued, many opportunities were afforded to Swartz of exercising his Christian benevolence in attending the sick and wounded from the English camp. He mentions visiting a soldier who had been thirty-two years in the service. Swartz asked him how long he had served Christ? He wept and replied, 'Alas! I have not yet entered His service.'

At Trichinopoly Swartz learned to converse in Persian, from an old Muhammadan who was afterwards imprisoned by the Nawab on account of having visited Swartz and expressed himself in terms too favourable to Christianity.

IX—TANJORE AND ITS RAJA

Tanjore is only thirty miles from Trichinopoly, and Swartz afterwards devoted to it a good deal of attention. He thus describes the state of the country.—

'The Raja of Tanjore is thought to be a prince who governs according to his despotic will, but he is in

fact, more a slave than a Raja. He seldom goes out; and often, when he purposes to do so, the Brahmins tell him that it is not an auspicious day. This is sufficient to confine him to the house. His children are brought up in ignorance—for why should a prince learn much? He need not be acquainted with writing and accounts—for has he not servants enough for this? The number of his wives destroy all domestic peace. The first whom he espouses is called his lawful wife. By degrees, however, as he takes more, jealousy among them becomes a source of disgust.

‘A despotic ruler being intent only on increasing and preserving his power, entertains a distrust of all his ministers. He considers it expedient, therefore, often to humble them. Though a minister possesses his favour for years, he sometimes falls at once. The Raja permits his house to be plundered (that has often happened within my remembrance), and lays him under a domiciliary arrest. No one must visit him or speak to him. By degrees this severity is relaxed. The ex-minister, thus fallen into disgrace, hunts after the failures of his successor, and endeavours to involve him in the same ruin, and frequently is restored to favour.

‘The troops belonging to the Raja of Tanjore are chiefly cavalry—about 6,000—and 2,000 foot. The cavalry are not furnished with horses, but each soldier provides his own. He who can collect a hundred horse is appointed their captain. To these troops a district is assigned, where they receive their pay from the tenants. If they do not give what they demand, they resort to force.

‘The land is divided into districts, and every district is leased. The lessee is obliged to advance at least the half of his rent; and if he cannot in general do this from his own resources, he borrows of the native merchants or Europeans, and gives forty or even more per cent. He borrows also what he requires for the support of his family, and all must be eventually extorted from the poor inhabitants. It may, with truth, be averred, that the poorer people enrich with their labour the idle and the proud. A cultivator of land

in Tanjore commonly gives sixty or seventy in the hundred. Supposing that he has in his garden a hundred bushels of rice, the Raja (or the lessee in his name) takes seventy, the remaining thirty is retained by the inhabitant, and with this he has to pay his servants and support his family. Nay, if the Raja need money in a time of war, he seizes upon all. Thus the oppression being great, the labourers endeavour by every possible means to defraud the Government. They are accustomed to say, "Without stealing, we cannot live!" Hence it may easily be conceived what disposition to the maintenance of justice prevails in the country.'

In the beginning of March, 1769, Swartz attempted a journey to Tanjore, but he had not proceeded far, before the enemy approached Trichinopoly, and burnt part of Ureur. Messengers were in consequence dispatched to him and his companions, apprising them of their danger. 'I turned back,' he says, 'and beheld Ureur in flames.' The ravages of war, however, having happily terminated in April, by a treaty of peace between Hyder 'Ali and the Madras Government, Swartz resumed his journey, and arrived at Tanjore on the 20th of that month. Here he preached daily two or three times, visited the members of the three congregations individually, and attended the schools.

The most important result of his visit to Tanjore was his introduction to the Raja Tuljaji, and the favourable impression produced on his mind, which led to the kindness and confidence with which that prince ever after distinguished him. The Raja was at that period in the prime of life, of good natural talents, and of mild and dignified manners, indolent and self-indulgent, like the generality of Hindu princes, but not at that time tyrannical and oppressive, and though too much under the influence of the Brahmins, tolerant and liberal in his views of religion. He is said to have formed an exception to the general ignorance of men of his rank in India, and to have successfully cultivated Sanskrit literature. Such was

the Hindu prince with whose history that of Swartz is henceforth so intimately interwoven

At five, in the afternoon of the 30th of April, Swartz was introduced to the Raja. He was seated on a couch, suspended from pillars, surrounded by his principal officers, and opposite him a seat was prepared for Swartz. The conversation began by the Persian interpreter informing Swartz that the Raja had heard a good report of him, to which Swartz replied in Persian, expressing his thanks for the kindness which he entertained for him, and wishing that God might enrich him abundantly with every blessing. The interpreter omitting to repeat the wish, one who sat by told him, 'He wishes you a blessing.' 'He is a priest,' replied the Raja. Perceiving by the manner in which he made this observation, that he was but imperfectly acquainted with the Persian language, Swartz asked permission to speak in Tamil, at which the Raja seemed pleased.

The Raja first inquired how it happened that some European Christians worshipped God with images and others without them, to which Swartz answered that the worship of images was expressly forbidden in the word of God, and that this corrupt practice originated in the neglect of the Holy Scriptures, which had in consequence been removed by such Christians from general use among the people. The Raja next inquired how men could attain to the knowledge of God. Swartz pointed out the works of creation as testifying the power, wisdom, and goodness of God, and His word as clearly revealing whatever is essential to salvation. Afterwards, with the consent of the Raja, Swartz explained the leading truths of Christianity, including his favourite parable of the prodigal son.

Upon the usual introduction of sweetmeats, of which Swartz took a little, he said, 'we Christians are in the habit, before we partake of food, of praising God for His goodness, as well as of imploring grace to use the gift to His glory,' and on being desired to offer such a prayer, he immediately complied. Next, at the request of the Raja, who had been informed

that Christians were accustomed to sing in celebrating divine worship, Swartz sang some verses of the Tamil translation by Fabricius of the hymn beginning,

My God, to Thee this heart I bring.

The Raja declared himself much pleased, and desired him to dine with Captain Berg, who was his constant friend and companion in the palace. 'I withdrew,' says Swartz, 'repenting my wishes for his happiness.'

X—LABOURS AT TRICHINOPOLY

Swartz employed six catechists in Trichinopoly and the neighbourhood. He assembled them daily, instructed them in the Scriptures, and especially enjoined them to address their Hindu fellow-countrymen in a mild and winning manner, trying whether they might not be so happy as to bring some of their wandering fellow-creatures into the way of truth. After morning prayers, every one received directions whither to go that day, one of the six always remaining with the missionary, and assisting him in the daily course of preparation with the candidates for baptism. Swartz was generally occupied with his adult catechumens from eight till eleven in the morning. He then proceeded to the English school, which now contained forty children under two masters, he taught them for an hour, and bestowed another hour on the Tamil scholars. The afternoons were devoted to short excursions in the town and neighbourhood for the purpose of conversing with the people, and preaching the gospel as he found opportunity. In the evening the catechists returned to give an account of the labours of the day which was closed, as it had begun, with prayer. Few days passed without numerous visits from Indians, rich and poor, who came to converse with the missionary, to seek advice in their difficulties, and consolation in their troubles. A short time every evening was spent by Swartz with a little company of English soldiers, who met together for prayer and to hear him read and explain a portion of the New Testament, with

special application to their circumstances and duties. The little band increased to thirty, and they were very useful both in visiting the sick, and in adorning by their good conduct the profession of Christian truth.

Among the converts who were at this period added to the congregation was a young man from the country, who, having been met by one of the catechists, was brought to Swartz. He continued with him several days, heard his instructions in silence, and at length avowed his conviction of the falsehood of Hinduism. He then desired to go to the country, and after a few days returned with his mother. He continued to attend diligently to reading and prayer, and at his baptism received the name of Saththianadhan. Many of his relatives were much offended at his conversion, but he advanced steadily in Christian faith. He proved a valuable convert, and was distinguished during a long course of years for his useful and laborious services in the mission.

Another interesting convert was a man, said to have been more than a hundred years old, who placed himself under instruction, and considering his extreme old age, comprehended well what he was taught and prayed frequently. Not long afterward he was taken ill, when he earnestly entreated that he ought not to be allowed to die unbaptized, 'for,' said he, 'I believe in Jesus Christ.' He was accordingly baptized. 'I visited him,' says Swartz, 'the day before his departure when he said, "Now, padre, I am going to the kingdom of blessedness, and when I am gone, see to it that my wife, who is ninety years of age, may at length follow me." His wife was afterwards received into the Christian Church.'

Swartz continued from time to time to visit Tanjore. Accompanied by some of his catechists, he spent a few weeks in the instruction of the Christians there, and in daily conversation with the Hindu and Muhammadan inhabitants. One of the latter said to him one day, 'Wherein does your religion differ from ours?' 'In this,' replied Swartz, 'we have taken a heavy burden of sin to carry, you

have none to remove it, but we have, in Jesus Christ, a powerful deliverer'

A dispute arose between the Nawab of the Carnatic and the Raja of Tanjore, when the former appealed to the Government of Madras to aid him in enforcing his demands upon Tanjore. A British force was dispatched which took possession of Vallam, and laid siege to the capital. After a few weeks' siege, terms of accommodation were proposed, and the troops were withdrawn. Soon after the restoration of peace, Swartz again visited the city. The day after his arrival Tulaji desired to see him. He was conducted to a shady seat beneath a tree, in the court facing the apartment of the Raja, who presently came forth holding over his head a yellow umbrella. At first Swartz did not recognize him, he was so altered by anxiety and trouble. 'Padre,' said he, 'I wish to speak with you privately,' and led him away, but they had been together only a few minutes when the Raja's Brahmin priest joined them. The Raja prostrated himself to the ground, and afterward stood before him with folded hands while the Brahmin placed himself on an elevated seat. Swartz was then asked to repeat the address which he had delivered to the officers and servants in the palace the day before. Refreshments were afterwards brought in, and, while Swartz was partaking of them, the Raja inquired what he thought of the sin of drunkenness, to which it was too well known the inquirer was himself grievously addicted. Swartz plainly declared the evil nature and fatal consequences of intemperance. But notwithstanding his faithful plainness of speech, Swartz had conciliated the confidence of the Raja, who was anxious to see him as often as his superstitious dread of offending the Brahmins could allow. One day when Swartz was earnestly entreating him to give up his heart to God, he replied, 'Alas! my Padre, that is no easy matter.'

At the request of the Raja, who was a Marathi Swartz learned the Marathi language. This enabled him to speak to the Raja more freely. At his request

also, Swartz translated into Marathi a Dialogue between a Christian and a Hindu, which he had composed in Tamil.

From 1778, Tanjore formed the chief residence of Swartz, though he occasionally visited Trichinopoly, and superintended the missionary proceedings at both places. The territory of Tanjore was conquered from the reigning Hindu prince, by a member of the Mah-ratta family, toward the close of the sixteenth century. The capital has a noted temple, and having suffered but little from the Muhammadan invasion, the Hindus of Tanjore have preserved much of the original character of their religion.

After Swartz got settled at Tanjore, he set about the erection of a church in the Fort

XI—MISSION TO HYDER 'ALI

In 1779 Swartz received a letter, desiring him to go to Madras without delay, as the Governor Sir Thomas Rumbold, had something of importance to communicate to him. The purpose for which he had been summoned was no other than to undertake a confidential mission to Hyder 'Ali at Seringapatam, to endeavour to ascertain his actual disposition with respect to the English, and to assure him of the pacific intentions of the Madras Government. At an interview the Governor said that Swartz had been fixed upon because he understood Hindustani, and would not need an interpreter. The Governor was also convinced that he would not allow any one to bribe him.

As the intention of the journey was to prevent the shedding of blood and to preserve peace, it was becoming the sacred office of Swartz. He was to travel quickly, and his whole journey was to remain a secret until he met Hyder 'Ali himself.

Swartz resolved to go as the object was to avert war, and he would be enabled to preach the Gospel in places where it had not been known before. He also determined not to accept anything but his travelling expenses.

After making arrangements during his absence, he set out accompanied by Saththianadhan. At Caroor, the frontier fort of Hyder, he remained a month, having to write to Hyder, to advise and await his answer. His time was diligently occupied in preaching. During his journey Swartz pursued the same course. After about a fortnight's journey, he reached Seringapatam. Many of the houses were of two storeys and some of the ancient buildings were of hewed stones, with lofty and massive columns. The palace of Hyder, built by himself, was very beautiful. The former Raja, to whom Hyder allowed an annual income, lived in the old palace as a state prisoner. Hyder himself sometimes visited him and stood in his presence as a servant. The sons are all dead; the general opinion is that they were secretly dispatched.

Opposite to the palace is a large square, on two sides of which are open buildings in which the civil and military servants of Hyder have their appointed stations. There is no pomp, but the utmost regularity and dispatch. Though Hyder sometimes rewards his servants, the mainspring of action is terror. Persons of the highest as well as of the meanest condition are punished with the same instrument. Two hundred men with whips are in constant readiness, and no day passes without many being chastised. The governor of a whole district is whipped in the same manner as the meanest syce. Even his two sons and his son-in-law are liable to the same cruel treatment. When any one of his highest officers has been thus publicly flogged, he does not allow him to resign his appointment, but compels him to retain it, that the marks of the whip on his person may serve to deter him from repeating the offence. But even such punishments are not always effectual. When one has obtained a district, he fleeces the inhabitants. When called up by Hyder for his arrears, he pleads poverty, and having undergone a flagellation, returns to renew his exactions.

Hyder was quite unconcerned about religion. He had none himself, and left every one to his choice.

Swartz could therefore preach freely. In Hyder's palace high and low came to him, inquiring about the nature of the Christian religion



SWARTZ AND HYDER 'ALI

When Swartz was admitted to an audience, Hyder bade him sit next to him on the floor, which was

covered with the richest carpets, and he was not required to take off his shoes. Hyder gave a plain answer to all the questions that Swartz was directed to put to him, and said that he was willing to live in peace with them. A letter was then read to Swartz which had been prepared by Hyder's order. 'In that letter,' said he, 'I have stated the substance of our conversation, but you will be able to give further explanations personally.' Hyder seemed to consider the visit of Swartz as the preliminary to a treaty of peace, but the Nawab at Madras defeated this intention.

While Swartz was sitting near Hyder, he was struck with the expeditious way in which the public business was dispatched. Some letters were read to him, and he dictated an immediate answer. The secretaries hastened away, wrote the letter, read it before him, and he affixed his seal to it. Hyder could neither read nor write, but he had an excellent memory. Few had the courage to impose on him.

When Swartz took leave of Hyder, he explained that his sole object in coming was to promote peace, having more than once seen the horrors of war. Hyder replied, 'Very well, very well'. He was willing to live in peace with the English on certain conditions, which he did not mention.

When Swartz entered his palanquin, he found in it Rs300, which Hyder had sent to defray the expenses of his journey. Swartz wished to decline the present, but that would have been insulting. When he reached Madras, he gave the bag with the rupees to the Governor along with Hyder's letter, but he was told to keep the money, which he devoted to an orphan school at Tanjore.

Unhappily war was not averted. Within a few months Hyder invaded the Carnatic with an army of nearly 100,000 men, his cavalry overran the country with the most frightful rapidity, and spread ruin and desolation in every direction. Black columns of smoke mingled with flame, were discovered within a few miles of Madras. A party of Hyder's horse

committed ravages even at St. Thomas' Mount, a few miles from Madras, and the inhabitants of the open town of Madras began to take flight. During the war Swartz was able to travel freely. Hyder gave orders to his officers 'to permit the venerable padre Swartz to pass unmolested, and to show him respect and kindness, for he is a holy man, and means no harm to my Government.'

Warren Hastings afterwards sent to Madras, Sir Eyre Coote, a distinguished soldier, and Hyder was driven from the Carnatic.

XII—WORK AT TANJORE

The next three years were marked throughout the Carnatic by war, desolation, and famine. The people having no security for their crops, did not sow their fields, and consequently had no harvest. They fled in crowds to the towns, where the scarcity rose to a frightful extent. Swartz foreseeing this, laid in a large stock of rice when it was cheap, which was of the greatest benefit to the Christians and orphans. Many perished in Tanjore from hunger. Formerly when the country people brought provisions they were defrauded by the Raja's officers, so they refused to bring more in spite of the entreaties of the Raja and his ministers. The Raja then applied to Swartz. He sent out letters in every direction asking for supplies, and promising to pay for them with his own hands. In a short time 80,000 measures of rice were brought into the fort. Swartz paid the people, and they went home satisfied.

The Raja of Tanjore, suffering from an incurable disease, had abandoned the management of his kingdom to a minister who was a cruel extortioner. The people, after appealing in vain to the Raja for redress, fled in crowds to the adjacent countries. Large tracts lay waste for want of labourers to cultivate them. The Raja tried to win them back, but they distrusted his promise, and refused to

come. He then asked Swartz to write to them, and such was their confidence in him that 7,000 came back in one day.

At Tanjore, notwithstanding his numerous duties, Swartz sometimes gave religious instruction to the sons of European gentlemen resident near Tanjore. One of his pupils was Sir Alexander Johnston, who became Chief Justice of Ceylon. He thus gives his recollections of Swartz. 'I well remember his peculiarly venerable appearance, the tall and erect figure, the head white with years, the features on which I loved to look, the mingled dignity and amenity of his demeanour.'

As is often the case with Indian Rajas, on account of their immoral lives, Tuljaji had no son of his own to succeed him. He therefore adopted the son of a cousin, a boy ten years old, whom he named Serfoji Raja. Shortly before his death the Raja sent for Swartz and entreated him to become guardian of young Serfoji. Pointing to the child he said, 'This is not my son, but yours, into your hand, I deliver him.' Swartz replied that there would be competition for the crown, the country would be in confusion, he could not protect the boy. He therefore recommended that Amir Singh, a half-brother of the Raja, should be appointed guardian, he educating and treating Serfoji as his own child. The Raja adopted this suggestion and appointed Amir Singh guardian of Serfoji and regent of the country until his ward was capable of assuming the Government. Two days afterwards Tuljaji died, and Amir Singh was appointed regent, binding himself by a solemn promise to be a father to the people.

But it soon appeared that Amir Singh was not satisfied with his possessing the regency merely. He represented to the British Government the injustice of excluding him from the immediate succession. The Governor of Madras ordered that the most learned pundits in Tanjore should decide whether Serfoji was legally adopted. Bribed by Amir Singh, they declared his adoption illegal, and that Amir

Singh was the rightful heir to the throne. The bribery was not known at Madras; hence, the adop-



SWARTZ AND SERFOJI

tion of Serfoji was set aside, and Amír Singh was ordered to be proclaimed Raja. At the same time

he was enjoined to maintain and educate Serfoj in a manner becoming his rank. Amír Singh was illegitimate, and had no real right to the throne. This was known to his favourite officers and others to please them the course of justice was perverted, the people shamefully oppressed, and the treasures of the kingdom squandered.

Swartz represented this state of things to the Madras Government, and as Amír Singh disregarded instructions, the fiscal and judicial departments were taken from him for a time. From his long acquaintance with the country, Swartz was able to suggest some excellent regulations to remedy existing evils. These were forwarded to England and approved. Swartz was asked to superintend their execution. He was now sixty-five years old and had begun to feel the infirmities of old age, but for the good of the people, he consented to act for a time.

Meanwhile, the mission was gradually extending itself. Chapels and school-rooms were built at different places, some near the city of Tanjore, some at a considerable distance. Schools were opened at Kumbakonam, one of the chief seats of idolatry, and at Ramnad, the principal place in the Marava country. But the most hopeful field of labour was Palamcottah, in Tinnevely. It had been visited from time to time by catechists from the Tranquebar Mission, but no Christian teacher resided on the spot till 1771, when Savarimuttu, a convert belonging to the Trichinopoly congregation, took up his abode there, and read the Scriptures to all who would hear him. A few years afterwards Swartz began to visit the neighbourhood, and a small congregation was gradually formed. In 1784 Swartz sent Saththianadhan, and a female convert built a church. In the following year Swartz spent three weeks at Palamcottah. The congregation had increased to upward of two hundred persons. He left another catechist to assist Saththianadhan, and a few years later a European missionary was stationed at Palamcottah. In 1790 Saththianadhan was ordained. He then preached a sermon which

was considered so excellent that a translation of it was printed in England.

Meanwhile Amír Singh had shamefully neglected Serfoji, who was shut up in a small room, and did not know a single letter. Finding that Amír Singh gave no heed to his remonstrances, Swartz wrote to the Madras Government, who empowered him, along with the British Resident, to remove the young prince to a suitable dwelling and to appoint a tutor. As the Raja continued to show his ill-will to Serfoji, Swartz had him removed to Madras. Swartz remained some months at Madras, assisting his brethren of the Vepery Mission. On his return to Tanjore, he continued to send to Serfoji fatherly letters about his conduct.

Swartz was convinced that Serfoji was the rightful sovereign of Tanjore. After an inquiry lasting four years, Amír Singh was deposed, and Serfoji was proclaimed Raja. This happened shortly after the death of Swartz.

XIII—CLOSE OF LIFE

The strength of Swartz was now beginning to fail, and he devolved the care of the district congregations upon his faithful fellow-labourer Kohlhoff. But he daily devoted some hours to the Tanjore schools, and to the inhabitants of the two Christian villages near the mission house. His visits were welcomed by old and young, even the little children flocking with joy to meet him. Swartz sought to cultivate habits of industry among the Christians. He planted opuntia trees in great abundance that the old people who were not capable of hard labour might employ themselves in the cultivation of cochineal.¹ For the poor widows he provided suitable occupations in spinning, pounding rice for sale, and in other ways.

¹ The cochineal insect yields a valuable red dye. It feeds on the opuntia tree.

'When I visit their houses,' he says, 'I first catechize them, and then get them to show me the work they have done in proof of their industry.'

Towards the close of 1797, Swartz was attacked with severe illness. He could no longer minister in the church, but caused the Indian Christians who had been in the habit of attending evening prayer to assemble in the apartment of the mission house, where he expounded a portion of Holy Scripture and prayed with them in Tamil as he used to do. The children also came daily to him to read the Bible, and to sing their hymns. As long as his waning strength permitted, he saw all who visited him, whether Christians or Hindus. He conversed with them in his usual, easy, agreeable manner, but with many an earnest entreaty that they would consider in time, the thing which belonged to their peace.

He desired to see Serfoji once more, and with much affection delivered to him his dying charge. After giving him advice about the management of his kingdom, he said, 'My last and most earnest wish is,' here he raised his hand to heaven, 'that God in His infinite mercy may graciously regard you, and lead you heart and soul to Christ, that I may meet you again as His true disciple before His throne!'

The prince was much moved with this address, for he revered Swartz as a father.

A few weeks before his death, he desired that the Lord's Supper might be administered to him. Before receiving it, he offered a fervent prayer, humbling himself as the chief of sinners, and resting all his hopes of salvation on the meritorious sacrifice of his beloved Saviour. He pleaded for all the human race. Last of all he prayed for the Christians especially. After this he recovered a little, and on Christmas day was able to attend church to the immense joy of the congregation. But the illness soon returned, he could no longer move from the house, but in his extreme weakness was lifted and carried like a child.

On the thirteenth of February, 1798, he slumbered much, and his brethren thought he was already passing into the sleep of death; but when they sang portions of his favourite hymns, he revived and began to sing with them. Among his last words were the following. 'Oh, Lord, hitherto hast Thou preserved me; hitherto Thou hast brought me, and hast bestowed innumerable benefits upon me. Do what is pleasing in Thy sight. I commend my spirit into Thy hand, cleanse and adorn it with the righteousness of my Redeemer, and receive me into the arms of Thy mercy.' Soon after he bowed his head, and peacefully departed to his Master's rest, in his seventy-second year.

Swartz was buried in the church which he built in the mission garden,¹ and a stone with the following inscription, written by Serfoji, marks his resting place.—

Firm wert thou, humble and wise,
Honest, pure, free from disguise,
Father of orphans, the widows' support,
Comfort in sorrow of every sort
To the benighted, dispenser of light,
Doing and pointing to that which is right,
Blessing to princes, to people, to me;
May I, my father, be worthy of thee
Wisheth and prayeth thy Serfoji.

In compliance with the wishes of Serfoji, a beautiful monument was prepared, representing the death bed of Swartz. It is in the garrison church at Tanjore. Another monument, erected by the East India Company is in the Fort Church, Madras.

¹ At the suggestion of Bishop Heber, this church was enlarged in 1829. In 1898, the centenary of the death of Swartz, a further enlargement was proposed.

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BABA PADMANJI.

BABA PADMANJLI.

An Autobiography.

EDITED BY

J. MURRAY MITCHELL, M.A., LL.D.

(INDIAN EDITION, 1,000 COPIES BY ARRANGEMENT WITH
THE ENGLISH PUBLISHERS.)

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1899.

PREFATORY NOTE.

THE work of which this is a translation was published in the Marathi language at Bombay about two years ago. It has been warmly welcomed wherever that language is spoken. It seems desirable to supply an English rendering for the sake of Indian Students of English.

I may, of course, be biassed in my opinion of the merits of a book containing the autobiography of one who has, for many years, been connected with me by very endearing ties; but it certainly does appear to me that the work is full of most valuable information, conveyed in a truly excellent spirit.

There is at this moment a terrible unrest in the mind of educated India. Will this honest and earnest narrative not serve to lead some that are tempest-tossed and like to suffer shipwreck, to seek the one sure haven of refuge?

I comply with the request of Mr. Padmanji in editing and carrying the work through the press; but I hasten to explain what my duty as editor has amounted to. I have most scrupulously abstained from interfering with the sentiments expressed. The book contains Indian sentiment from beginning to end; nothing is seen through European spectacles. The notes that have been added here and there are simple explanations of Indian words and things.

1890.

J. MURRAY MITCHELL.

NOTE TO INDIAN EDITION.—A short paragraph, liable to be misunderstood, has been omitted in the Indian reprint. On home recommendation, the title, "ONCE HINDU; NOW CHRISTIAN," has also been altered.

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BABA PADMANJI.

CHAPTER I

BIRTH AND FAMILY CIRCUMSTANCES.

My parents belonged to the caste of the Kâsârs or braziers. They were rich and respectable. Some of our ancestors were the recognised heads of the Kâsâr community. My paternal grandfather was a jeweller. He had a large establishment in Bombay, and had commercial dealings principally with the city of Surat. Another of my paternal ancestors was reckoned among the wealthiest men of Bombay, and commanded much respect both from the Government and the general public. I remember seeing, when I was a boy, a relative of mine, who must then have been upwards of eighty years of age, of whom I was told that he had held the important office of interpreter at the Court of the Peshwas (Maratha sovereigns) at Poona. He knew English, besides several Indian languages. He took the fall of the Maratha Government so much to heart that his reason was affected. He then spent all his time in sending letters to the British authorities, in which he demanded a full account of the treasures that had belonged to his former masters. The benevolent English Government dealt kindly with the faithful man, and offered him a pension. This he refused; neither would he allow his wife to accept it.

My father's name was Padmanji Mânakji. He was a graduate of the Engineering School of Colonel Jervis, and held an appointment in the Public Works Department of Government. He spent most of his time at Belgaum, a town 200 miles to the south of Poona. It was the headquarters of the Collector, and also an important military station.

I was born in the town of Belgaum in the year 1831, and spent in it the first sixteen years of my life. We lived in a very comfortable style. My father, who was in the receipt of a large salary, surrounded himself with many of the comforts and some of the luxuries of life. We occupied a large house, which had been improved by the artistic skill of my father, and had a pretty garden in front. The front verandah was used for receiving male visitors. It was furnished with comfortable seats and lights, and a large lamp of Chinese manufacture was lit every night at the top of the gate. Our garden was invaded at night, or early in the morning, by people in the neighbourhood, who stripped it of the pretty flowers which formed its glory. They did this in order to adorn the heads of their idols. Of course, they committed these thefts when we were asleep; but they had no notion of the criminality of their conduct. The Hindu believes that a religious motive justifies an immoral action.

We lived in a street which was inhabited chiefly by Brahmans. Socially we had little in common with them. They were exclusive and superstitious, and would not allow us to enter their houses or touch any household article. We sometimes drew water from their wells; but we had to use our own bucket and rope, for fear of defiling theirs by our touch. If a Brahman woman came to our house, she sat on a separate wooden stool, and not on the same mat or carpet with our women; and the *haladkunku*,⁺ which is offered to female visitors, was presented to them from a distance. It was never moist, but always quite dry; for the presence of water in any article unfits it for general use. We were sometimes invited to dinner by the Brahmans; but we were not allowed to sit in the same row with them, nor were our plates removed by their women. The Brahmans assert their sanctity in everything, and their loftiest pretensions are meekly submitted to by the castes beneath them.

We were put to much inconvenience in various respects by our proximity to the Brahmans. We could not freely

* Powder rubbed on their foreheads by married women.—*Ed.*

follow our own tastes in regard to food and drink. The rules of our caste allowed us the use of mutton, fowls, and fish, but these articles were extremely obnoxious to our neighbours. We did not like to offend them, and had therefore recourse to various expedients. In referring to such things, we employed a peculiar phraseology, and used either English words, or others which had been coined on purpose. Fish were called "water-beans," and mutton "red vegetable;" prawns were honoured with the religious name of "Shiva biscuits." We burned flour in the fireplace when mutton was cooking, that its flavour might not be perceived by people outside. Such articles as these were brought from the market with the utmost secrecy. I well remember how, at a much later time, I was pursued by a crowd of Brahmans, who took me for one of their own caste, for having gone to the meat-market, until their minds were disabused by the loud expostulations of my companions, uttered in a non-Brahmanical dialect.

We were lavish in our charity to the Brahmans. Every morning my grandfather gave them rice, also flour to the ascetics, and handfuls of grain to inferior beggars. Religious mendicants of a higher class used to get a plateful of rice and some money. There were always large presents in cash—still larger ones on festive occasions, and subscription lists often came to us for the assistance of those who were considered respectable mendicants. Some of these last practised most disreputable tricks in order to extract money, and this without the least sense of shame. They would go about with some borrowed costly garment on, and pretending that it had been presented to them, would induce not a few wealthy people to bestow similar gifts. My dear mother was often deceived in this way.

We worshipped not only the Brahmans, but also numerous idols, both at home and in the temples. There was a room kept apart for our household gods, and every grown-up member of the family worshipped them every morning, after he had performed his ablutions. One of us performed the principal *pūjā* (ceremony), which was of an elaborate kind. He washed the gods, which were mostly images of

brass and stone, only a few being of gold and silver. He then carefully wiped them dry, and daubed each image separately with sandal-wood pigment, rice, and scent. They were then replaced in the shrine and adorned with flowers. If the worshipper had an æsthetic turn of mind, he arranged the flowers with no small care and skill. After the gods had been put back in their places, they were offered either cooked or uncooked food, chiefly the former. No Hindu takes his morning meal without first offering some portion of it to the images. During worship lights were lit, camphor and incense burnt, and the family bell was rung.

Our family deity was the goddess Kālikā. She was honoured with Shākta rites.* My grandfather himself performed them, as he had been formally initiated into the Shākta mysteries; and every evening he offered liquor to the goddess. On special occasions the worship continued long, and was attended by people from the town. The rules of caste were then entirely set aside; Brahmans and Shudras feasted side by side on flesh and liquor. I once went to such a feast at the house of a Brahman who laid claim to great sanctity, but had a Kunbi or Shudra woman in his keeping. She was worshipped that evening as a goddess. Whenever any learned Brahman scholar or a person holding the Shākta tenets came to Belgaum, he was invited by my grandfather to our house, and entertained in the fashion aforesaid. Even Shankarāchārya, a sort of pope,† was presented with English liquor and dainty dishes of flesh, if he was understood to be a Shākta.

The people of our caste observe certain rules of ceremonial purity, and they adhere to them as tenaciously as the Brahmans do to their more complicated system. They will not eat in the morning until they have bathed and worshipped the gods; and they wear either woollen or silken garments when taking their meals. They employ

* See note at the end

† Shankarāchārya was a great religious teacher, who flourished more than a thousand years ago, but the name is still claimed by several persons who profess to be his successors. The personage referred to in the text lives at Shankeswar, in the Belgaum district. He exercises very great authority among most of the Maratha people.—*Edit.*

servants of a lower caste than their own, such as the Kunbi, to work in the house or to fetch water for their use ; but they do not allow them to enter their kitchen or the room in which the gods are worshipped. They do not touch a barber after they have bathed ; nor do they use fresh clothes brought by the washerman, nor a new pair of shoes purchased from a shoemaker, until they have subjected the articles to purification. A little sprinkling of water purifies the clothes, and a blade of grass cast on them from a distance removes the defilement of the shoes. *Mahars* and other low castes are never touched, and their very shadow is avoided as polluting.

I may mention that my mother was very devout, strictly observing the fasts and feasts enjoined by the Hindu religion. She regularly worshipped the family god, and circumambulated the *tulasi** and *pipal* trees the prescribed number of times. She also visited the temples. I was often present at her devotions in the house as well as in the temples, and her piety made a deep impression on my mind. My early notions of Hindu rites and ceremonies were obtained from her. My father's devotions were not so ardent, but he was not indifferent to religion. He carefully read the *Gîtâ* in its Marathi version,† and usually took it with him to the country. He not only read it there, but worshipped it in the place of the gods he had left at home ; and he put it under his pillow at night that he might dream of gods and saints, and not be disturbed by evil spirits and bad dreams.



* *Tulasi* is *Ocymum sanctum*, or *holy basil*. The shrub is much venerated by Hindus. *Pipal* is a species of fig-tree—the *Ficus religiosa*.—*Edit.*

† The *Bhagavad-Gîtâ* (i.e., the Lord's Song) is a philosophico-religious poem in Sanskrit, which has very powerfully affected the more modern developments of Hindu thought. There is an elaborate commentary on the *Gîtâ*, written in Marathi verse, by the learned Brahman poet Dnyānoba about 600 years ago. It has long been, and still is, very popular among the Maratha people. This is the work referred to.—*Edit.*

CHAPTER II

EARLY TRAINING

I WAS sent at an early age to the Government Vernacular School at Belgaum, which had been established in 1830. It met in a long building without any separate compartments for holding the different classes. There was but one door, so that the arrangements both for light and ventilation were very defective. It had scanty school furniture, and, in the absence of a clock, the time of the lessons was determined by the shadow of the sun. The pupils did not bring their own slates; these were supplied by the school. Thin plates of tin generally served for this purpose. They were written upon with ink. Square wooden boards were also used, on which fine sand was spread, and fingers were employed as pens. The instruction imparted was of the most elementary kind, and the manner of communicating it was extremely imperfect. Something of geography, grammar, and arithmetic was taught in the highest class, besides the multiplication table. Some time was devoted to the reading of manuscripts. Yet it must be acknowledged that the school-books then in use were very attractive. Even the treatise on geography was not dry or dull, rich only in abstract rules and formidable names. It was composed in the form of a dialogue, and the first book of the kind that I got as a prize made quite an era in my life. When I first obtained it, I read it several times over, and showed it to every one I came across. The arguments in it for the spherical form of the earth, and the explanation of the theory of eclipses, disclosed new truths to me, and completely banished from my mind the notion that the earth was flat and of the shape of a *pipal* leaf. The book had beautiful maps, which were painted in different colours; and I remember how I used to repeat the famous saying of Ranjit Singh ("the Lion of the Panjāb"), "*Sab lāl ho jāegā*"—"All will become red." He used to say this as he pointed to the red borders of the British territory on the map of India. An old gentleman reading the name

of Austria on the map of Europe, solemnly declared that it was a country wholly inhabited by women (*Striya*, Austria), and told many frightful stories about them.* My poor grandfather was quite ill with fright when some one assured him that Aden, to which my father had been transferred, was in the vicinity of this dreadful Austria. Unfortunately, Aden, which had not then assumed the importance it did afterwards, was not marked on the map. Besides the book of geography, there was another one which proved most profitable to me. It was a popular treatise on morals, and its brief sententious precepts deeply impressed themselves upon my mind. We had simply to commit them to memory, for we received no explanation or exhortation on the subject. I learnt the whole of it by heart, and some of its teachings are still quite fresh in my memory—such as, “Fear God and honour the King;” “God is merciful,” “It is He to whom we are indebted for what we possess;” “God is the judge of the world, and He punishes transgressors,” &c.

The modes of punishment practised in the school were sometimes cruel; and the authority of the teacher was always upheld by severe discipline. The juvenile delinquents were hung up by the hands tied together; or they were made to stoop, and a number of wooden boards were piled up on their backs. Sometimes the infliction was different; the boys were made to hold their ears with both hands, and then rise and sit down several times in rapid succession. If this was considered too light a punishment, the culprit had to press his thumb on the ground and lift up one leg, and then bow down, throwing the whole weight of the body forward upon the poor thumb alone.

My teacher was an indolent, pleasure-loving man, who spent the afternoon in chewing betel and playing chess in a neighbour's house. He sometimes came to our house to drink tea, though it was against the rules of his caste to do so. One day the Collector happened to visit the school, and the teacher was fined for absence, as he was engaged

* *Striyā* in Sanskrit and Marathi means *women*.—*Edit.*

at the time in a game of chess at his usual place of resort. He was, however, indulgent to me, and put me in the highest class to please my father, although I was deficient in everything except reading. To be sure I was the best reader in the school, and knew all my reading-books by heart.

In those days the annual visit of the Educational Inspector was a great event in the life of the student. The inspector was regarded as a very great man. He received a large salary, wore fine clothes, rode in a palanquin carried by four bearers; and his palanquin often corresponded with the magnitude of his salary and reputation. The well-known Bâl Gangâdhar Shâstri twice visited our school in my time. He commanded much respect for his scholarship. He was the first native professor in the Government College at Bombay, the editor of an influential newspaper and magazine, and the author of numerous school-books. He was a good English scholar, and his abilities and acquisitions had won for him a great name. He was considered an authority in Sanskrit and Marâthî. He was also an earnest thinker, and in his views on social and moral questions he was far in advance of his contemporaries. Such a person could not but be an object of dread and aversion to the orthodox, illiterate masses; and when he came to Belgaum, he was openly condemned by the Brahmans, and an enthusiast belonging to the strict sect of the Vaishnavas (worshippers of Vishnu) challenged him to engage in a public discussion with him. The Shâstri was on friendly terms with the missionaries, and during his stay at Belgaum he found congenial society at the Mission-house. He made a great impression on my mind; and I carefully preserved two books which he awarded me as prizes, and in which he had inserted his name in English.

There was a heathen practice observed in our school; and indeed it prevailed in all non-Christian schools. Those boys who used slates, and had not learnt to write on paper, were required to worship pictures of the god Ganesha and his wife Saraswati, drawn on the slates, every Saturday, as

well as once a year, on the day dedicated to the special worship of these deities. On the latter occasion an image made of mud was substituted for the picture on the slates. The same ceremony was performed once a year in the courts of the native magistrate and native judge, the expense being defrayed out of the Government treasury.*

I had private tutors employed to instruct me at home. One taught me Canarese, the language of the district; another, a professional preacher, got me to read Marathi poems in the customary devotional tone, and a learned Shâstri gave me lessons in Sanskrit. I sometimes conversed with my Sanskrit teacher on the subject of religion. One day, when I asked him what people did in heaven, he replied that they quaffed nectar† and sat perfectly still,—he himself assuming, at the same time, an attitude indicating profound repose.

I was very fond of reading the legendary tales of the deities, and hearing expositions of them in the temples. When a good preacher came to our town, my father would ask him to give a recitation at our house. I then listened with deep attention, and showed my approbation by zealously joining with my elders in offering him worship. I would put a garland of flowers round his neck, rub perfumery on his forehead, and prostrate myself at his feet. I may say that my love of Marathi literature and composition may be traced to this early habit of reading the legendary books, and hearing expositions of them from the lips of eloquent Marathi scholars.

* It is quite possible that English officials were not aware of this application of Government money. An allowance was made for the cleaning of the school and other necessary expenses; and the native officials would readily divert part of it to such purposes as the one here mentioned.—*Edit.*

† *Amrita*, which corresponds etymologically with *ambrosia*, but is the *drink* of the gods.—*Edit.*

CHAPTER III

MY FIRST ENGLISH SCHOOL.

IN 1843 I was sent to an English school. There was only one such at Belgaum, and it belonged to the London Missionary Society. The Rev. Messrs. Taylor and Beynon were at the head of it. I was first introduced to the latter of these gentlemen by my uncle, who had been educated under him; and my reception was very kind. The missionary drew me close to him, and laying his hand upon my head, solemnly spoke something in English. I was not asked to pay any fees; indeed, no fees were charged, but, on the contrary, small sums were given to the poorer students. The school was largely attended by children from the town and the neighbouring villages, and the missionaries were most popular with all. Mr. Taylor came daily to school, and was frank in his intercourse with the boys. Sometimes he would bring fruit from his garden and distribute it to us. He was always most kind and affectionate—often almost playful with us. Our life in the English Mission School was different from what it had been in the Government vernacular one, where the teachers had always been severe, and used to assert their authority by a frequent use of the rod.

Our head-master, though not a Brahman, was of respectable caste, and much respected both for his character and scholarship. He knew several languages, and his linguistic acquisitions were most useful in a school attended by children of various races and speaking various languages. He had no faith in the Hindu religion, and had given up the use of the idolatrous mark on the forehead. One of his assistants was a Parsi, who also held advanced views on religion. He was a diligent student of the Bible, and was especially interested in the prophecies, a subject on which he had read a great many works.

The instruction imparted in the school was of a thorough nature. The missionaries personally taught the upper department. The Bible was daily read in the classes, and

the whole school was addressed by the missionaries on Saturdays. In some of the lower classes a catechism was taught. The Rev. W. Beynon used to close the school with prayer on Friday, and the Rev. Joseph Taylor did the same on Saturday afternoon.

The devotional exercises in the school seem to have made considerable impression on my mind, for I often imitated them at home. I would place a book on a table, and then, standing before it, bend forward in the attitude in which the missionaries did, and repeat some prayer which I had learnt by heart at school.

The library was not much used by the students, though it contained books both in English and the native languages. The vernacular books were in charge of a Parsi youth, and I used to borrow Marathi books for perusal. In this way I became acquainted with a good many religious works, such as "The Pilgrim's Progress," "The Indian Pilgrim," the New Testament, &c., &c. I read "The Pilgrim's Progress" through, and some portion of the New Testament, especially the Acts of the Apostles and the Book of Revelation. I also read the English Bible at home; and the Story of Abraham, the Psalms, and the Proverbs had a great attraction for me. I was not much inclined to read the New Testament, on account of the secret antipathy I bore to the name of Christ. I was still, indeed, a zealous idolater; and on one occasion I tore a Marathi tract in pieces because it made some strictures on the Hindu deities.

CHAPTER IV.

MY ATTACHMENT TO HINDUISM.

WHEN I was in the Belgaum Mission School, my faith in the Hindu religion was not shaken. On the contrary, my fondness for its rites and ceremonies increased, for there was much in them to gratify my vanity and love of pleasure. I did not seriously attend to the religious instruction given by the missionaries.

In the street in which I lived there was a famous temple of Mâruti (or Hanumân), who was regarded as the tutelary god of the town. The temple had an annual grant of money from the Government. When this temple was to be repaired, my father gave not only a large donation, but his professional services gratis. Not only was the principal temple improved, but also many other houses that were in its courtyard. So English civil engineering skill was of great service to the Hindu god ! The management of the temple was in the hands of a family of priests, who often quarrelled among themselves for the gains of the temple. A son of one of these managers came to our school. I may mention the singular name he had, Masana (Masan means a burying or burning ground for the dead). He was so called because the previously born children of his parents had all died ; for it is imagined that, when children are called by contemptuous names, they will survive. Often children in like manner are called Kondya (chaff), Dagdya (stone), &c. I used frequently to go with this boy to the temple of Mâruti. As soon as I got on the steps of the hall in front of the temple, I would ring the bells which were hung at the entrance, and jump to reach them several times. There was a large bell among them which had been presented by my father. (Bells are rung on entering a temple, to waken the god and apprise him of the arrival of a worshipper.) I would next go up to the door of the temple, and throw myself down most devoutly before the image, and then rising up, stand before it with folded hands, loudly chanting hymns of praise which I had learnt by heart. On leaving the temple, I would take some of the sacred ashes and rub them on my forehead, as well as eat them. When it was the turn of the father of my school-fellow to officiate at the temple, I used to get some of the fruits that had been offered to the god. The concluding part of the worship was going round the temple several times, sometimes as often as 108 times, (this being a sacred number). These circuits were very fatiguing, for the area of the temple was very large. Every day I made only a few rounds. Afterwards I would spend a good deal of

time in loitering about in the temple-yard, or engaging in games with my school-fellows. We also went on Mondays to the temple of Shiva, and killed as many beetles as we could find, it being considered meritorious to do so.

Sometimes I would sit watching the monkeys and other curious animals which the wandering mendicants at the temple often had with them. These mendicants had some peculiar ways about them. They were very fond of blowing the conch-shells at the time of the worship of their gods, and it made a weird sound. They were very great smokers of intoxicating hemp. The walls of the temple had painted on them pictures of Râma and Krishna and their exploits, with inscriptions giving an account of these deities. Besides such amusements, I had opportunities of witnessing theatrical performances in the temple. These gave me a good deal of knowledge about the legends of the gods. The dramatists were Karnatic Brahmans, and were not considered to be of high social position, because on the stage they sometimes personated women.

In our street there were some other religious establishments besides the temple described above. There was a Brahman ascetic from the south living there, who was in the habit of going about the street roaring out *Râdhâ Krishna* (praise to Krishna and his mistress, Radha), as early in the morning at four o'clock, and this very much disturbed the sleep of the people. Sometimes attempts were made by the native authorities to put a stop to the nuisance, but they were unsuccessful. The people in our house, however, rather enjoyed the noise, as early in the morning the praises of their gods fell on their ears. There was another Brahman, a Government clerk, who made a great display of devotion. Every Friday crowds went to his house to witness him worshipping. He had a large shrine for his idols, and the vessels used on the occasion were of silver. He used to tie small bells round his feet and dance, singing the praises of the principal deity, who was a goddess,—playing at the same time on a violin. But he was a very wicked man, and stole Government money. When he was about to be prosecuted for embezzlement,

he absconded, went away to a solitary mountain, and lived there as a hermit.

Whenever Shankarâchârya came to our town, he lodged at the temple of Mâruti. If he happened to come in the month of Shrâvan (July-August), which is considered the most sacred month of the year, a crore* of mud *lingams* were required to be made in honour of Shiva. They were made of the size of a betel-nut, and were spread on a sheet of cloth. A contract was given to make them. There was a great deal of deceit practised in connection with these images. The contractor bribed the officers of Shankarâchârya, and the full number bargained for was never given. The Brahmans of the rival sect of the worshippers of Vishnu did not approve of these evil commercial transactions.

The Shankarâchârya who visited Belgaum was from the village of Shankeshwar. He always came with great pomp. He had a grant of thirty villages from Government, the revenue of which amounted to 30,000 rupees a year. He also got large sums of money from the people. He usually fed every year 10,000 Brahmans. He rode in a palanquin, which was carried sideways; and he was accompanied by lighted torches even during the day.

It was very expensive to invite this "world-teacher" to one's house for worship, at least 100 or 200 rupees must be spent on the occasion. Poor people generally went to his lodgings to pay him their respects. I remember I went with my relatives to a feast given by this great man. The sweet cakes were thick and coarse like *bâjari* cakes, and as large as the cakes sold at the Muhammadan shops in Bombay. Instead of people grinding the coarse sugar and *dâl* (split pulse) used for the cakes with a grinding stone, the articles were smashed with the feet. For fireplaces they dug long trenches, and kindled a fire in them, over which they placed long plates of iron for breaking the cakes. When I came home, I criticised the food, but I was reprimanded for this, and was told it was wrong to find fault with consecrated food. Each of us paid a rupee for the dish

* A crore is ten millions. The *lingam* is a symbol of Shiva.

we got, besides the money we offered personally to the holy man.

I have mentioned above that a professional teacher was engaged for me, to teach me to read the sacred books. I made a practical use of my powers. I used to read the books to the ladies of our house. Many other non-Brahmanical women in the neighbourhood also came to hear me. I soon became quite a little *pauranik* (expositor) to the neighbourhood. I used to place a high stool before me, and lay the sacred book upon it; then, holding each long leaf in my hand, I read it, sitting on a low stool in the fashion of professional expositors. At the commencement I chanted a Sanskrit verse, and another at the conclusion. The usual ceremony of waving the lamp was performed at the close. Some women used to place sugar, plantains, &c., before the sacred book as an offering to it, and also put a garland of flowers round my neck. I generally read the sacred books at night during the rainy season, as well as on the great holidays throughout the year. The books were all in Marathi verse, and described the principal gods and heroes of the Hindu pantheon. In those days these works had not been printed, they could be had only in manuscript, and were hard to obtain. Whatever books we did not possess of our own were borrowed from others, who lent them to us in small portions. We had a copy of a book called "The Glory of Hari," which contained the story of Krishna (the eighth incarnation of Vishnu). It cost fifteen rupees, whereas a similar book, neatly printed, could now be had for one rupee. So great has been the fall in the price of books.

I had been taught certain forms of prayer called the *sandhyâ*, when I had the *munj* or initiatory rite performed. This did not contain the most sacred of all the hymns, called the *Gâyatrî*,* because I belonged to the caste of Kâsârs, who are supposed to have no right to the privilege of using it. But still I used to cover my hand, holding the sacred thread between my thumb and forefinger, and repeat some kind of verse instead of the holy *Gâyatrî*.

* This celebrated text contains really an invocation to the sun.—*Edit.*

At the time of my initiation, I had been given some lessons in Marathi, of which I remember a few. I was told, for example, that I should not ride on a dog; that I should not pass between two asses; that I should not look into water, that I should not climb a tree and that I should not look at night into a mirror, &c. I used to read every morning a little book called *Vyankatesh Stotra* ("The praise of Vyankatesh") at the time that I performed my morning devotions, and I would not take my breakfast till I had read it. I knew it all by heart. I had also committed to memory some things connected with the Shākta worship, and used to repeat these for several years, though I was not formally initiated into the Shākta mysteries till a much later time. I learnt also by heart a Sanskrit book which contained the praises of Shiva, but I did not understand one word of it. I knew besides a great deal more that is usually repeated by devout Hindus.

After I was invested with the sacred thread, I was supposed to be raised to a higher religious position, and to be entitled to greater privileges. I was now allowed to worship the family gods. The worship consisted in cleaning and washing the images, anointing them with sandal-wood pigment, adorning them with flowers and rice, burning incense and lights before them, and making them offerings of food. This was the principal worship, and it was not performed twice on the same day. Other members of the family had other ways of performing the *pūjā* (ceremonies).

There were some forms of worship which little boys were not allowed to perform. Such was especially the case with the worship of Shiva in the month of Shrāvan and on some special holidays. I could only be present at it and join in the concluding part, when I was allowed to put *bel*-leaves on the god. My mother burnt a lakh (100,000) of wicks in ghee (clarified butter) in the temple of Shiva on the day when I accompanied her. The Brahmans were constantly worshipped, for they were regarded as *bhūdeva* (earthly gods). After they had been worshipped, all in the house drank the water in which they had dipped one of their great toes. When the Brahman gave his blessing,

the person who received it sat before him, spreading his skirt, in which the "earthly god" cast a few grains of rice which conveyed his benediction,—which rested also on the heads of all the parties present. A Brahman was employed to invoke the god *Māruṭi* for us. He was of the *Karhādā* sect, and when he brought us any blessed food, we partook only after we had carefully examined it; for the *Karhādā* Brahmans are believed to commit murder to propitiate their goddess *Bhawāntī*. The way in which we examined it was by putting some salt upon the food and then waiting to see if any peculiar change was perceptible either in the salt or the food, or else by giving some of the food to a dog or cat and carefully noticing the effect.

In those days even Parsis used to employ Brahmans to invoke the gods. A wealthy Parsi gentleman asked my father to employ Brahmans to pray to them for his benefit on the neighbouring hill of *Vaijanāth*, and some twenty or thirty Brahmans were accordingly engaged. The Brahmans were feasted for several days, and got half a rupee (less than a shilling) each day. The Parsi had got into some scrape, and hence his appeal to the Hindu gods!

Astrologers used to come to our house for the purpose of informing us of the special sacred days of the week or month. The almanacs which are now generally used had just been introduced, and not even the astrologers could obtain a copy of them. They used to mark the chief dates on a scrap of paper, which they folded up in a cylindrical form and carried about in their turbans. These men made the horoscope for each child that was born, and determined the most propitious day for special undertakings. I fully believed in the astrologers, and dreaded the malignant planets. My mother often waved oil over me, and then gave it away to female *Māngs*.* This was in order to save me from the malignant influence of the planet Saturn. I had learnt a little of astrology, and committed to memory the Sanskrit versified rules. I was not disposed, however, to complete my astrological studies. My faith in the

* These are among the lowest tribes of casteless Hindus — *Edit.*

science was soon shaken by the perusal of a book written by a gentleman of Sihor, in Málwâ (Subhaji Bâpû), who sought to harmonise the Indian astronomical system of Bhâskarâchârya with that of Copernicus, and to disprove, with the aid of Hindu writings, the claims of astrology. I remember even now a few words of a Sanskrit verse quoted in this book, in which it is beautifully said that if God is our protector the planets cannot harm us.

The people in our house consulted also wizards and those who dealt with demons. Their aid was sought when any one was ill or some calamity had befallen us. These men were chiefly from the Konkan,* and demons † from that province used to manifest themselves as entering into them. They attributed illness and all calamities to the influence of evil powers, and the spirits had to be propitiated in the way these men prescribed. At one time we found at the door of our house a large quantity of leaves, needles, and red powder, which had been left there at night by some enemy, to do us mischief through the agency of evil beings. We were all very much frightened at the sight of these dangerous articles. Malignant powers were regularly propitiated by us once or twice every month. We used to make offerings to them of cocoanuts, and scatter bits of dry dates, parched grain, and sugar-biscuits in our yard on every new moon.

These practices not only caused a loss of money; they fomented quarrels and jealousies, not only between ourselves and strangers, but between the members of our own family. The wizards would go about sowing seeds of discord in order that their services might be engaged to provide charms and counter-charms.

I remember an old woman who had come from Bombay, that was influenced by sixty demons, each of whom had a distinct name. These beings had a special predilection for the flesh of goats and fowls, for liquor and eggs. When

* The district lying between the Western Ghâts and the sea.—*Edit*

† The word in the Marathi is not *demons*, but *gods*. In truth, the distinction between *god* and *devil* has almost vanished in Hinduism, and this is one of the worst characteristics of the religion.—*Edit*

we wanted any information which we had no means of obtaining in the usual way, we used to consult her, and we believed all she told us, although her declarations were by no means always verified. The questions we put were like the following — When will my father return from the country? How shall we ruin our enemy, who is so troublesome? Who has stolen such a thing? Why does not our relative away from home write to us? etc

When this woman consulted the spirits in order to procure from them information on any subject, she would unloose her hair, and placing her hands upon her forehead, sit in a meditative mood upon her heels. She closed her eyes, and remained still for a good while, suppressing her breath. Then she would begin to move backwards and forwards, breathe with difficulty, and then respiring violently and changing her posture, sit on her bended knees. Her hands would be placed on the knees, with the thumbs extended, while the fingers were closed. She did not talk or scream; she only answered questions put to her, but all the time she would be panting heavily. Before she became possessed we had to burn before her a good deal of incense or camphor, but afterwards she burned it herself. When the camphor was burnt and water put into a cup, we had to put into the water, at short intervals, a little rice and ashes. The woman read the answers to our inquiries in the curious figures which the ashes and rice used to form on the surface of the water in the cup, or she would find the answers on a leaf of betel held over the burning camphor. The soot gathered on it would show itself in various shapes, and these forms supplied the needful materials for her. She would give the answers in such laconic forms as these:— “Oh, the letter is being forwarded” “The sick child was attacked by the demon under the tamarind tree.” “Enemies have excited the deities against you.” “Such and such a god is offended.” When she got free of the influence, she threw herself violently on the ground. If she was not going to be again possessed immediately, we used to sprinkle water over her as she lay flat on the ground, and she would then shake off the controlling spirit. If she

was going to be possessed again, she would resume her seat and her former attitude. She did not always act in this quiet way. Sometimes she would roll on the ground, perhaps leap and dance, holding a sword or rod in her hand. When she was under the supernatural influence, she would rub red powder on her forehead and adorn her head with flowers, though she was a widow, but she would throw these away after the possession had ceased.

On special occasions the preparations made for the demons were on a grand scale. Goats, fowls, eggs, liquor, sweetmeats, &c., were required to be plentifully supplied, and the spirits came in companies to feast on the articles presented. They were supposed actually to partake of a portion of the offerings, and to leave the banquet with a blessing upon their entertainer. Music was employed on such occasions. Seeing these wonderful things, I often wished to be possessed myself, but this earnest desire was not gratified in my father's house at Belgaum.

There was a snake that lived in the rooms in the roof of our house. It never came down into the house where we lived. It used to feed on rats, and at night we used to hear it chasing them. My grandmother would often pray to it with folded hands, entreating it to pity us all and take us under its protection. She offered it milk and boiled rice on the annual day of *Nāg Panchamī*—a festival in honour of snakes.

Some witches used to visit us when the male members of the family had left the house for their outdoor duties. They pretended to be professional beggars, and they practised their demoniacal tricks in secret. They sometimes passed themselves off for dealers in products of the jungle. They told us about incantations, the efficacy of which we sometimes tried.

In this way I was quite entangled in the meshes of Hinduism. The religious instruction I received at school had not as yet freed me from this sad condition. Indeed, on one or two occasions I was greatly offended by the conduct of my missionary teachers. I wrote a short essay in favour of one of the Hindu fast days as a school exercise,

which met with the strong disapproval of the missionary who examined it. This greatly pained me. The same gentleman, on another occasion, reprimanded a boy for coming to school dressed in the filthy garments worn on the occasion of the Holi festival;* and this, too, I felt very deeply. Once I saw a tract on Logic, published by the American Missionaries of Bombay, in which every syllogism given by way of illustration contained something opposed to the principles of Hinduism; and I was so angry at the condemnation of my religion that I wrote on one of the pages some severe strictures on the Christian religion, which I had found in an infidel publication that was issued by educated Hindus. But on the whole, I believe that all these things were gradually preparing me for the reception of the truth.

My mind by this time had become dissatisfied. The numerous religious practices which I followed did not satisfy me. I longed for something higher, and aspired after miraculous power. I obtained *mantras* or incantations, which were supposed to give superhuman power, and by the repetition of these I hoped especially to increase the supply of food. I used to repeat such incantations secretly at night, when the people in our house had gone to bed. I repeated them before the image of the goddess Anna Purnâ† (the supplier of food). I had to bathe immediately before commencing the ceremonies. Some of the incantations were to be used on the day of an eclipse. I did not attain my object; but I never saw that the incantations themselves were inefficacious, and I attributed the want of success to my defective observance of the rites. Some of these incantations I recently found among the papers of my late uncle. They are very curious in their phraseology. They are nothing but the attempts of vulgar cheats to delude simple-minded people. They are a hodge-podge of Marathi, Sanskrit, and newly-coined words strung together in a certain jingling form, without a shadow of meaning.

* The Holi was originally, in all probability, a spring festival—a season of rejoicing at the revived life of nature. The observances have degenerated into extreme license.—*Edit*

† Like the Roman Anna Perenna in name and function.—*Edit*.

There was a native doctor of the name of Raman Sheti, of the Kamāthī caste, who attended our family. He not only prescribed drugs, but used charms. He supplied all the members of the household with amulets for wearing round the neck or arms. These were bits of thin gold plates, with something engraved on them. The pieces were rolled up and enclosed in small boxes of silver. We thought highly of these charms, yet I remember that once, when we were in need of money, we melted down the whole of them.

I was seriously thinking of studying alchemy, but in God's mercy I was saved from the delusion. I came across an English book which exposed this pretended science, and I was convinced of its falsehood. At one time I was so mad in the search of the philosopher's stone, that I went frequently to the jungle and applied a bit of iron I carried with me to every rock I saw.

Our family practised also Muhammadan religious rites and ceremonies. My uncle regularly visited the tomb of a Muhammadan saint (*pîr*) once a week, in company with the children of the family. He there offered sugar, various leaves, flowers, and *malidâ*—a kind of sweetmeat believed to be very acceptable to the Muhammadan saints. The offerings were all left at the tomb; only a little sugar was brought back to be distributed to the people at home. We made vows to the *pîr*. A brother of mine, who had lost his sight by small-pox, was taken to a neighbouring village, where a new *pîr* was proving his superiority to others; but no benefit was got. When any one was ill at home, Muhammadan *fakîrs* were consulted. They gave charms in the shape of rolls of paper with writing on them, which were tied round the neck or dipped in a little water, and the water so used was drunk as medicine. I have still some of these papers in my possession, which have figures, often four-sided, drawn on them, with some letters marked in them. I find the scraps thus marked:—"This is for curing bad eyes;" "This is for giving relief to an anxious mind!" "This for conciliating people;" "This for curing a child given to crying," etc

There were peculiar ways of consulting the deities. My mother went to the temple to the god Mâruti in family troubles; and I used to accompany her. She generally went when it was dark. The *pujari* (attendant at the temple) put betel-nuts or bits of betel-leaf on the image of the god Mâruti, or sometimes he would use grains of rice. Then the god would be asked to indicate his will by making the things put upon him to drop either on his left or on his right side—the distinction being important. We waited anxiously for the falling of these things. The *pujari* got two rupees every time when we sought his aid.

One moonlight night we went to a shepherd who lived in the jungle at some distance. His sheep lay in the enclosure round his hut, and he sat inside beside a shrine which contained an image with a brass face. He had a cane in his hand. After hearing our story, he held this over a fire on which incense was burning. Then waving it round and round, with his eyes steadily fixed upon it, he answered our inquiries. I have sometimes thought, when recalling this visit, that the scene at Endor may have been somewhat similar.

I was fond of observing the festivals. I visited the houses of people to witness the Ganapati* celebrations, and did not mind going even to disreputable houses for the purpose. The annual worship of Ganapati is characterised by much pomp, and the worshippers vie with each other in display. I was zealous in distributing "gold" (as the leaves of a certain tree are called) on the occasion of the Dasahra holiday which followed the Ganapati festivities. Friends pay visits of civility to one another on this day, and distribute the leaves as a mark of good-will. I distributed sugar-plums on *Makar Sankrânti* (winter solstice), and sometimes forwarded them to distant friends by post. I did not, however, much like the Holi festival, but I remember having been dragged out to it by my friends, and I then indulged freely, I am ashamed to say, in all the

* More generally called Ganesha. The god with an elephant's head. This is the deity who, in the "Pleasures of Hope," receives the singular designation of "Ganesha sublime"—*Edit*

wretched revelry attendant on the occasion. I spent much time in witnessing the wild pranks of the Muhammadans at their Moharram festival. Every year my mother had some vow to pay to the Taboots (the figures of tombs—which are worshipped). I and my brothers used to wear the gaudy clothes of *fakirs*, which are used during these Muhammadan holidays, and go about begging, as a formal duty, with a plate and a scrip in our hands. My Brahman friends used to ridicule me for this; for the Brahmans at Belgaum do not countenance these Muhammadan superstitions, though Brahmans in various other places fully do so

My attention was not directed to the Jain religion, although there was a temple of that sect at Belgaum, for I had been strictly warned against it by the Brahman who had been employed to teach me religion. He said the image was indecent, and therefore unworthy of worship. We used sometimes to see in those days nude Jain ascetics going about the streets in silent stateliness, with a brush of peacock feathers and a wooden vessel in their hands, and a long scrip hung across their shoulders. We heard strange stories about the practices of these men, and we always regarded them with contempt. Sometimes the Hindus of the town offered open opposition to them, and at one time they refused to allow the Jain image to be carried in procession past their temples. The procession was thus detained a whole night in the street

I was taught by my Brahman teacher, who was a worshipper of Shiva, to consider the worship of Vishnu quite abominable, and he declared it would come to an end in 500 years. The Vaishnavas were very superstitious and sanctimonious; indeed, they were more so than the followers of Shiva. They did not allow those who were not Brahmans to go into their temples; consequently I could not visit the two Vaishnava temples in my native town.

CHAPTER V.

VISIT TO BOMBAY

IN the year 1839, at the age of nine, I had gone to Bombay with my parents for the marriage of my paternal uncle and aunt. Before starting we had consulted the astrologers, and on the propitious day suggested by them we had commenced our journey; but we met with many discomforts on the way. We were quite a large party of relatives and friends as well as servants, and the means of locomotion were of a suitable character. But we had not the God of Jacob as our sun and shield, and we had not, like Moses, said to Him, "If Thy presence go not with us, carry us not up hence;" so we had not the blessing which the ancient people of God enjoyed in their wanderings. Before we had gone far from Belgaum, the axle of one of the carriages broke, and we had to seek the assistance of the blacksmith in a neighbouring village; and while he was busy at his work, a spark from the forge fell upon a thatched hut and burnt it with a number of others. The people ran in terror and distress to the temple, where we had alighted for shelter, and the sight that I then witnessed I can never forget. Another calamity was that one of my brothers had an attack of small-pox and lost his eyesight. It took us two months to reach Bombay, and on the day we arrived there the term of leave allowed my father expired. We had suffered a great deal on the way from rain, and all the money brought for the wedding had been spent.

I felt at Bombay that I had come into a new world, one quite different from Belgaum and the country round it. The large crowds of people everywhere, the countless carriages of all sizes and shapes that ran incessantly along the streets, the wealth and luxury of the traders and brokers, the pomp and splendour of the religious rites, whether performed at the temples or in private dwellings,—these things quite bewildered me. As we had taken lodgings close to the famous Bhuleshwar temple, to which all classes of people were going the whole day, I had excellent means

of noticing the peculiarities of the worship performed. The crowds of votaries were large, and priests were always ready with vessels containing the various articles of worship to aid the worshippers. Every one was free to enter the temple and place his offering before the gods. The temples were full of splendid ornaments, and the images were decked with costly jewels. In one of the temples there were living tortoises, which were worshipped; whereas at Belgaum I had seen only representations of these creatures in stone. The spectacle at the Mumbadevi temple in a neighbouring street was also most striking. There crowds of people performed their ablutions in the tank, under the direction of the priests, who musically repeated prayers, naked dirty creatures clamoured and struggled for the money lavishly distributed among them by some devout Banyan; parties of mourners, both male and female, wailed aloud for their dead relatives, as they came from the place of burning and sat by the side of the tank, to perform their last rites of purification; pigeons in countless numbers were feeding on the grain which was scattered for them plentifully by the charitable Banyan women; sacred cows and bulls roamed freely among the crowd of men, women and children, eating food or tender grass, or quietly submitting to the rudeness of eager worshippers seeking for the elements of purification which the animals supplied; in one corner ardent devotees chanted the praises of the gods with the aid of a pair of cymbals or drum; in some quiet spot the learned Brahmans expounded the Shastras, or loudly recited the legends of the gods and goddesses. Not far from these places of enthusiastic devotion was a hospital for beasts. In this not only diseased and deformed cattle were cared for, but the meanest vermin were (as they still are) luxuriously fed with the fresh blood of a vigorous young man stupefied with intoxicating drugs. He is paid for spending a night in an unconscious state in a room which is full of these disgusting creatures, and he is removed early in the morning before regaining consciousness.

In Bombay we had to suffer from a peculiar inconveni-

ence. We had a large circle of relations, and we had often to go into mourning for them. At Belgaum we seldom heard of the death of our connection, moreover, the postage was high, and the men who were able to write were very few. A person in mourning cannot wear his ordinary clothes or use his ordinary bedding; he does not put the caste mark on his forehead or perform his daily devotions. He must not read the religious books. He cannot touch persons that are not mourners like himself; therefore he does not visit his friends. At school or office the mourner cannot sit on the same bench with others, far less touch them. These restrictions are most irksome, and they are felt to be oppressive, especially when they have to be endured frequently, and for the sake of persons whom one does not know or care for. There were some 500 families who shared with us the surname of *Mulé*, and had therefore the honour of imposing on us the duty of going into mourning for any of their members who died.

My fame as a good reader of Marathi soon spread in Bombay among the people of our caste, as in those days they were wholly illiterate. I was often asked to go to the houses of our friends to read the sacred books for their benefit.

It was long after this, when I went back to Belgaum, that I joined the English Mission School there, an account of which I have given in the preceding chapters.

In 1847, when I was sixteen years of age, I went back to Bombay. We proceeded this time by sea in a country vessel, by way of Vingurla. The wind was against us, and it took us fourteen days to make the voyage. We could not cook food on board, it being against caste rules to do so. My mother boiled some rice for the younger members of the family, which she slightly roasted before boiling, by way of preserving it from ceremonial pollution. When we came to the Bombay pier, we had to pay heavy duties on our luggage. I complained against this in the columns of a Marathi paper, the *Prabhākar*. This was my first contribution to a newspaper. A copy of it I have still in my possession. It is dated 3rd April 1847.

It pains me to state that at this time, though I was so

eager to practise the manifold rites of Hinduism, I was not equally anxious to maintain a high moral standard. This, indeed, it is foreign to the genius of popular Hinduism to do. Paganism, even in its best form, does not insist on moral purity with the emphasis of Christianity. My enlightenment on this point was to come, in the good providence of God, on a future day.

CHAPTER VI.

THE ELPHINSTONE INSTITUTION

THIS time we made a long stay in Bombay. Mahadeva Shastri Koladkar, a teacher in the Elphinstone Institution, lived near us. It was through him that I made up my mind to join that seminary. The principal of the Institution was Dr. Harkness, to whom the Shastri introduced me. He asked me about my caste; and when I told him that I was a Kâsâr, he would hardly believe it. He declared that I must be a Brahman. On my showing him the certificate which I had from the Mission School at Belgaum, he sent me to Professor Dadabhai Nauroji,* who put me in the third class. The teacher of this class was a Brahman. He was of a gentle disposition, much respected and loved by the boys. His system of teaching was very good. I always accompanied him to school. When he approached a temple, he stood still some time, and made obeisance to the deity; and I imitated his example. I was in the habit of doing so as long as I attended this school. I was very much struck at first by this, but saw in it. I greatly wondered at the building, the multitude of the pupils, their fashionable dress, the mischief-making and quarrels of the Parsi boys, and the spaciousness in which the classes met. A boy had come to this school, who gave out that the teachers beat the pupils cruelly, and that a person

* Mr Dadabhai Nauroji, 47. many years past resided in London, and is deservedly held in much esteem. — Edit

was specially employed for caning boys, but I found no such severe discipline. Yet there were some modes of punishment which were objectionable. Sometimes a professor made use of his English boots to enforce his orders. The Parsi boys during the recess used to bring cooked food for their afternoon meal, which was quite a novel sight to me. These boys had always boiled rice mixed with pulse. They ate with their fingers, but without putting the fingers to their lips. They made up the rice into balls, and then pitched it into the mouth. They also drank water without touching the drinking-vessel with their lips, pouring it down into the mouth. These boys used to waste much food by throwing it at one another.

Mahadeva Shastri taught me Marathi, and it was a pleasure to hear his pure, refined speech. I was often disgusted with the language of my class-fellows, who spoke the rude dialect of the non-Brahmanical classes of Bombay. Professor Dadabhai sometimes came to examine our class, and I much admired the way in which he spoke English. No native in those days had such a pure English accent as he.

My faith in the Hindu religion was not in any way shaken by attending the Government school—and it was no wonder; for the teachers never spoke of anything else than the secular subjects treated in the text-books. I cannot say what was the state of things in the upper or College department, which I never joined.

There was a Hindu temple close to the Institution, to which I used to go for worship. I there prayed to Māruti, the monkey-god, for success in my studies. When returning home, I generally visited some other temples, and listened to the expositions of religious books given there. I also went to the different fairs and feasts held in honour of the gods both in the city and the neighbourhood.

I was fond of books, and read many on the Hindu religion. These were chiefly in Marathi. I read most of Tukārām, the most popular poet of Mahārāshtra, Rāmdās, Moropant—the learned Brahman poet—and the works of Shridhar and Mahipati. I had quite a large collection of Marathi works.

I was married in the year 1849. The wedding was performed in the usual Hindu fashion, with great pomp and expense, amidst the clang and clatter of uncouth music. A pair of dancing-girls were hired to entertain the wedding-party. I do not know how far I was responsible for the employment of such immoral women on this solemn occasion, but in Bombay it is quite common to engage such persons at weddings; it is only the poorest that do not hire them. I have still in my possession a memorandum of my wedding expenses, and under the sum paid to the dancing-girls there appears in my hand the remark, "*vyarth kharch*" (vain expense).

Even in those days of comparative ignorance, my father consulted me about my marriage. The girl who had been chosen for me was ten years of age. She could neither read nor write, but her parents were rich and of good position. The choice, however, could not be confirmed without the sanction of the astrologers. These, though they pretended to commune with the stars and claimed infallibility, did not foresee the complete separation that was to take place in life between me and my bride. A meeting of the people of our caste was held to prevent the marriage, as it was alleged that my father had lost his caste by living in Aden, where water was supplied by Arabs; but he showed by documentary evidence that there was no need to engage the services of Arabs, as he had under him hundreds of Indian workmen, and they and himself had made their own arrangements for providing water. Such was the feeling then. But now, even Brahmans go to England, and eat beefsteaks and bacon, and meet with little or no opposition when they come back to their friends in India.*

* Instances, however, still occur in which Brahmans who have visited foreign lands have to perform nauseous penances and provide a sumptuous feast for the people of their caste --*Edit.*

CHAPTER VII

RESIDENCE AT ADEN

AFTER my marriage, my father, who had come on leave to Bombay from Aden, got permission from Government to take us all to the latter place ; but we missed the steamer, and had to wait a couple of months for the next. My father, during the interval, was appointed to superintend the building of the General Assembly's Institution.

At the time we went to Aden, the fortification of the town was going on, and thousands of men were employed under the superintendence of various military officers. We lived close to the house of the political agent. Near our house were some of the Bene-Israel. It astonished me to hear these people sing in Marathi and repeat the name Ishwar (God). I did not know who the Israelites were. I supposed they were a peculiar caste of Hindus. They used to sing the Psalms of David* in Marathi at night. As there was no school, I had no means of prosecuting my studies, and had to accept an appointment in my father's office ; but I did not at all relish the work assigned me.

I did not make any progress in my official duties ; and indeed I should not have been able to remain in the office had not a Parsi clerk given me help. I found some solace in reading English newspapers, which I got from the officers, and I still remember reading about the political difficulties of Pope Pius IX. and the Sikh war.

I was not at all anxious about religion, though the Hindus that had come to Aden as Government servants in various capacities had managed to convert a cave in a mountain into a temple. Here they worshipped an idol which they had set up. A professional ascetic was intrusted with the care of the deity. In some of the remoter hills there was a crag which the Hindu Banyans fancied to be a goddess, calling it "Mother Hinglāj." They used to take

* A metrical version in Marathi was composed under the direction of the Rev C. P. Farrar, missionary of the C. M. S. at Nasik, and the father of Archdeacon Farrar.

cook food to it, which was carried on the heads of the Muhammadan Somalis. This, when once placed on the ground near the goddess, was supposed to become free from pollution, and then the impure Somalis were no longer allowed to touch it. These Somalis used to work at the houses of Banyans, and though they helped them in fetching water, still, after the culinary operations commenced, they were not allowed to touch any of the articles of food.

The igneous rocks amidst which the town of Aden is built have suggested many legends to the inhabitants. The hardened lavas supposed to be the perspiration of the rocks. One of the rocks has a cave in it, from which the Jews^{*} there believe the Messiah will come forth. There is a long crevice in another rock, which is supposed by the Jews to have been made by a blow from Samson's club.

I saw there only two crows, which I was told had been brought by the Hindus from Bombay, in order to represent the *pitris*, or spirits of the dead, which they have to feast periodically. The poor creatures had no trees on which to perch, and they wandered about from rock to rock, cawing piteously.

CHAPTER VIII

FREE CHURCH INSTITUTION, BOMBAY.

IN March 1849 I came to Bombay from Belgaum, with a view to take my grandmother to Aden, on account of my mother's illness; but I was detained in the city very much against my will. I applied to Government for a free passage, but as the authorities had not received an application direct from my father, my request was not granted. I look upon this as a providential arrangement.

I did not care to go back to the Government school, as some of the methods of inflicting punishment in vogue there were distasteful to me. But a young lad belonging

^{*} This doubtless refers to Arabian Jews, and perhaps the Bene-Israel. The latter had come from Bombay and the adjacent districts.—*Edit*

to our caste persuaded me to join the Free Church Institution, which he himself attended. It was in August 1849 that I was admitted into it. My friend who took me to the school was in the first class, and he urged me to join it, but this I did with much hesitation, because the teacher was a converted Brahman (Mr. Narayan Sheshadri). Mr. Narayan was then, as always, a very kind teacher. He then wore the dress of a Brahman, though modified in some points. Every part of his dress, from the turban down to the stockings, was pure white. He did not then wear pantaloons, and the circumstance that he retained his national costume, and still more, his great amiability, removed the dislike I had to him on account of his adoption of a foreign religion.

Mr. Narayan was a born educationist, and his mode of teaching as well as his class arrangements were most admirable. When a pupil was reported for any misdemeanour, he used to get him tried by a court of boys which he had established. He was the judge, and his students were the jurors, who communicated their opinion in writing.

Mr. Narayan earnestly sought in every way the moral improvement of his students. For example, when he came to know that some of us used snuff, he asked us all to write an essay on the uses of tobacco. I did not write anything. When my turn came to read my essay, I got up and said I had made up my mind to abstain from the use of snuff, and that this was my essay. Whereupon those who were against the use of tobacco applauded, and Mr. Narayan himself showed his appreciation by a beaming countenance. This was the beginning of my reformation in this matter.

I wrote to Aden to inform my father of my admission into the Free Church Institution, and the wonderful master I had found in Mr. Sheshadri; and in reply he bade me give him his hearty respects.

Nevertheless, my faith in the Hindu religion had not yet been in any way shaken; indeed, it had become more firmly established than ever

CHAPTER IX.

MY VIEW OF HINDUISM.

BEFORE giving an account of the change which came over my mind from the study of Christianity, I will state briefly the view of the Hindu religion which I held at this time.

1. My knowledge of Hinduism was chiefly confined to the Puranas, which present the popular form of the religion. I did not care much for the philosophical aspect of it as delineated in the Vedānta and other books, their teachings being too abstract and transcendental for me. The Haridases, or popular preachers, always introduced their legendary expositions by a brief inculcation of the high philosophic doctrine; but I felt that that was hardly intended for the edification of the hearers, being only a prelude to the lengthy discourse that was to follow; for neither the preacher nor the hearers had abandoned idolatry, or adopted the more spiritual system of the Vedānta.* They clung to idolatry and died in the practice of it. Even the higher forms of popular Hinduism, which I devoutly followed, did not benefit me spiritually. I did not feel any desire for something purer and higher; on the contrary, my mind became more and more degraded. The sensualistic worship of the Puranas, the adoration of Rāma, Krishna, and Shiva, with all the dazzling ceremonies that accompanied it, did not save me from sinking downwards. I fell lower and lower, till I reached the lowest level of superstition—that is, demon-worship. My life was marked by the grossest inconsistencies; I believed in the most contradictory doctrines, and practised rites that could not possibly be reconciled with each other. In all this I was quite sincere. My earnest faith in popular Hinduism left me a fetish-worshipper of the lowest kind. Such was the necessary result of my earnest faith in its teachings; for it

*The Vedānta philosophy is pantheistic. It denies the reality of matter, and affirms that there is but one existence in the universe—pure spirit—*Edit.*

enforced not only the worship of spiritual deities and virtuous men and women, but that of the most despicable vermin (such as the serpent), and this often by indecent material representations of natural objects

2. I had learnt hardly anything about moral purity. I rigidly followed the rules of mere ceremonial purity, and my attention was directed only to them. I had no fear of God in my heart. I abstained from forbidden fruits and drinks, but not from lying, stealing, swearing, &c. I did not think that the gods I worshipped took any notice of moral offences. I had, on the contrary, grounds for believing that immorality had the sanction of religion. I stole during the Holi holidays, and gambled freely when the Divālī festival was observed. I made vows to Māruti, asking that he might save me from exposure and punishment after I had stolen money from home for my pleasures, and I fully believed that the gods would, as a matter of course, deliver me. The stories of the gods, which I devoutly read, contributed not a little to this moral darkness.

3. I was never taught to inquire into religious truth. I was expected simply to assent to what had been told me by my parents and the people of our caste. These followed not only their own religion, but that of the Muhammadans too, and I practised foolish Muhammadan religious rites on the occasion of the Moharram. Indeed, I often heard it affirmed that all religions were good and true

4. Some imagine that the idolater is led to the worship of the spiritual being that is said to be represented by an idol; but, in fact, such is never the case. The material form fills the mind and unfits it for any spiritual apprehension of the Deity. I used to sit for hours before idols, make offerings to them, walk round them several times, gaze upon them, stand before them, chant their praises, and offer prayers for material blessings; but these things never raised my mind upwards to the regions where the spiritual Lord of the universe manifests His eternal glory.

5. I venerated the Brahmans and ascetics, but I never inquired into their moral character. The idea of sanctity which I had was exclusively of an outward and ritualistic

character. The benefits I sought from them did not conduce to my spiritual enlightenment and salvation. All that I used to receive from them was some fruits or sweetmeats which were supposed to be hallowed by their touch. Sometimes they taught me to repeat mystical words, but they never gave me exhortations to temperance, purity, or devotion. Those who devoutly followed the directions of these teachers were very strict observers of fasts and feasts, regular in the repetition of the mystical verses and the worship of the gods, but often they led lives that were stained by the most detestable vices.

6. Yet in spite of my ignorance and sin, God was dealing graciously with me, even in my darkness. This will be evident from the sequel.

(1) God, in His holy providence, did not allow me to remain in one place. When I was in the Mission School at Belgaum, I had got into the society of bad boys. Had I remained in their company, I should have been utterly ruined; but I was obliged to go to Bombay, and so I was saved from the influence of these bad companions. In Bombay, no doubt, I had other temptations, equally baneful; but then I had soon to go to Aden. Of course, my wicked heart was not changed, but still these alterations of residence had some effect in retarding the progress of evil. At Aden matters were going wrong, but then I had to go back to Bombay.

(2) My early education at the Belgaum Mission School was most helpful to me, though the good effects of the seed sown there in my heart were not at once apparent. The holy lives of Messrs. Taylor and Beynon influenced me much when I commenced to inquire seriously into religion, and even so did the scriptural lessons which they had given and the prayers they had offered.

(3) A native Christian, who was the father of a teacher in the Mission School, impressed me most favourably, so also did a Hindu student, who openly condemned Hinduism, and had given up Hindu worship. I remember his school companions used to drag him by force to the temple of Maruti, where, however, he would stand before the image

with his eyes firmly shut. He joined the Christian Church after I had left Belgaum. He was a talented youth, and of an excellent spirit, and was ordained as a preacher and pastor at Belgaum. I met him afterwards, and we spent much time in happy Christian fellowship. In the Belgaum Mission School there was a Christian teacher, a native of Travancore, and a relative of the Maharâjâ of that State, who also made a deep impression on my mind. I never had any conversation with him, but his serious deportment and his devout attitude at the time of prayer were very impressive. The recollection of all these things were most helpful to me, not only at the time, but afterwards.

(4) Any religious or moral sentiments I met with in books, whether religious or secular, were very pleasing to me. I would constantly revolve them in my mind, or read them aloud over and over again. The Marathi Dictionary of Molesworth, which is a storehouse of proverbs and phrases, furnished me with many a jewel of great price. So the poems of Tukârâm, Nâmdeva, Râmdâs, &c, were read with the deepest interest.

My Brahman teacher often used to exclaim with peculiar fervour, "I perish in the sea of life; save me, O divine Vithobâ!" Certainly I did not understand the full force of the term salvation. But my love of devout and moral sentiments, and a constant study of them, had this good effect upon me, that I was saved from atheism. I never could put out of my mind the thought of God and religion.

(5) The impotence of Hinduism to effect a moral change was forced on my notice by the state of our own family. The people of our house were strict observers of the rites and ceremonies of the Hindu religion, but they did not live in the amity and peace that so much devotion should have induced. Family contentions were both frequent and violent, and the rigid observance of their religion did not save my dear relatives from engaging in them. I mention these things with very great regret; but I must mention them, as they formed one of the principal factors in my religious experience. It was not so much the fault of the

people themselves as that of the religion they followed, and of the teachers whom they venerated. They were never expected to observe the rules of moral duty, or to practise any godliness which did not consist in eating and drinking.

CHAPTER X.

GRADUAL CHANGE OF MIND.

THE time when I joined the Free Church Institution was a most stirring one. Everywhere throughout India a spirit of religious inquiry had been awakened. In Bombay such inquiries had led to the formation of a society for religious and social reform, called the *Paramhans* Mandalî* or *Sabhâ*. Young men less religiously disposed, but intent on social and intellectual improvement, had started several others, of which the *Dnyânprasârak Mandalî*,† which worked both among the Marathî and Gujuratî people, was the most influential. It still continues to exist, public lectures in connection with it being occasionally delivered. Its services in relation to female education have been important, and the girls' schools which it established have deservedly a high place in Bombay. There were also societies started at Poona, the object of one of which was thus explained:—“This society shall aim at enlightening the people on the subject of the different religions existing in this country in an impartial and temperate manner, and shall warn against any errors that may be ignorantly or perversely held.” Essays of a practical character were published at Bombay and Calcutta, especially the latter city, and these proved most useful at this juncture. An Act of the Indian Legislature was passed about this time, of which the *Calcutta Review* spoke in the following emphatic terms:—“The year 1850 has been distinguished above all others in the annals of British India by the establishment of the principle of religious liberty throughout the whole country.” The follow-

* *Paramhans* is a designation of the Supreme Deity. We may render *Paramhans Mandalî* “divine society.”—*Edit*

† Society for the Diffusion of Knowledge.

ing extract from the judgment of a Judge of the Supreme Court of Madras shows the importance of this measure. "This Act," said Sir William Burton, "has been passed, not to encourage a change from one religion to another, but to secure liberty of conscience and equal rights to all. Some of the people of this country may be insensible of the benefit now conferred upon them; some of them may be furious against it; but let me tell them, and tell them solemnly, that this Act of 1850 is the Great Charter of religious freedom, which declares that the rights of all classes shall be equally respected, and which says, 'Do as your conscience bids you; you will not forfeit any of your rights by following the dictates of your conscience, whether you turn to the right hand or to the left.' This is an Act for which all should render thanks to the great Disposer of events, and it is a wonder that any should be found to find fault with so merciful a provision; for, according to it, no man's rights can be hurt by a change of religion."

Public discussions were held by all classes of people, the most prominent part in them being taken by the missionaries. Among others, the Rev. N. Sheshadri and the Rev. George Bowen were almost every day seen visiting the principal thoroughfares, chiefly Back-Bay, for open-air preaching, which often assumed the form of a formal discussion. These good men were not seldom roughly handled by the lower classes of Hindus, and still more by Parsis, whose proceedings in those days were characterised by extreme violence. Poor Mr. Sheshadri's turban was often knocked off, and his coat was stained with mud and dung. But the patience and meekness which he exhibited, and his readiness to befriend his persecutors when they called on him, perhaps for a note of recommendation for employment, or any other kindness, made his name quite a household word among the people of Bombay. *Narayan Sheshadri, Bombay Padri*—this playful jingling couplet was continually in the mouths of the common people.

Soon after I joined the Free Church Institution, I became seriously impressed by the instruction I received. 1

find recorded among my papers a vow that I made, not to worship "stocks and stones," but the Supreme Creator of the Universe. I solemnly declared, in the name of the Supreme Spirit who is the great Creator of the world and its enlightener, that I should never, even to save my life, commit certain sins. I wrote, "May God help me to keep this vow! If I should do any of these things, I shall incur the guilt of the slaughter of a hundred cows, and shall deserve to be doomed to hell by its ruler, King Yama." The evils abjured were the following—lying, theft, uncleanness, *lavanyá*, i.e., impure love-songs, dances, indecent theatricals, impure talk, &c. I added, "If I ever commit any of these sins, I shall repent and ask Thee, O God, to pardon me, for man cannot succeed in his endeavours without Thy grace." I believe this is the first written statement I ever made about my moral conduct. I do not remember on what special occasion I wrote it, but there is a remark which I wrote across it in English some eight years afterwards, the drift of which is as follows:—"I made this resolution after I joined the Institution. I found it necessary to make it when I began to understand the pure morality of the Christian Scriptures."

After I had joined the class taught by Mr. Narayan Sheshadri, the dislike I felt to him on account of his religion began to diminish gradually. After the closing of the school, I used to accompany him, as we had to go to our homes by the same road. When the people saw me walking with him, they used to declare that I was certain one day to become a Christian like him; but I did not mind this. Mr. Narayan had opened a private class at his house, which I attended. He would often inquire after the health of my relatives, and this used to please me much, so that I began to love him greatly. Sometimes he would ask me in jest if I would drink coffee or tea with him, but I never consented to do so. At that time he was not married, and lived with Mr. William Peyton* at a boarding-school for European and Eurasian boys which they had started

* Now the Rev W. W. Peyton, of Broughty Ferry

together. There were some pious boys in that school, who were my friends as well as schoolfellows, as the young men went to the Free Church Institution. Among them was a European lad of the name of Jackson, who was very amiable and devout. He loved me much, and used to speak with great concern about my salvation. He afterwards became a missionary at Lucknow.

The spiritual instruction which was communicated in the Institution was of a very decided kind. Except in the mathematical and purely scientific classes, there was continually some reference to religion, and the remarks made were always very impressive. Besides the morning and evening addresses, the Bible or some other religious book was daily taught for a full hour. I myself was permitted to teach a Bible-class,* and it proved of great service to me. The old instructions which I received came back to me very vividly. I was not a careless teacher. I used to study the lesson that was to be taught in the class very earnestly at home. I got the boys to learn Scripture verses by heart, to draw up questions on the lessons taught, and sometimes to write short essays. Of course, all the pupils did not show the same interest in their religious lessons. Sometimes I would teach with such earnestness that they would ask me, "If you believe these things, why do you not make an open profession of them?" Sometimes God would give me such light when expounding the Divine Word that I was almost in an ecstasy, and my eyes would fill with tears. Such was the case one day when I was enlarging on the words of Jesus Christ, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest." The boys sat very still, and with great seriousness again asked me why I did not become a Christian. This thing happened in 1851. The religious element that pervaded the whole school was very powerful; and very naturally the minds of the students were soon imbued with Christian sentiments.

* This arrangement, so far as I remember, was wholly exceptional, and granted only at Mr. Padmanji's very earnest request. We knew he would explain and inculcate only what he fully believed and deeply felt.—*Edit*

It was in this very year that I wrote to the *Dnyan Prakâsh*, an old and influential paper of Poona, under the signature of "A Religious Inquirer." The concluding part of the letter will show the point to which I had now attained :—

"Some fancy that they can arrive at the temple of truth by the light of natural religion, but I ask how it is possible to reach its precincts by its dim light. What authority has Nature, what credentials does she possess from the Lord of truth? How can Nature inform us of the state of man after death? How can sinful man approach the feet of a sinless God? How can His mercy be reconciled with His justice? If He forgave sin without a due regard to the attribute of justice, would not man be encouraged to sin? Offences against God are infinite in demerit; they are against the infinite majesty of Heaven. Meritorious works removing guilt must be of infinite efficacy. Nature is mute on one and all of these questions, and yet man cannot be at rest without a satisfactory solution of them. I would therefore beseech the intelligent followers of natural religion to inform the world in what way they hope to be saved."

When I was transferred to the upper division of the Institution I received instruction from the Rev Dr. Wilson, the Rev. Mr. Nesbit, and the Rev Dr. Murray Mitchell. I was very much benefited by their religious lessons. Mr. Narayan also took part in this department, and usually taught Church History. His lessons on the history of the Reformation were most stimulating. The noble heroism of Luther fired the young hearts of my class-fellows and myself. Our sympathy with the Reformer was intense. We fancied, we ourselves were exposed to the same persecution as he, and we rejoiced at his triumphs, in his heroic contest with the Pope, as if we had personally achieved them. Some of the Roman Catholics who were in our class were stimulated to serious inquiry. One of them, who is now the Assistant Secretary of the Bible Society, was led to renounce the errors of Romanism. The labours of the other missionaries were equally useful. While the superstructure of my faith in Hinduism was tottering to its founda-

tions, a preparation was going on for the erection of the glorious temple of Christian faith upon its ruins.

I may mention some other agencies that were at work in the same direction. A good many Muhammadan hawkers used to go from door to door for the sale of books. They sold religious publications very cheap. I had no taste for novels; and I regard this as a great mercy of God. The booksellers knew my tastes, and therefore never offered me such books. I bought a large number of publications from these men, and read them very carefully. I cannot give the names of the books now, for I had to dispose of my library when I went to Belgaum. But I remember that I found Boston's "Fourfold State" most helpful to me as an inquirer; so also Bishop Sherlock's "Trial of the Witnesses of the Resurrection of Jesus Christ," Lord Lyttelton on "The Conversion of St. Paul," and Bishop Gibson's "Pastoral Letters." These precious books are still in my possession. I need not say how very valuable were such books as Bunyan's "Holy War," Doddridge's "Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul," the same writer's "Life of Colonel Gardiner," Angel James's "Anxious Inquirer," and Dr. Duff's "India and Indian Missions." Henry Martyn's Sermons also I read carefully, and his discourse on the text "without shedding of blood there is no remission" (Heb. ix. 22.) impressed me very deeply.

Some religious newspapers also contributed greatly to my enlightenment. The *Dnyānodaya*, an Anglo-vernacular paper, published by the American Mission, I read regularly for years. I read also the *Prabhākār*, a Marathi weekly newspaper, which was most ably conducted by a Brahman scholar. When at Belgaum, a Brahman surveyor used to bring it to our house, and made me read it to him and to a large company of our neighbours. There I found in it an account of the conversion of Mr. Narayan Sheshadri. The *Dnyānpṛakāśh* of Poona was also a great favourite with me. It was ably conducted by a famous Marathi author. The *Dnyānodaya* was edited by the Rev. R. W. Hume, who was a sincere friend and well-wisher of the natives of this country. He was the founder of the "Bombay Temperance

Union," and the manager of a quarterly paper published in the interest of the Society. A great many native gentlemen of position and education had joined the Union, among whom was the late learned and philanthropic Dr Bhâu Dâji. In 1854 I was put on the committee of the Society, and addressed one of the public meetings. Mr Hume and his colleagues, the Rev. Drs. Allen and Fairbank, were very kind to me. I came to be acquainted with them through my contributions to the *Dnyânodaya*. They always presented me with beautifully bound copies of the works published at their admirable mission press. Mr. Hume used to translate into English the Marathi articles sent to his paper. I was a reader also of anti-Christian publications. There was a very scurrilous magazine published in Poona, which made for some time a great sensation in Bombay. An idea of its character can be formed from the following extract :—

"Any one who is a beggar and is starving, or who is ignorant, or who is an outcaste, or who is ambitious of notoriety, is the person that becomes entangled in the meshes of the missionaries."

This paper did not continue long. The editor having died, none of the atheistic clique of Poona ventured to take his place. I used to answer this paper through other newspapers.

I was variously benefited by the perusal of these prominent newspapers. The *Dnyânodaya* convinced me of the truth of Christianity and the futility of the claims of the Shastras to divine inspiration, the *Prabhâkar* destroyed my religious reverence for the Brahmins; and the *Dnyân-prakâsh* had preserved me from falling into the quagmire of atheism. I used to send contributions to all these papers, and they were very kindly inserted.

There were religious lectures delivered in those days both by Hindus and Christians, and they proved most useful in my religious inquiries. I was in the habit of hearing from an early age discourses in the temples and at private dwellings addressed to Hindus, but it was in Bombay that I heard for the first time controversial lectures delivered by learned Hindus. They discussed the claims of Christianity,

and defended Hinduism from the attacks of the Missionaries. It may be interesting to note the following reference to these lectures, which appeared in the *Prabhākar* of the 19th September 1852:—"From next Sunday Krishna Shastri Sathe proposes delivering a series of lectures on the evidences of Christianity, and all Hindus (except converts) are invited to have their difficulties solved." I regularly attended these lectures, and reported them in the *Dnyānodaya* with a criticism on the principal points. The lecturer and his friends knew that I was the writer of the articles in the *Dnyānodaya*, but they did not in any way show resentment. The lectures continued to be delivered for a full year, and my contributions to the *Dnyānodaya* regarding them were in all twenty-five. These appeared both in English and Marathi. The English translations were executed by the learned editor, Mr Hume. The discussions opened the eyes of many. How futile are the reasonings of learned Hindus against Christianity, was shown even by the answers I made in the columns of the *Dnyānodaya*.*

Before the commencement of the Hindu lectures the missionaries had started a course of lectures at the American Mission Chapel, which also lasted for a year or so, and I attended them. These were all delivered in Marathi, and the Rev. Dr Murray Mitchell and the Rev Robert Nesbit, as well as most of the other Bombay missionaries, took part in them †

There were other lectures delivered in English, which were attended by natives of education and position and

* The lecturer, Krishna Shastri Sathe, was a very acute and learned man. Hinduism could not have had a more able champion. But even he found it hard to defend the indefensible, or to make any effective attack on the Gospel. At the lectures given by Krishna Shastri Sathe the chief Christian champion was Mr Nesbit. Mr Nesbit was admirably qualified for the work both of attacking Heathenism and defending Christianity. No man had studied Hinduism more carefully, and no man—no native even—could speak Marathi with more precision than Mr. Nesbit.—*Edit.*

† The lectures at the American Chapel were arranged and maintained chiefly by the excellent American missionaries Messrs. Allen, Hume, and Fairbank.—*Edit.*

influential Europeans, and these proved of great service to me and my friends. One lecturer was the accomplished missionary Dr. Wilson, and he gave a fund of valuable information on natural and revealed religion. After the conclusion of the lecture he used to invite a few of his auditors to his apartments upstairs, where there was tea for all who would partake of it. The conversation was on matters of social and religious improvement, and the doctor was zealously seconded by his colleagues and European friends. Mrs. Wilson, too, was most amiable and indefatigable in entertaining her guests, whether European or native. Such gatherings contributed not only to deepen the impression wrought by the lectures, but to bridge over the gulf which separated Natives from Europeans. The students were in no way afraid to visit the missionaries. We walked into their houses without the least hesitation or fear.

I first met Dr. Wilson at a Marathi lecture of his on his travels in Palestine. He must have then been about forty, but looked much younger, and his amiability and simple dignity were most impressive. At that time it was not chiefly the rich and the learned that listened to the lectures, but the poorest and the humblest of Hindu society, whom even I refused to come into close contact with, for dread of pollution. I did not sit on the same bench with them, but stood at a distance like a proud Pharisee !

Thus the missionaries of the Free Church Mission devoted themselves by no means exclusively to their duties in the Institution. In addition to frequent public lectures, they held private classes, on Sundays and week-days, for the benefit both of their own students and of others. I attended on Sundays the Bible-class of Dr. Murray Mitchell, and I greatly enjoyed the instruction given in it. Ever since then it has been my experience that the Word of God is sweeter than honey and the honeycomb.

My chief friends at this time were earnest men. Some of them went to the same school with me, but many others were studying in the Government and Mission schools, while others were clerks in offices. We discussed social and religious matters, the Bible frequently engaging our earnest

attention. These friends did not all embrace Christianity, yet they were secret believers. One of them used to put off his sacred thread which he wore across his shoulders, every time when he prayed privately at home. A young Parsi gentleman read the Bible regularly at home with his family. He has since been secretly baptized in the Roman Catholic Church.* One gentleman came regularly to the Sunday Marathi service in the Free Church with his young son.

My earnest-minded Christian friends greatly helped me to arrive at a saving knowledge of Jesus Christ. There were, however, a few amongst my non-Christian friends who tried hard to turn me away from Christianity altogether.

CHAPTER XI

THE PARAMHANS MANDALI (SOCIETY)

ALTHOUGH I belonged to the party of the reformers, I did not like to be called a reformer, as that word had become a term of reproach both in Bombay and Poona ; and it was natural for people to entertain strange views of the reformers, as not a few of these indulged in evil practices. This was chiefly in Poona. In Bombay things were not so bad ; atheism had not made so much progress in it as at Poona, and the reformers were usually serious men, who professed to believe in God. They were active workers and sought converts. Some of them once got round me, and argued hard against caste ; and when they had succeeded in convincing me, they asked me there and then to give a practical demonstration of my sincerity. I did not know what they meant, but one of them produced a biscuit and

* We were intimately acquainted with this inquirer. He was most amiable, very sincere, but timid. Like Nicodemus, he came to us for instruction chiefly at night. Our conviction is that he was baptized by a Roman Catholic priest simply because no Protestant missionary was willing to perform the rite secretly — *Edit.*

challenged me to eat it. I had not expected such an ordeal. I said I would eat it if they did so ; for I did not think respectable Brahmans would do anything of the kind ; when, lo ! and behold, they actually put a bit of the "unclean food" into their mouths, and it went down their throats ! I and other novices had to follow the bold example. But I was in the greatest perturbation of mind in consequence. I feared to go home, for I expected the severe vengeance of my orthodox relatives. I thought my mother would expel me from the house, and that I should be shunned by my people as a poor Christian outcaste. Indeed, I feared I should be execrated by all Hindus, and saluted on the roads and in places of public resort with the reproachful term of "pervert,"* which was then vociferously bestowed in all the streets and lanes of Bombay on the Christian converts. The companion who was, like me, only then initiated, found it hard to swallow the unholy food, and he sought the aid of a glass of water to help it down his throat. Thus I broke my caste first of all in the company of my Hindu friends. My Christian teachers and acquaintances did not insist on such trivial matters as food and drink. I may mention what Dr. Wilson once stated on the subject of caste. A Hindu, he said, should not violate the rules of caste simply with the view of indulging his appetite ; let it be done from a sense of duty. Caste is sinful ; God does not approve of social arrangements that sow discord among His children, and if with this conviction a man throws off its yoke, he does right, and God will help him to bear the persecution that follows such conduct. This was excellent advice ; and hence, although he offered tea to all that came to the social gatherings at the Mission-house, Dr. Wilson did not insist on Hindus partaking of it. At special meetings, when men of high standing came, refreshments were placed in a separate room such as no orthodox Hindu would object to partake of.

After I had been initiated, I was introduced by my

* The word in the original is *bātyā*, which may be rendered *polluted wretch*.—*Edt.*

reformed friends to the members of the *Paramhans Mandali* Society. I had to declare my assent to the principles and objects of the Society. The chief objects were the abolition of caste, the introduction of the custom of widow marriage, and the renunciation of idolatry. The members hoped to make a public profession when their number rose to one thousand; till which time they swore to maintain absolute secrecy regarding the operations of the Society. The rule of initiation at the meetings was as follows.—The candidate had to declare his assent to the principles of the Society, holding a little water in the palm of his hand, which he poured on the ground at the conclusion of the declaration. Then he had to drink a cup of milk, of which the president and others had already drunk, and to eat a piece of European bread. His name was then enrolled in the list of members. Every meeting was commenced and closed with prayer. The prayers were composed by the late Râo Bahâdur Dâdobâ Pândurang, the well-known Marathi grammarian.

A young man had been admitted into the Society who broke his solemn promise and divulged its secrets; he published the names of its members, and declared that they would soon all turn Christians. This greatly alarmed the people. Grown-up lads from the Mission schools were at once removed, and some of them were sent up-country. The newspapers were filled with most alarming statements. Satirical poems were published and widely circulated. An orthodox learned Brahman wrote a book in defence of the Hindu religion, but the reformers boldly encountered him in argument. There was immense excitement and much sorrow and wailing in many a Hindu home. A class-fellow of mine, who was an earnest inquirer and not far from the kingdom of heaven, was removed from the school,—when he wrote to me the following letter:—

“I am very much grieved to inform you that I am constrained to keep away from school and deny myself the pleasure of your society. I do not know when I shall be free from this restraint. Not only am I forbidden to go to the dear school, but to attend any meeting or lecture.

There is no help for it. Those who, like me, are seekers for truth must often suffer such persecution. May God help you in your secular and religious studies, and may He save you from the bondage which I am enduring ! ”

CHAPTER XII.

COMPELLED TO LEAVE BOMBAY

My father-in-law, who was in Bombay, having heard of my connection with the Paramhans Society, sent to my father, who was at Satara, the alarming message that the day of my baptism had been fixed, and that he must make no delay in removing me from school. My father at once dispatched a servant for me, with a note stating that my dear mother was dangerously ill, and that I must start at once for Satara. On the receipt of the letter I immediately obtained leave from my teachers and set out for Satara. I learnt on the way, however, from the servant, that my mother was not ill, and that I had been sent for because I was suspected of intending to embrace Christianity. At that time I had ceased to believe in idolatry, but my faith in Christianity was not firm. I had taken with me a copy of the Bible and Sturm's "Meditations." I took great delight in the Psalms of David, and often went out alone into the jungle to read them there without interruption.

My parents were very much pleased when I came home. They took me to the temple of Mahadeva and sang vociferously his praises, going several times round his temple and making a noise like the cry of a goat. I did not join them in any of these things, and refused to offer a cocoanut to the god. My father particularly marked my conduct, but did not say a word. When we returned home, sweetmeats were distributed to friends as a mark of joy at my return. After the friends had dined and left us, my mother began to weep, and my father reproached me for my proceedings in Bombay. He said he would never send me back to school there. I was rather excited,

and defended Christianity with warmth. My father knew nothing of Christianity, but he declared vehemently that to be a Christian was as disgraceful as to be a scavenger.

I was for two months with my father. I then saw how corrupt the Engineering Department was ; how the poor workmen were oppressed and defrauded by their native officers, who were mostly Brahmans ; and I sent an expostulatory letter to the superintending European engineer, with some quotations from the Scriptures.

My stay at home was becoming very painful. There were heathen rites and ceremonies frequently performed with great pomp and noise, and now I could not endure such things. What grieved me most was this—that the very Brahman who cheated the poor workmen of their hard-earned money officiated at these rites. I therefore earnestly entreated my father to let me go back to school. He said he would consent if I declared on oath that I would not become a Christian during his lifetime. In a weak moment I yielded. But I got him to concede that I should not be compelled to worship idols or practise idolatrous rites. I also made him promise that he would not keep idols in his own house. He called my uncle from Belgaum, and got him to be a witness to this mutual engagement, and then handed over to him all the gods which he had in his possession. They did not soon leave me alone ; they used to take me into a quiet place out of the city and there expostulate with me. But their efforts were all in vain. I prepared to start for Bombay, but, before doing so, I sent a long communication to the *Dnyanprakash* newspaper, which was extracted into the *Dnyânodaya*, with an English translation. I give below the concluding portion of this letter.

“The iron age has passed, and the golden has dawned. It will soon be glorious day ; of which only those who love the works of darkness will be afraid. They will run to the caves in the rocks for shelter. Such men may call the golden age an iron age, but we shall be proud of it. To us what they condemn as hurtful shall be fraught with good. We long for a general fusion of the castes, which they dread, for then hatred and jealousy shall cease, and all

tribes and nations shall be bound by the cords of love. The Brahman shall not condemn the Mahar, nor the Mahar hate the Brahman. The Hindus will go all over the world for commerce, contract friendship with the inhabitants of other lands, and learn their arts and sciences. They will give up their barbarous superstitions, and peace and goodwill will cover the land. Such a glorious consummation is devoutly wished for by all who are truly wise."

I rejoined the Free Church Institution on my return to Bombay (December 1851). I informed my Christian teachers of what had happened at Satara, and they rightly told me that I had done wrong in giving the promise to my father. After some time I wrote to him that I had made a grievous mistake and sinned like Herod, and that I begged him to release me. The Rev. Dr Murray Mitchell took much pains to show me my duty in this very solemn matter. He also spoke often earnestly to me in private about my spiritual state.

I continued to attend the meetings of the Paramhans Society, which were now held with greater secrecy than ever. According to a new practice introduced into the meetings, it was my turn to read a paper, and I gave one on the religious instruction said to have been imparted by Akrûr to the Gopis.* Some atheistical friends from Poona made some observations which pained me and my Bombay friends very much. What aggravated the evil was that our president joined the atheists in assailing my views. At the next meeting we questioned him about this strange conduct, when he declared he was no atheist, but that he had taken the atheistical side simply for argument's sake. This circumstance convinced me that there was no good in associating with these so-called reformers. They were but time-servers, without depth of conviction or feeling. They offered nothing for the hungry and thirsty soul; they afforded a mere temporary resting-place for one who was wearied of the old idolatry and superstition. The members

* The Gopis were the female cowherds of whom so much is said in the legendary story of Krishna.—*Edit.*

of the Paramhans Society never seriously thought of the forgiveness of sin, peace of conscience, or freedom from the power of evil. There was a book in manuscript which the Society claimed as their Institute of theology, but it contained nothing positive. It was full of negations. A feeble attempt was made in it to disprove the necessity and importance of a revealed religion; whereas I thought it most preposterous to entertain a single doubt on that point. I always believed that man stood in need of divine light and guidance on the momentous subject of religion.

After I left the Paramhans Society, I, along with a few friends, started a new one on quite different lines. We called ourselves *Satyashodhak*, i.e., "seekers after truth." We met every Sunday for prayer and conversation, and read chiefly the Bible. I had still a hazy notion that the Vedas might have claims upon serious consideration, but happily about this time I read Professor H. H. Wilson's translation of the first division of the Rig Veda, and thus at once changed my opinion. I found that the Veda was wholly unsuitable for me, and that its worship of nature was gross idolatry. I found its hymns sink into insignificance before the majesty of the Psalms of David. If any little regard for these ancient records was still left in my mind, it was swept away by the perusal of an article on the supposed eternity of the Vedas, extracted in the *Dnyāno-daya* from the *Calcutta Review*.

On its publication I also read the second volume of Professor H. H. Wilson's translation of the Rig Veda, and the learned dissertation prefixed to it. I continued to inquire into the claims of the Vedas even after I ceased to venerate them, and I conversed with learned Shastris about them; but they could give me no satisfaction whatever. I thank God that my disappointment about the Vedas did not lead me to absolute scepticism.

CHAPTER XIII.

GRADUAL INCREASE OF LIGHT.

WHEN I joined the upper division of the Institution, I was very much helped in my religious studies by the instructions of my esteemed teachers, the Rev. Robert Nesbit, the Rev. Dr. Wilson, the Rev. Dr. Murray Mitchell, and the Rev. Dr. Sheshadri. As a gardener weeds a garden, sows it with good seed, and plants fruit-trees within it, so the Spirit of God was working in my heart. The soil was not only cleared of thorns and thistles; the seed of God's Word was sown in it, and had begun to germinate. I loved the Word of God more and more, and also the books which threw light upon it. The contributions I sent to the newspapers were filled with quotations from Scripture, and my conversation with my friends was pervaded by Bible phraseology. This was noticed both by my Christian and Hindu friends. I used to copy into the blank pages of my Bible striking Scripture passages. Dr. Wilson happened to see these extracts, and was greatly pleased, taking occasion to give a beautiful address to the students on the subject. The passages copied were about the excellency of the Scriptures (Ps. xix. 7-10; 2 Tim. iii. 16, 17). I also began to commit Bible texts to memory. When I was in such a happy state of mind, I received a copy of the English Bible as a class-prize. In it I found a paper with the following touching inscription:—"A boy five years of age, who loves Jesus, has sent this Holy Bible for a Hindu boy."*

My conduct at home was now very much changed, and the difference was noticed by my friends. I had given up all heathen practices, though I still clung to the custom of wearing ceremonially clean garments before taking food. One proof of my having undergone a real change of heart by the power of the Holy Spirit was this, that I had begun

* We believe this Bible had been sent from Scotland. The child's gift, and the sweet words accompanying it, evidently made a deep impression on the "Hindu boy."—*Edit.*

to feel a hatred of sin and a desire to be holy. Mere intellectual enlightenment has no saving power in it; repentance and faith are essential to salvation. As the Spirit of God awakens a sinner before bestowing upon him these two cardinal graces, so He was dealing with me. I now became very much alarmed at my sinfulness. I found no satisfaction in worldly happiness. I trembled at the thought of the justice of God. I felt as if the very food I ate would rise in judgment against me at the last day; or as if it would turn into poison and slay me at once. When I used to see dead bodies burned in the Hindu burning-ground, I anxiously asked myself what would be my condition after death. I felt awed by the sight of a bier as it was carried along the road.

I may say a few words about the little band of truth-seekers who were at this time in the Institution. It was composed of young students of all castes. One of them, a Brahman youth, had been employed along with a most talented student of the Institution, Mr. M. Moroji, as tutor to the Chief of Jâmkhândi. Mr. Moroji was killed by a fall from his horse. This youth told me that Mr. Moroji had a secret faith in Christianity; that he used to pray and read the Psalms of David with him before going to bed. He also used to teach him the Christian doctrines. The effects of the instruction thus received by the young man were evident in his conduct. Mr. Moroji, I may mention, had been a favourite pupil of the missionaries, and great was the sorrow felt by them when the intelligence of his death was received in Bombay. It was first to him that Dr Mitchell addressed his "Letters to Indian Youth," which is a treatise on the evidences of Christianity.

Another member of the band was a Brahman youth, the brother of a man in the Bombay police. One day he came to my house pale and sad, and I found he had not taken any breakfast, as he did not like to eat at his brother's house, because he took bribes. He had remonstrated, but his brother was utterly heedless. I advised him to live separate, and we made a small monthly subscription to supply his wants. There were two other lads attending the school,

who during the recess used to go to some quiet place and pray. When asked by their school-fellows where they had been, they used to answer they had gone to eat bread, meaning spiritual food. Another youth who was my pupil, and who, a long time after my baptism, died as a postmaster in the Satara district, got himself baptized by his wife, publicly declaring his faith in Christ when on his death-bed.* Another youth, who was my pupil, and who constantly came to my house for instruction, was baptized by the Rev. R. Nesbit in 1855. One Ramachandra Narayan, who practised as a medical man, died believing in Christ, though he had long put off the duty of publicly professing his faith. He was a favourite pupil of Mr. Nesbit's, and Mrs. Nesbit visited him during his illness.

I regularly went to the Free Church services, especially to the English service on the Esplanade, and I was often accompanied by several young students. On one occasion the Rev. Mr. Munger of the American Mission preached on the text, "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?" (Heb. 11. 3). The sermon was most impressive, and very much stirred me up. I also greatly valued Mr. Nesbit's Marathi sermons at the Native Church, and if possible never missed them. Though I had not been baptized, I had joined a society of Christians which had been established by the Rev. Narayan Sheshadri, called the "Native Missionary Association." Several educated Hindus attended the meetings of the Association, and they expressed their surprise that the Christian members, most of whom were Marathis, Mahars, and Mangs, could offer up such devout and suitable prayers. A native gentleman said he would challenge any Brahman Pandit to offer such supplications.

I constantly wrote to my father about the state of my mind, and he attempted again to remove me from the Institution. This time he managed the matter in a very clever way. He pressed me to join the Grant Medical College, as he said that I could be most useful to my countrymen by studying medicine. I did not oppose his wishes, and

* There was no missionary, and probably no chaplain, in the station at the time.—*Edit.*

joined the College in 1852. On my leaving the Mission Institution, I gave a short address to my pupils, which was published in the *Dnyānodaya*, and from which I may quote a few sentences:—

“My dear friends, religious knowledge is the most important kind of knowledge; it is more precious than rubies. You may not now appreciate it, but you will do so when you grow older. Therefore, dear friends, do not be heedless about the truths you are taught here regarding God. You may not now be able to distinguish truth from error; but do not despair. You will soon be able to do it. You are sorry at our separation, as is but natural; but God wills it so. I may be absent from you, but I shall ever think of you with affection, and I beg you not to forget me. May God bless you! May He help you to acquire knowledge and to make a profitable use of it.”

Two or three young men, holding the same views of religion with me, passed the entrance examination, but did not join the Medical College. I was the only Christian student in it. I felt this deeply, but I did not conceal my opinions. The Parsi students were very troublesome, and one especially did something every day to hurt my religious feelings. Yet he was kind at heart, and when he knew that I had no scruples to eat with him, he shared his lunch with me. I was not, however, happy in mind. The words, “Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness,” would always come into my mind, and I felt very uneasy. It pained me that I had preferred any earthly object to my spiritual welfare. I felt that I had not “sought first the kingdom of God and His righteousness.” The books taught in the College were devoid of any pious sentiment or allusion to the great Author of nature and the Maker of the mysterious mechanism of man’s body; and once, when I came across a passage in Quain’s Anatomy, in which the name of God occurred in a description of man as the chief part of His creation on earth, I was transported with joy. I felt like the deer that, panting in a sandy desert, delights to find a pure stream of water. In my College exercises I sometimes made serious observa-

tions, of which the Professor did not take any notice. On holidays I used to attend Mr Nesbit's Bible-class, and on Sundays I went to the Marathi service at the Free Church. But, in spite of a real desire to attend to spiritual matters and avail myself of the opportunities I had of attending on the means of grace, I felt most anxious in mind, and constantly got ill. At last I sent in my resignation. Dr. Morehead, the Principal, showed the utmost unwillingness to accept it; and I had to have recourse to Dr. Wilson's kind offices in the matter, and then resumed my studies in the Free Church Institution.

At this time a brother-in-law of mine died. He was an earnest seeker after God, and constantly read and conversed with me. The parents of the young man were much alarmed when he got ill, and when the remedies of the physicians failed, they had recourse to the priests and astrologers. His poor young wife had to suffer greatly. She was forbidden to attend to her toilet. She was forced to sleep on the bare ground and eat scanty food on the floor. I greatly pitied the poor young woman, and got a European doctor to see her husband, paying him liberally that he might stop for some time with him. I conversed with this gentleman, and found that he was an earnest Christian. He told me distinctly that he believed in the exclusive saving power of Jesus Christ. I wished to declare the important truth to the dying man, but it was too late then. He died soon after.

About this time a neighbour of mine, who was a Lingâyt by sect, had a Marathi nurse employed for his motherless children, and she got ill. I and a young pupil of mine visited her and spoke to her of the Saviour. We also prayed with her. We believed that she died believing in the Lord Jesus.

I often corresponded with my Christian friends at this time. I may give an extract from a letter I wrote to Dr M. Mitchell, in order to show what my religious state now was.

"You ask me to reply to your letter, and I doubt not you expect to hear about my religious sentiments. I

therefore write a brief but faithful account of what is intimately connected with my soul.

"In the first place, I acknowledge my great fault in still remaining in heathenism after being convinced of the truth of Christianity. I am almost ashamed to state the reason of this. I am not yet prepared to withstand and to suffer the persecutions and trials which a true believer in Christ has to undergo in India when he confesses his Master before his countrymen. Oh, may He grant me the boldness that Luther had at Worms! May He give me His Spirit, and encourage me to say, 'Here I stand; I can do nothing else. So help me God!' Yet I fully admit that all my trials are nothing in comparison with the sufferings of Christ, who died for our salvation.

"It is true that the love of my parents and family sometimes overcomes me and makes me forget my resolution, but again the burden of my sins and the fear of the sinner's doom in a future life greatly trouble me. Thus there is a constant struggle in my mind between the desires of this life and the hopes of a future one. My mind is not at rest. I am dissatisfied with my own righteousness. My promises to myself are in vain. I need a mighty Saviour; I need a guide to direct me, to help me, and to take me safely through the wilderness of this world of sin and sorrow in which I am lost. My guilty conscience terrifies me when offering up prayer at the throne of the Holy God. I pray to Him in the name of One whom I have found revealed in the writings of the Prophets of old and in those of the Evangelists. Yet He is not my friend. He appears to me as a Judge, severely rebuking me for my past sins, and for the present ones in which I still live.

"Now, Sir, this is the real state of my mind at the present time. I hope you will believe me in this. I have not exaggerated nor invented anything to please you. But all this is *within* me. None but God and myself know it. I shall now tell you about my outward behaviour towards my friends and relatives. I make no *pūjā* to the idols that are in our house. I perform no *sandhyā*, but

instead of this I pray to my Creator and ask His blessing. I often speak to my friends on the necessity of a Divine revelation and of a true religion " (26th Sept. 1852.)

There was one thing that somewhat reconciled my dear father to me and my opinions, and that was the books that I had composed between 1851 and 1854. I published five works. He saw from these publications that I was not a mere simpleton, duped by the missionaries. He felt assured that I had an intelligent acquaintance with the subject of religion, and was able to think for myself, uninfluenced by the words of others. He also felt convinced that I was sincere, and that nothing but purely spiritual considerations controlled me.



CHAPTER XIV.

OPPOSITION OF MY PARENTS.

IN 1854 my father was transferred from Satarat to Belgaun. He made a short stay at Bombay before taking up his new appointment. He was besieged by my Bombay relatives, and earnestly advised to remove me from the Mission school without delay. He knew my sentiments, and did not quite sympathise with my clamorous relatives. He would quietly listen to their arguments and my answers to them when they discussed my opinions, and he tried sometimes to settle our points of difference. An old friend of my father's, who was most strenuous in his efforts to change my mind, would use abusive language so plentifully, that every time he employed an objectionable word, I checked him by quoting a Scripture text denouncing swearing. My father laughed every time when the advocate of Hinduism was nonplussed. There was another individual, a man from the north of India, who had received his training in a Mission school in the south, who was my most violent opponent. He openly reviled the Scriptures, and suggested that I should be made to read infidel books. My father brought me some thirty publications of this character, sup-

plied chiefly by this very man. These were the productions of European and American unbelievers, with some composed in India, chiefly by Parsis. I did not refuse to read them, but in God's mercy my knowledge of the Bible was sufficient to help me to see the falsehoods of such books, and these I pointed out to my dear father and others. Mora Bhat Dândekar, a learned Brahman controversialist, who had had a controversy with Dr. Wilson, and had written a book in defence of the Hindu religion, was brought to me to disprove the truth of Christianity. My father was out when he called, and as I had never met him before, I did not know who he was, or on what errand he had come. In the course of conversation he accused Christ of stealing an ass. I then placed the Bible before him, and begged him to show where the statement was made. He was unable to find the passage, which he had, wittingly or unwittingly, misunderstood. I then showed him all the passages containing the story of the ass which Christ obtained for His entry into Jerusalem; and the candid man admitted his mistake. I then asked his name, and having learnt that he was the author of a Marathi anti-Christian work, I asked him how he could make so false a charge against Jesus Christ in a printed book. He answered that he did not know English, and had not read the Marathi New Testament, he had written on the authority of friends who were acquainted with English!

My father often reproved me for my anxiety to make a public profession of Christianity, when many others well acquainted with it had not done so. He mentioned by name several such persons. In reply, I pointed to a number of able men from Dr. Duff's College in Calcutta that had joined the Christian Church; and I reminded him that religion was an affair absolutely personal; every man must think and act for himself, and dare to do his duty though he should be in a minority.

The case of Colonel Vans Kennedy, a well-known Oriental scholar, was often cited to me by my father. This English gentleman was constantly in the company of the Sbastris and read Hindu works. He was not silent about

his sceptical opinions, and was understood by the Hindus generally to be a believer in the Hindu religion. But he was a spendthrift, and was always in danger of being dragged to jail for his debts. I pointed out to my father the lies of European sceptics, and showed that the renunciation of Christianity morally degraded man. The attempts made to turn me from religion were most varied. They would charge me with a breach of the fifth commandment of the Decalogue for wishing to embrace Christianity against the consent of my parents. Some of the means which they adopted were even grossly wicked. Evil-minded men tried to corrupt my morals; and when I expressed my extreme indignation, they threatened to employ violence. But they did not venture to use such threats in the presence of my father.

The female members of our family imagined there was some magic in the Bible, and earnestly entreated me to give up the perusal of it. "Why read that book, when there are so many others in your possession?" they would tenderly ask. They would consult the astrologers and entreat them to produce a change in my views.

My uncle wrote me a long letter, in which he dwelt upon these three points. first, that it was a great sin to embrace Christianity, because the man who does so is guilty of disobedience to his parents and causes them much pain; secondly, the converts disgrace themselves and their friends; and thirdly, the converts become miserable; they are doomed to starvation; they go begging from door to door, Bible in hand, and they seek in vain to be restored to their relatives. I need not quote here the answer I sent him, but will give the letter which he subsequently wrote to my father in March 1854:—

"I do not approve of your delay in removing Baba from school. It is impossible for him to reform while he remains there and has the society of his friends. Instead of using mild means, I would suggest that you should at once order him to give up school and come to you. What education he has acquired is enough, he could work under you in your office. He might not get an appointment just

yet, but he would be removed from the pernicious influence of the school. He is doing mischief in the house; his younger brothers are altogether under his influence, and Bhau" (the brother next me in age) "has been already spoiled. If he can be induced to conform himself to the enjoyments and duties of this life, he may be completely weaned from his love of religion."

My poor father was greatly affected by these continued complaints from his friends. He once, in great agony, declared to me before my mother and brothers, that if I submitted to the rite of baptism, he and all the rest in the house would drown themselves in the river.

I was in terrible perplexity. I did not know what to do. I knew it was my duty to be faithful and loyal to my Saviour, and to take His yoke upon me publicly by receiving baptism, as He had expressly commanded; but the difficulties in my way overwhelmed me. Sometimes I thought I would go to Calcutta, Madras, or some other distant place, and there quietly receive baptism. Sometimes I thought of swallowing poison, and, when at the point of death, confessing Christ and submitting to the holy rite, at other times, I wished to call a missionary to our house, and declare my faith before him. But the Lord delivered me from these vain fancies.

I shall give here part of the conversation I had with my father on a night previous to that on which we expected an invitation to a temple ceremony in honour of the Holî festival. On that night, friends who are in distress or are visitors from other places are taken to the temple with great ceremony and entertained by seeing dances. My father, who had recently come from Satara, expected the same entertainment.

"*Father.* I have not hitherto had a quiet time for conversing with you; and I am glad of this opportunity. Now tell me freely what your plans are for the future. I purpose retiring from Government service; but, should you consent to go with me to Belgaum, I may postpone my retirement for a couple of years.

"*Son.* I am quite willing to abide by your advice, and

follow you wherever you may wish to take me. I would only ask you to give me religious liberty. I cannot disregard the higher claims of God, while rendering due obedience to human friends and benefactors.

"*Father*. But what do you want? I do not force you to worship idols, neither do I worship them myself. I take my meals like you, without practising any idolatrous rites, neither do I ask you to do anything morally wrong.

"*Son*. I wish to walk consistently with the teachings of the religion I believe.

"*Father*. What do you mean?

"*Son*. I desire to submit to baptism and associate with Christians, with an open disregard of the rules of caste.

"*Father*. Will people then allow us to remain among them? We shall have to flee from this town.

"*Son*. I do not want you to violate the rules of caste or to follow the precepts of Christianity, since you do not feel the burden of your sins.

"*Father*. Should you alone follow Christianity, we shall be subjected to great persecution and disgrace. Please do nothing of the kind; only follow your convictions secretly at home.

"*Son*. That would be hypocrisy; but when I insist on consistency, you charge me with disobedience.

"*Father*. We brought you up, and have been most kind to you; and will you leave us and go away?

"*Son*. No, no; I do not wish to be separated from you. I would give anything to live with you and all my dear ones, and I shall always do so if my profession of Christianity do not put you to inconvenience.

"*Father*. But how would such a thing be regarded by the people generally? Would any one then come to our house? To-night there is the ceremony at the temple, and you must come with me, for if you do not, I shall feel disgraced. We must submit to the demands of society.

"*Son*. There, sir, you see how we differ in our views of duty. I am advised to act as if there were not One higher than this world to whom we are responsible for our conduct. Will the world avail us anything when we shall have to

give account to God for wilful transgressions of His express command in deference to its wishes? Will it make our path easy through the last dark hours of our lives?

“*Father.* No, God alone can then help us. Man’s help will be of no avail

“*Son.* Then it becomes us to give constant heed to His injunctions. Would it do if we went to Him only when we are dying? What earthly friend on whose bounty we depend would be pleased if we went to him only when in distress, and not at other times? Shall we then spend our life in violating God’s commandments, and turn to him only at the conclusion of it?”

At night, friends came to take us to the entertainment at the temple. My father sent them to persuade me, for he said that he would go only if I went, but I did not consent, and so we both stayed at home.

When my good father saw how firmly resolved I was to follow my conscience, he ceased to trouble me any more on the subject. He would only say, “Teach us the religion in which you believe; we shall all together embrace Christianity.” I did not know if he was sincere; and I consulted with my missionary friends, who advised me not to entertain any suspicion about the matter, but go with him to Belgaum and attend to his suggestion.

In the month of March of the year 1854 I wrote a long letter to the most influential newspaper of the time in reference to the Hindu New Year’s Day, in which I openly declared—“This year the Christian religion will be largely extended, and other religions will be enfeebled.” The conclusion was as follows—“God is King this year. He is unchangeable. He stands in need of no councillors. He is independent and all in all. The planets and the stars exert no influence upon the destinies of men; they are obedient to His commands. God alone should be worshipped; and when He alone is so, gladness will fill the world.”

My father’s term of leave expired, and he prepared to start for Belgaum; and I made up my mind to go with him. The students of the Free Church Institution made a

collection for a testimonial to me, and a copy of Cobbin's Family Bible was presented to me with a very kind inscription. I still possess this work. Some of my Hindu reformed friends gave me an entertainment at their country-house, where before partaking of the feast I was asked to offer up prayer, which I did after the Christian mode. An entertainment was also given me by the students, presided over by the Rev. Dr. Sheshadri. Mr. Nesbit gave me a copy of his printed discourses, and Mrs. Wilson a book-marker with the words, "Follow the Lord fully." But the greatest present I got indicative of sincere affection and interest in my welfare was this that the Rev Mr Nesbit took me into a room and prayed earnestly for me, and fervently exhorted me to be strong in the Lord. Before leaving Bombay I purchased a copy of the Marathi Old Testament, which specially rejoiced me; and I made the following note at the time of purchase:—"1st March, 1854. This day I have purchased a copy of God's Word as contained in the Old Testament. I cannot express the joy I feel. It is a great mercy of God that we have got His Word written in our own language. I have now got the whole Bible. How happy I am! Those who may desire to read it shall be shown the wonderful works of God, those who may argue with me can be now easily shown the evidences of its truth God's Word is a sword. By its might we shall overcome all our trials and conquer India for the Lord. O God! I thank thee for Thy Word, which Thou hast given us in our native language."



CHAPTER XV.

RETROSPECT

BEFORE continuing my narrative, I wish to dwell on a few points in my past history, so that the kindness of God to me may be more distinctly perceived.

(1) If I had not been compelled to remain in Bombay against all our plans, by the refusal of the Military Board

to grant me a pass to go to Aden, and if I had not been persuaded to join the Mission Institution by the young man of my caste, I could, humanly speaking, never have received any Christian instruction. Is not the hand of God manifest in this? As it was said of old, "I girded thee, though thou hast not known me." (Isa xlv. 5)

(2) The arrangement existing in the Free Church Institution for communicating religious instruction contributed largely towards my enlightenment. My teachers were not only men of learning, ability, and kindness, but adorned with Christian virtues and graces. They were earnest about the salvation of souls, and this earnestness showed itself very clearly in their life and conduct; and, though so ardent, they understood the most rational and effective method of imparting Christian truth. They were familiar with the trials and difficulties of students, and took a hearty interest in their well-being. While they were anxious for the salvation of their souls, they did not neglect their temporal welfare. They sought to make them excellent scholars, and so fit them for the higher walks of usefulness in life. But the chief aim of our teachers was to bless us with spiritual light and truth, and their highest energies were directed to that end. Science, literature, philosophy, and languages were taught, and taught most efficiently; but we were never allowed to lose sight of the grand object for which Mission schools exist, and for which the missionaries have come to live and labour amongst us. They confidently expected immediate and substantial results, not in our success as cultured men, so much as converted men, redeemed by the blood of the Saviour and renewed by God's Holy Spirit, that we might possess and manifest Divine life in our walk and conversation. And God blessed their labours. Their religious instruction had an attraction and power in it that captivated even those who came to the school with a strong antipathy to Christianity. The atmosphere of the Institution was entirely Christian, and every one who came breathed it and was affected by its healing influence.

I can never adequately thank God for the teachers that

I had in the College. I cannot help praising them here, and this will be one of my chief themes of praise in the world to come. I dare not say they were perfect, but this I must say, that the image of the Lord Jesus shone distinctly in them, their hearts were glowing with the love of the blessed Saviour* . . . The Rev. Dr Sheshadri was as useful in leading me to the Saviour as the European Missionaries. It was by his teaching that I became acquainted with the evidences of the Christian religion. After our religious lessons were over, he would read to us interesting things from Christian magazines and newspapers. I remember the addresses which the late Rev Rajahgopal of Madras gave in Scotland, which were read to us by Mr. Narayan with the greatest animation and delight. During the recess this zealous Christian teacher would read to the headmaster, who was a Hindu gentleman, esteemed alike by Christians and Hindus for his moral character, which was, no doubt, the result of the Christian teaching he had received in the Institution and the intimate converse he had with earnest Christian men.

(3) The newspapers I read and the Hindu friends I associated with were also most useful to me.

(4) My early resolution to make no secret of my religious opinions, though it excited much persecution and exposed me to much discomfort and obloquy, was in the end most helpful. Trials and troubles test sincerity and

* Mr. Padmanji next speaks at considerable length of the Missionaries individually. His language is most affectionate, and shows how endearing were the ties that bound him to his Christian teachers. But I naturally omit these references.

Of these teachers it may be well to mention that Dr. Wilson died in a green and honoured old age—Dr Sheshadri and I still survive—but Mr. Nesbit was taken away in comparatively early life. To me his death was like the rending away of *animas dimidium meae*, and it is most touching to see that, at the distance of nearly forty years, every allusion to this admirable man, made by any of his surviving friends or pupils, is marked by an almost passionate tenderness. Mr. Padmanji further speaks of his work as a Missionary both in English and Marathi—of his teaching, preaching, and public lecturing—with unbounded admiration.

Oh, blest are they who live and die like him;
Loved with such love, and with such sorrow mourned,—*Edit.*

confirm faith The inquirer also experiences the blessedness of those who, by passing through tribulation, are purified. My mental anxiety gave me more pain than did outward trials, and this I endured most keenly for full three years. But God helped me in His great mercy to endure to the end. Indeed, the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force. (Matt. xi. 12.)

(5) Lastly, I may observe that God showed His special favour to me by the kindly attitude of my dear and much esteemed father. Though he did not profess to be a reformer, and had no acquaintance with the Christian religion, he acted towards me all along with great moderation and consideration. He looked after my temporal interests most carefully, and was lavish in expenditure on my education. He not only purchased for me some of the very costliest English books that could be procured in the country, but ordered others out from England through the officers under whom he was employed. He gave large sums of money for my private use. I foolishly spent sometimes handfuls of rupees on useless articles of luxury; but I was not held responsible for any of my prodigalities. Even after I was altered in mind and character, and had openly declared my determination to follow Christianity, he did not change his generous dealings with me, and ever afterwards he continued to be my kind friend and generous benefactor.

In such wonderful ways God led me on slowly but steadily from darkness into the marvellous light of the gospel of His Son, Jesus Christ, and defeated the attempts of the devil to keep me in sin and error. I would ever exclaim with the Psalmist, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits, who forgiveth all thine iniquities, who healeth all Thy diseases, who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies." (Ps. ciii 2—4.)

CHAPTER XVI.

BACK TO BELGAUM.

I LEFT Bombay with my parents for Belgaum by sea. We landed at Vingorla, a seaport, from which we prosecuted our journey in bullock conveyances. We went thence to a neighbouring town, where an old friend of my father held the appointment of civil judge, my father hoping that he might succeed in changing my mind. I had a long talk with this old gentleman on the subject of religion. After our ablutions, my father and I were introduced into the room where the gods were worshipped. My father performed the *pūjā*, but I did not. Our kind host did not take notice of this omission; but a serious trial awaited me at breakfast. Hindus are in the habit of performing some little ceremony at the commencement of every meal, and if I did not perform it, I feared that our host would be offended, and chide my father for bringing an unclean person to eat in the same room with him. This would disgrace and hurt my dear parents, especially my father. But I reasoned with myself that if I now yielded to convenience, and practised an idolatrous rite which I had long since abandoned, I should be guilty of inconsistency. I should deny the professions I had made to my host, and I should raise in his mind doubt of my sincerity. I remembered the noble heroism of Luther, about which I had learnt at College, and I prayed secretly for Divine help to enable me to be faithful. I waited till our host and my father had commenced to eat, and I followed them without performing any ceremony. Nobody took any notice of my conduct, and the next day I had no difficulty on the subject. I would suggest to my educated friends who are striving after reformation, that they will find a little firmness will help to smooth their way very much. When we resumed our journey, I was advised by the gentleman, who had entertained us most hospitably, to act with prudence, and make no public

profession of my religious principles. This, he said, was the safest and wisest course.

When we got to Belgaum, my parents argued hard with me to take up some employment and settle down. I told them that I would not do so; that I had not accompanied them with that object—I had come to acquaint them with the truths of Christianity. But they would not listen to me. However, I commenced my work of instruction gently. My younger brother, who had learned something of Christianity in Bombay, joined me very heartily in this work. We had thus two seekers after truth in our family. We used to read the Bible openly, and talked with the other members of the family on religious matters. It was chiefly in the evening that we engaged in these exercises. Soon afterwards the large Bible, presented to me by the students of the Institution in Bombay, arrived, and I showed and explained the maps and pictures that were in it to my father and others. As my father was a proficient in engineering, he gave me some interesting information regarding the construction of the figures in the book. I hung on the walls of the house some Scriptural pictures which I had brought from Bombay. I put these in frames, and they proved useful in instructing my people. Dr. Wilson had given me his own picture in a frame, which I also hung up. In this way our house was adorned with splendid pictures of Scripture scenes and the portrait of a distinguished missionary. Nobody objected to this kind of decoration. My father furnished the house for me in the European fashion with tables, chairs and lamps, fully expecting me to reside in it permanently.

My father's friends at Belgaum soon heard of my religious state, and many came to see and argue with me. A learned Shastri was especially called to converse with me, and the conversation took a turn which my father did not anticipate. He spoke of the authority of the Vedas; and when I stated what I knew on the subject, he at once became mute. He positively declared that he would not talk with any one that questioned the authority of the Vedas. My father was very much surprised at this, and

dismissed him, after presenting him with half a rupee. Though I had constantly to carry on religious discussions, I was free from the violent opposition of people of my caste. Those belonging to other castes had no personal motive to use any violence against me, for my conversion did not affect the reputation of their communities. They therefore contented themselves with simply reasoning with me. Some of them even encouraged me in my bold advocacy of principles which they disbelieved. Most of the young men of my acquaintance were members of the Paramhans Society of Bombay.

One day my father took me to the Collector, Mr. Inverarity, for whom he had procured, without my knowledge, letters of introduction from Dr. Wilson and Mr. Nesbit. The Collector offered me a place as translator, and expected me to attend at his office on the following day. When we went home, I told my father that he had not kept his word and that I did not mean to take up any appointment before embracing Christianity. At this all the members of my family were extremely angry, and all, except my reformed brother, regarded me as a bitter foe. My mother was in great sorrow. My grandmother and my uncle took me aside and earnestly expostulated with me, and, when their entreaties were unsuccessful, they scolded me severely. I made the following note on a page of my Marathi Bible on this occasion.—“1854, 19th May, Belgaum.—My father is trying to get me employed, so that my mind may turn from following the Lord. I am, therefore, in great distress to-day. The words of Job xxii. 21-30 give me comfort and point to me the straight path of duty.”

My father was a very sagacious man, and at once changed his mode of procedure. He did not further insist upon my joining the office, but expressed a desire to learn about Christianity. As he had to go into the districts, I gave him a few books to read, on his promising to peruse them carefully. I do not exactly remember what those books were, but evidently the Gospel of John, the Psalms of David, and the Pilgrim's Progress were among them, as would appear from a letter that I wrote to him on the

subject. The concluding part of the letter was as follows.—“These two books (the Gospel of John and the Psalms) do not contain anything derogatory to the character of God, nor anything calculated to corrupt men. The Person about whom John writes was wonderful. I venture to affirm that you will find that His life was characterised by perfect goodness and majesty—Divine truth, mercy, wisdom, and power shining forth in His every word and deed. Please try and see if truth, mercy, grace, infinite power, boundless wisdom do not thus appear in his life. Please attentively mark these words: ‘I am the bread of life,’ . . . ‘He who believeth in Me hath everlasting life, . . . and I shall raise him up at the last day.’ ‘The dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God, and they that hear shall live’ ‘He that committeth sin is the slave of sin’ ‘Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst.’ ”

As regards those who were outsiders, I may say that I met with much kindness and encouragement from the native Christians at Belgaum, whom I often met when I went out for a walk. At first they were shy, but afterwards grew more friendly, and they promised to pray for me. I went and called on Mr. Taylor and Mr. Beynon, the Missionaries, who had been my teachers twelve years before. They were much pleased to hear of the change that had taken place in my mind, and exhorted me to perseverance and faithfulness to my Redeemer. Besides these Christian friends none sympathised with me except an old teacher of mine, who had ceased to believe in Hinduism, and who did not express displeasure at my religious condition. He was now a Government clerk, and often called at my house, and advised my relatives to treat me kindly. I attended the meetings of a debating society in the town, and often spoke. I also got Mr. Beynon to lecture on temperance.

At this time some Mormon missionaries arrived at Belgaum, and their meetings were largely attended. They did not make any impression upon the natives, but they succeeded in deluding some English soldiers. Captain,

now General Sir Robert Phayre, who was then there, wrote a small tract against Mormonism, and I supplied him with some books on the subject which I had in my possession. My father spoke to me of the differences of opinion existing amongst Christians, and earnestly urged me to give up Christianity

At this time I had all the worldly comfort that one could desire, but I was very unhappy. I feared lest my comforts would rise up against me in the day of judgment. I do not find anything written about the state of my mind at this period, except on a scrap dated 15th July 1858, in which I have made this note. — "I am strangely placed, in the mysterious providence of God. I do not know why I am so. Why canst Thou not draw me to Thyself, O Lord, who dost not desire the death of a sinner? O God, look down upon me a sinner, who am perishing. Mark how I am reviled by the people! They laugh me to scorn. They misunderstand and misrepresent my purest motives and my most laudable desires. O God, I trust in the shadow of Thy wings alone. When wilt Thou, in Thy mercy, visit me? May the day appointed for my salvation be hastened." The following words I find in my diary, dated the 30th July — "It would be better to enjoy the blessings of religion on a bed of sickness all my life than to live in my present condition."

I have a portion of a letter which I wrote to Dr. Murray Mitchell at this time, which I may here transcribe — "I have been striving hard for the last two years. I have engaged with myself to give up the world for Christ, and although I cannot say that I have overcome the world, still I must gratefully acknowledge that my eyes have been opened to see the vanity of it. Although I have many of the comforts of this life, I do not find any satisfaction in them; and during the past twelve months this has been strongly felt by me. The burden of my sin, which presses me, and the terrors of the second death have extinguished completely the love of the pleasures of life in my mind. I am always gloomy and sad, and I am painfully conscious of my inability to stand the terrible ordeal that awaits me.

Still I have the hope that God's strength will be perfected in my weakness, and I shall glorify God in my lack of strength "

And God soon wrought my deliverance. My father frequently came home from the districts, and I had opportunities of speaking to him , and, when he was away from home, I sent him letters full of earnest counsel One day I took him to see Mr. Taylor, who spoke to him in a very affectionate way about my religious state and intentions My father, in accordance with Indian courtesy, said nothing at the time in opposition, but he scolded me severely when we returned home. Mr. Taylor was fully informed about my religious feelings and difficulties in a long letter, to which he sent a most valuable answer.

The critical moment, so long delayed, at last arrived, and I had to decide forthwith. I was asked to engage in certain religious rites, which could not be performed according to Hindu usage except by myself. It was a festive occasion. Music of all sorts was employed, and the clang and clatter resounded far and wide. A magnificent booth was erected in which to seat my wife, and an altar was prepared on which to burn the sacrificial offerings with the aid of Brahman priests. There would be feastings and rejoicings, in which my dear mother hoped to play an active part. But I declared my firm resolution not to take any part in idolatrous ceremonies. My uncle informed my father of this when he was absent, and he sent an order to stop the festivities. The shame of so abrupt a conclusion of the ceremonies, of which the whole town had been apprised by the clamorous music, was more than my dear mother could endure, and she sought a private interview with me. She implored me with tears in her eyes, and spreading out the long skirt of her robe, that I would give way, and for once oblige her by submitting to the rite , otherwise, she said, they would be utterly disgraced All this was most painful to me ; but I could not set aside the claims of truth. I did all I could to comfort her, but in vain.

I passed the night in great agony. I prayed; I wept. The Spirit of God suggested such helpful passages of

Scripture to my mind as Luke xiv. 16-24, and the words, "I have married a wife, and therefore I cannot come," impressed me most deeply. I feared I should share the fate of the unfortunate man of whom it was declared, "None of those men who were bidden shall taste of my supper." I there and then resolved that I would accept my Saviour at once. Then I found rest and peace.

I informed Mr. Taylor next morning of my resolution, and asked him to give me shelter in his house. On the following Sunday Mr. Taylor wrote that it would be best to apprise my father of my intention to leave my home; but there was not time to do this, and I felt that delay might prove dangerous. The day for the Hindu family rite had been fixed and the preparations had been made, and if I had delayed, it would have been impossible for me to have refused to engage in it; and I felt that such conduct would amount to a denial of the Saviour, and might cause the eternal ruin of my soul. After some correspondence with Mr. Taylor, he assented to my request that I should go to his house and remain there till I was baptized



CHAPTER XVII

JOY AND PEACE IN BELIEVING.

As I set out for church on Sunday, the 1st August 1854, I took leave of my mother, cast a glance at my wife, who sat in a corner, and spoke to my brothers and sisters, who were playing in the yard. I met some Christian friends, who walked with me to church. It was Mr. Beynon's turn to preach that evening. He was not aware of my intention of going after the service to Mr. Taylor's house for shelter, with a view to receive baptism, as matters had been finally settled only late the evening before. But it so happened that Mr. Beynon preached on the same parable which had led me to decide only three or four days previously. I listened to the sermon most attentively, and it convinced

me of the wisdom of the step I had taken. His last appeal was most impressive. Yet at the conclusion of the service, in spite of my firm resolution, which had been strengthened by the powerful discourse of the evening, I began to hesitate; the keeping away from home was so difficult. My Christian friends were waiting to accompany me on the way to my home, and the devil suggested that I might quietly go away with them. But the Lord was dealing with me mercifully, and was taking me as a brand out of the fire (Zech. iii. 2). Mr. Taylor, who stood at the door, asked me, "Are you coming?" I immediately answered "Yes." This good man was like the angel who appeared to Peter in prison and bade him follow him. I accompanied Mr. Taylor to his bungalow. Then I felt as if the load of sin and sorrow that oppressed me had suddenly dropped off, and unspeakable joy filled my heart. I read and prayed, then lay on my bed a-thinking. I had put out the lamp, but still the room appeared to be full of light; and one like the Son of God, arrayed in glory, I thought, came to me as to a friend, and a sense of perfect safety and peace possessed my soul. I felt refreshed and happy, as the weary wanderer who has been pinched with cold and hunger does when he finds rest and shelter in his home. Light and joy almost overwhelmed me, and I was lost in blessedness. The experience of this night was unique, and the memory of it will never die. The vision of God then given was a dim reflection of that which the children of God enjoy in heaven. I was indeed standing on Pisgah or on the Mount of Transfiguration, or I was in the land of Beulah. "He brought me to the banqueting-house, and His banner over me was love" (Song of Solomon, ii. 4). I had several such visions in those days, but none so glorious as this. I have no copies of letters written to friends at this time, but I find an extract from one of them published in Mr. Spurgeon's "Feathers for Arrows," which I may here transcribe:—"How I long for my bed—not that I may sleep, for I lie awake often and long—but to hold sweet communion with my God. What shall I render unto him for all His revelations and gifts to me? Was there no

historical evidence of the truths of Christianity, were there no well established miracles, still I should believe that the religion propagated by the fishermen of Galilee is divine. The holy joy it brings to me must be from heaven Do I write boastingly, brother? Nay, it is with tears of humble gratitude that I tell of the goodness of the Lord "

Mr Nesbit, who saw some of my letters, wrote to me .— "We give unceasing thanks to God for all His goodness to you I have read most of your letters with great interest and pleasure ; but the one that gave me most delight was that in which, previous to your baptism, you spoke of your delighting in God, meditating on Him in the night-watches, and holding sweet and satisfying communion with him Your experience and David's are the same (Ps. lxxiii. 5-8). I always wish young converts such experiences of holy joy They are to them not only the shortest and surest proofs of Christianity, but they make them miserable afterwards when they go astray in sin or carelessness and lose their sense of the Divine presence I bless God for the guiding light you had May you ever remember your privileges, and strive to attain to the height of them. You glorified God and enjoyed Him in the most sensible manner ; you may again and again. Let your soul still follow after Him, and His right hand will uphold you "

These experiences proved most useful to me at the time of the severe trials that awaited me ; they stirred up my love and zeal, and enabled me to overcome the weakness of the flesh.

Though I had perfect peace and rest, my relatives were in great distress. My mother, on finding that I had not returned home, at once sent for my uncle ; and he with a few friends called at Mr. Beynon's, who lived out of the town, to inquire about me. By this time it was very late at night, and the gate of the fort was closed, and they could not come for me to Mr Taylor's bungalow. Next morning, however, my mother came along with all my brothers and sisters, that she might persuade me to go home. This first meeting was most painful ; it is impossible to describe it. Only God supported me. Somehow the earnest plead-

ings of my dear ones did not at the time affect me much ; I remained calm. When all their persuasions had been unavailing, my poor mother burst forth into loud wailings, pronouncing imprecations on Mr. Taylor and me. I still have a vivid recollection of the terrible scene. But when my relations went away, my firmness was gone, and I could not restrain my tears. I shut myself up in my chamber, and prayed earnestly to my Father in heaven for my beloved ones. Captain Phayre, who was present at Mr. Taylor's, expressed great sympathy for me, and gave me comfort by quoting passages from the Scriptures, and by referring to his own experience at the time when he yielded his heart to the Lord and gave up the world.

Every day people came from our house to see me, and on the fourth day after my separation my dear mother sent my clothes. About this I find the following note in my diary.—“To-day my dear mother sent me my clothes, and, what is to me more pleasing, she sent me a message of love. She asked me not to grieve further, but to be comfortable and happy where I am.”

She also sent me money, and promised to send more. On the same page I have written across this verse, “If any man serve Me, him will My Father honour” (John xii 26).

On the 18th I wrote to the *Dharmketu*, a Bombay Marathi newspaper, a long letter communicating the intelligence of my open renunciation of Hinduism, and the reasons for this step, which the editor kindly published verbatim without any comment. The publication of this letter spread the tidings far and wide, and the other newspapers noticed it in their own way. Dr. Wilson wrote to me :—“Much is said about you here, but the natives admit your sincerity and capacity of judgment. I am glad to say many youths in our Institution approve of your proceedings. Full Christian obedience on our part is the most effective argument with all our friends.”

I will make a few extracts from the meditations which I wrote about this time :—“O God, I am one of Thy children. May I realise more and more that I am one of the invisible

flock of Jesus. May I have a growing idea of the kingdom of Christ, and my participation in its peace and imperishable glories." "Oh, my soul, rejoice that thou hast thus found the privilege of holding communion with thy Creator. Ignorant idolaters know nothing of the riches of Christ's grace; do thou feel compassion for them; pray for them, weep for them! Strive to show thyself to them as a living trophy of the power of the Gospel, that they may emulate thy happy condition, and seek the priceless treasures of the Lord Jesus."

"Oh, how happy I am! Christ has obtained the pardon of my sins; He has died for me; He has secured righteousness for me. I am not afraid now of being called into judgment for my iniquities. I know that I have a Mediator, and that He is pleading for me. My Saviour will lead me through this world of temptation and sin, as a father guides his child. I will make Him my guide and teacher in all things. O Jesus, the Holy One of God, give me thy Holy Spirit, the Almighty Comforter. May I submit to His teachings, and be fashioned anew in all virtue and goodness, that I may experience fully what it is to be a new creature!"

My mother called again on the 18th to see me, and entreated me to go home; but this time she was calm. My wife also sent me a message that she would be happy to go with me to Bombay.

My father came from the districts, and sent me a request to go home to see him. Mr. Taylor thought it would be unsafe to do so before my baptism, and therefore asked him to do me the favour of giving me an interview at the Mission-house. He came two days after, early in the morning, and sent the driver to call me. He took me into the carriage and wept. After a few minutes he ordered the coachman to drive the carriage homewards. I was somewhat alarmed, but I restrained myself, and determined to go home. The people at home had no previous intimation of my visit, and they were all in bed when we arrived. My father awoke them, and strictly forbade them to make any loud lamentations. In the meantime I was

directed to write a note to Mr. Taylor to inform him of my visit to my relations, and of my intention to return in the evening. Mr. Taylor called at ten o'clock on his way to school, and saw that I was quite safe. A nice breakfast was prepared for me, which was served me in a separate room by my wife; and when she saw that I began to eat without changing my dress and wearing the sacred garments, she meekly asked, "How can food be relished with such garments on?"

Some friends called to see me, but I did not talk with them. I spent my time in reading the Bible, praying, and writing letters to my friends in Bombay. As promised, my father sent me back to Mr. Taylor in the evening. After this I often went to see my relatives.

It is impossible to commend adequately the judicious dealings of my parents with me after my separation from them. They did not use violence of any kind, as has been done in the case of many converts, and their conduct deserves to be followed by those who create a disturbance on the occasion of a conversion, and seek to restrain the liberty of their relatives who seek to follow out their convictions.

Mr. Taylor put off my baptism till he had heard from my teachers in Bombay, whose instruction had proved so beneficial to me; and the Missionaries had cordially consented to the rite being administered by that good man. Dr. Wilson wrote to me a long letter, in which he said, "We are united in our judgment of what, with the help of God, you should immediately do; that is, 'Come out and be separate.' You cannot be too soon in the visible fold of Christ, having, we trust, already entered that which is invisible. You will be able to preach more advantageously to your parents from Christian than from equivocal ground. Your public profession of the truth will be blessed to give peace to your own soul. There can be no peace while we do not fully follow the Lord. If there were, we should often secure ourselves in that which is wrong. Don't be afraid of them who can kill the body, and after that have no more that they can do. The grace of Christ is sufficient

for you. As your day is, so will you find your strength to be. I can testify this from blessed experience."

My relations did not manifest any great sorrow now that I used to visit them, for they fully expected me to return to them permanently after my enthusiasm had abated. They were sanguine that the people of our caste would not object to restore me to caste privileges, and that Shankaracharya would absolve me from the guilt of defilement. Crowds from the town came every day to see and converse with me; and when I went with Mr. Taylor in his conveyance to church, there would be troops of people behind our carriage all the way from the bungalow to the church-door. They seemed to take me for some strange creature that had come from another sphere.



CHAPTER XVIII.

MY BAPTISM.

At last the day of my baptism was fixed, and my father was apprised of it. He asked me if I had to pay any fee to the Padri Sahib for the performance of the rite. He did not say this in jest, but quite seriously. He offered to attend the ceremony. But when the day arrived, my bitterest trials commenced. Early in the morning my father requested me to see him; but I could not comply, as I had purposed to spend this momentous period of my life in holy meditation and close communion with my God. Then he sent a request that the baptism should be postponed. I wrote and asked the reason of this suggestion. He gave no reason, but ordered me to visit him. In this way several notes passed between us, and much time was wasted, and my mind was greatly disturbed. But I would not have the day changed. At the evening service Mr. Beynon preached, and Mr. Taylor then administered the sacred rite. A large number of people came from the town to witness the ceremony, though it was raining at the time. I had

prepared two statements, one in English, the other in Marathi; the former of which was read by Mr Beynon, and the latter by me. I received this message from home. "You have entered into light, but we are groping in darkness." My mother made great lamentation, for she had hopes of my return until my baptism took place; but now all her hopes were blasted.

I made it a point to visit my relations regularly, and when I expressed a desire to go back to the college at Bombay, my father objected, on the ground that I ought to write a book for his enlightenment before leaving him. I wrote one in the space of two months, which was published with the title of "A Comparison of Hinduism and Christianity." It was composed in the form of a dialogue between a father and a son, in which the converted son gives his reasons for embracing Christianity. When it was being prepared, it was read to my father, who made suitable suggestions. While I was writing this, I found time also to prepare another small work, a conversation between Death and the Soul, which was first published in the *Dnyánodaya*, and then printed in the form of a small tract. These books were published by the Bombay Tract and Book Society.

As soon as my father-in-law heard of my conversion, he set out for Belgaum with one of his sons-in-law. Before his arrival my father had entreated my wife to join me, and I also strove hard to incline her mind to this. She showed her willingness to come to me; and, to assure me of her sincerity, she once drank water which had been touched by me. She had thus broken her caste. But my father was unwilling openly to take the responsibility of sending her to me, and therefore suggested that she should go to the Mission-house during his absence in the districts. Her father, however, carried her off the very day she was to have come to me, and our plans were all disappointed. My father-in-law was a very superstitious man, and I could not go to our house till my father had returned; and then too I could call only at certain fixed times, for he objected to see me before he had performed his morning ablutions,

worshipped the gods, and taken his early meal. At the first meeting he expressed sorrow at what happened, and then with an angry look he commenced to scold me, in which my brother-in-law joined with energy. In fact, it was the latter who set my father-in-law against me and poisoned my wife's mind, so that she consented to go to Bombay with them. I found opportunities of speaking with her late at night after my father-in-law had gone to sleep, but she persisted in stating that she would join me in Bombay. My father was much grieved at the sad turn affairs had taken, and even openly advised my father-in-law to let my wife come to me. But the man was obstinate. I quote a few sentences from a letter I wrote to my father on the subject:—

“You need not reproach yourself for having delayed to send my wife to me, nor do I so. I have been faithful to my resolutions. I trust and hope in the God for whom I have separated myself from father, mother, brother, sister, and wife. I do not grieve for myself, but for my wife, that she is unwilling to come to me. I feel sad that her life should be spent in widowhood and ignorance. Her separation from me will not diminish my happiness, for the God who gave His Son to die for me will not allow my mind to be unhappy. I counted the cost long before I joined the Christian Church. Christ plainly declares, that he who leaves all for His sake shall have a hundredfold in this life with persecutions, and in the world to come everlasting life. Such is the consolation which a Christian feels; and I earnestly hope that you may be enabled to experience the same in the time of difficulty and sorrow.”

I may briefly anticipate the events that took place after my wife went to Bombay. I tried in every possible way to have access to her, in order to find out her real state of mind, but I was prevented from approaching her by her father and other relatives. Her father would not even reply to my repeated communications. I learnt, however, that she was secretly willing to join me, but had been prevented by her friends. In this way I strove hard for four years; after which I thought it best to have an interview with her

through the Supreme (now the High) Court of Bombay. As soon as the writ of Habeas Corpus was served upon her father, she was assiduously trained to refuse in the court to come to me. Sir Matthew Sausse was the judge before whom the inquiry was made, and I was given half-an-hour to persuade her, but she would not consent. When we came out of the chambers, my solicitor repeated this Scriptural passage to me for my comfort, "If the unbelieving depart, let him depart." I had to expend about 200 rupees on this suit. This amount I had obtained by the sale of my "Story of Yamunâ," which describes the sufferings of Hindu widows.

Three years later (in 1860), I was married to a Christian wife. Two years afterwards my first wife suddenly appeared at the house of a dear Christian brother, the Rev G. R. Navalkar, where I had put up in Bombay, as I then generally resided at Poona. She insisted upon my taking her back, as she declared that her brother and others who protected her were dead, and she was free to come to me. I told her it was impossible for me now to recognise the old relationship, as I could not, according to my religion, have two wives. As she was most persistent, I asked her to come the next day, when I might be able to decide the matter. She came the next day, and my dear Christian brother, the Rev. Dhanjibhai Nauroji and myself told her that she could not now look upon me as her husband, as I had another wife, but that, if she chose, she might come and live in some Christian family, and I would support her, and educate her for some useful work, and if she chose afterwards to embrace Christianity and marry, she would be at perfect liberty to do so. But she would not consent to this arrangement. After a long interview she left us, evidently very sorrowful. She is now dead. Her surviving relations have long since been reconciled to me, and frequently visit me.

CHAPTER XIX.

IN BELGAUM, AFTER MY BAPTISM.

I LIVED in Mr. Taylor's family for three months, and the members of it were most kind to me. I improved both in body and mind. Faith was confirmed and invigorated. Indeed, the young Christian convert is like a tender plant, which requires the utmost care of the husbandman. Some words which I heard Dr. Murray Mitchell quote in his class from Archbishop Leighton dwelt continually in my memory, and in my own experience I found them to be most true. They are these:—"The grace of God in the heart of man is a tender plant in a strange unkindly soil, and therefore cannot well prosper and grow without much care and pains, and that of a skilful hand, which hath the art of cherishing it." The living, personal illustration of Christian graces, as every day seen in the life of Mr. Taylor and his excellent lady, was most useful to me; my spiritual life took a turn from it. Mr Taylor's prayers were most precious. He would pray for his children and grandchildren by name; and while praying for an additional measure of grace to those who were walking in the path of duty, he earnestly pleaded for those who had not surrendered their souls to the Saviour. Once he read to me a letter which he had received from a grandson of his who had been converted at college, and he expressed the greatest pleasure and thankfulness. How exultingly he breathed his grateful praises at the family altar! This grandson, the Hon. Justice H. Birdwood, has since become a most consistent Christian and an ornament to the Church. Once I had a slight attack of illness, and Mr. Taylor was most tender in his sympathy and help. In short, he acted towards me like a kind and tender parent, and thus comforted Christ's little one who had been orphaned for the Saviour's sake.

I was also much benefited by my intercourse with Mr. and Mrs. Beynon and the native Christians of Belgaum. Some of the latter were earnest men, glorifying the Saviour in their lives, and they proved the truth of the hundredfold

return which the Lord has promised to those who renounce the world for His name's sake. These dear brethren, too, had suffered the loss of all things for the Master ; and yet how humble and patient they were, living in spiritual liberty and mutual love !

CHAPTER XX.

RETURN TO STUDY IN BOMBAY.

I DESIRED to qualify myself for future usefulness in the service of the Lord, who had redeemed me ; and as there were no suitable arrangements existing at Belgaum in the London Mission for acquiring this fitness, I resolved, with my father's permission, to go to Bombay. It was hard for my poor mother to consent to the separation ; she declared that though I was a Christian, she would like me to be near her. But she did not understand how injurious to her and to me such proximity must be. She lamented my baptism every time she saw me, and it pained me to see her fret. Before I left Belgaum, I had gone to live in my father's house, where I had been given a separate room. My dear mother supplied me with all requisites for the journey, and sent me in the family conveyance as far as the seaport where I was to embark for Bombay. I was also provided with a handsome sum as pocket-money. Mr. Taylor manifested all a parent's tenderness at parting. He pressed me to his heart and wept, and gave me his parental benediction in most touching words. The prayer was long and impressive. My dear parents and all the other members of the family, together with the domestics, came with me beyond the limits of the town ; and when I urged them to return, they, one and all, pressed me to go back with them. This was another time of intense suffering, it was hard to tear myself from them. Young and old implored me earnestly to go back with them. God upheld me, and my resolution was not shaken. I there and

then openly prayed for all of them, and then bade them farewell.

On board the steamer on which I got at Vingorla I had the congenial society of a Parsi gentleman and his son, who having learnt that I was a Christian, asked me to eat with them. Some Roman Catholic traders were equally hospitable and friendly. None of them would take remuneration for their hospitality ; but I handed to the son of the Parsi merchant the sweets that my mother had given me. In this journey I experienced the truth of the words, "The Lord is my shepherd ; I shall not want. He prepareth a table for me in the presence of my enemies."

I met a cordial reception from all the members of the Mission. Mr. Nesbit, who could not personally welcome me, as he was busy in preparing for the public service, that day being Sunday, sent me the following note :—

"My dear Baba, with much joy and thankfulness I welcome you to Bombay. May our intercourse be abundantly blessed, and greatly profitable to you and to us ! Since hearing of your arrival, I have been preparing to preach, and I go to service at the jail ; otherwise I should have come to see you."

I put up with Mr. Narayan Sheshadri, who was formerly my teacher, and now my Christian brother. It was a most happy circumstance that I first of all lived in this good brother's family ; and my father also was greatly pleased. Not only were all my bodily wants most carefully supplied, but I had the beautiful example of Christian life ever before me.



CHAPTER XXI.

KIND FEELINGS OF MY RELATIVES AND FRIENDS.

THERE are many people who imagine that the man who embraces Christianity becomes quite estranged from his own people ; but it is not so. His Hindu relations for some time are annoyed and keep aloof from him, but generally

in course of time they become reconciled to him. Many of the offended relatives believe in destiny, and regard the convert's adoption of Christianity as a thing decreed by God, so that he is not responsible for his proceedings. But there are a few others who take a higher view of the matter, and declare that he has not done anything wrong ; he has not committed theft or any other immorality, and therefore he is not to be condemned. He has simply erred, if he has erred, in sentiment. They think that, like ascetics, who renounce the pleasures and the worrying duties of life and take to a life of poverty and celibacy from religious motives, so the Christian convert has renounced his original faith to follow another which he considers better. Reasoning in this way, non-Christian relations come to satisfy their minds.

My father took this view of my case, and continued to regard me with affection. Any improvement that took place in my circumstances cheered him, and when I was ordained a minister of the Gospel, he felt quite proud. I twice visited him afterwards at Belgaum, and though I lived in a separate house, still he spoke of me with pride to his friends and acquaintances. He gave me free permission to pray and read the Bible with the members of his family. He took great care not to offend my religious principles, and had a tender regard for my conscientious scruples. When once travelling with him, he halted on two Sabbaths, as it was against my religion to work on those days, and did not grudge to pay extra hire to the cart-drivers. When we halted at any place for our meals, he would not disturb me when engaged in prayer, but would wait till my exercises were over. On Sunday he did not talk with me on secular matters. He sent me 100 rupees on the occasion of my Christian marriage, and offered to support my Hindu wife, if she went and lived with them. I also was helped by God to act towards him as a dutiful son ; and he was convinced that our religion is a holy religion, faith in which exalts and purifies man's nature. And he believed also that Christian prayer is very powerful.

My uncle, who was at first much offended, became also

reconciled to me; and when I lived at Poona, where he was now employed, he came often to see me, and invited me and my wife to an entertainment in honour of my recent marriage. A few of his Hindu friends also were present on the occasion. I was forbidden to see my sisters, who lived in Bombay, by their husbands and other relations. Gradually, however, I was freely received into their houses, and kindly entertained. A great many of the people of my caste showed the same liberal feelings. My other Hindu friends—especially my college companions—showed a largeness of mind and heart that was most praiseworthy; and some of them manifested quite a fraternal affection. My change of religion did not in any way abate their friendship and regard.*

In conclusion, I beg to observe that this detailed account of my early life has not been written to gratify any literary or historical curiosity on the part of my readers, but solely that they may see the wonderful way in which God in His goodness "delivered me from the power of darkness, and translated me into the kingdom of His dear Son." My Christian brethren will not fail to observe in all this, God's great mercy and benevolence, and they will join with me in laying humbly at His feet heartfelt offerings of love and praise. My non-Christian countrymen will see how great is the power of Christianity in changing the heart of sinful man; how Christian truth, when once it becomes influential in the mind, renovates and sanctifies it, whatever may have been its original condition, and crowns feeble

* With regard to the feeling of the Hindus, Mr. Nesbit wrote as follows.—"His native friends have shown nothing but respect. Indeed the native newspapers either hold a respectful silence, or give a respectful notice. His character was so high before his baptism that they dare not touch it now."

A short time afterwards Mr. Nesbit wrote thus—"The conversion and baptism of Baba Padmanji has had, I think, a quickening influence on the natives of this city and elsewhere. Happily, Parsis are coming forward as well as other natives. If that section of the inhabitants of Western India were to a considerable extent converted, they would, through Divine grace, exert a mighty influence on the whole population." Most true; but as yet this interesting people seem content when they can more and more refine their creed into a system of mere theism.—*Edut.*

man with superhuman power to overcome the greatest obstacles in the path of duty. Those who only appreciate intellectually the worth of Jesus, and have not offered Him their hearts, cannot experience the peace and power which He bestows; and such of my dear friends as may have only head-religion and mere intellectual convictions, must seek something deeper and more substantial, otherwise they will not be benefited by the Saviour. And the Saviour is ever ready to impart His choicest blessings to every earnest suppliant. He emphatically declares, "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." The truth of this declaration will be found demonstrated by many facts recorded in this book.

Am I not a happy man? Yes, a most blessed man, in spite of my imperfect obedience and feeble resolutions. Who will deny it who knows and understands the value of these blessings—the forgiveness of sin, a heart that can overcome sin, the power of doing right and serving God, and eternal blessedness after death? Even now I have Christ, and intimate communion with Him, who is the fountain of all true happiness.

"Unto Him that loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father, to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen." (Rev i. 5, 6.)

APPENDIX.

A.

BRIEF SKETCH OF MY WORK FROM 1854 to 1889.*

AFTER my baptism in 1854 at Belgaum I returned to Bombay but, before I did so, my father asked me to write a book in Marathi stating the reasons for my embracing Christianity. I complied with his desire, and wrote in two months' time my first Christian work. It was entitled "A comparison of Hinduism and Christianity."

In Bombay I resumed my work as a teacher and a student in the Institution. I was soon enrolled as a divinity student, but ill-health obliged me to give up all study, and I went to reside at Poona in 1860. Here I was married, and remained for sixteen years. For some time I was engaged as a teacher in connection with the Free Church Mission of Poona. In 1867 I was ordained pastor of the native congregation belonging to the Mission. In 1873 I had to give up this work owing to a difference in ecclesiastical matters, and for three years I was occupied in the work of book-writing. The works I prepared at this time were chiefly two dictionaries—one being Marathi-English, an abridgment of Molesworth's elaborate work, and the other English-Marathi, an abridgment of Candy's valuable dictionary. I also prepared commentaries on the Book of Genesis and the New Testament. I also prepared several books for the Christian Vernacular Education Society.

I twice visited my father at Belgaum, the place of my first and second birth. Once I did so to get him out of official difficulties. I succeeded, by the help of God, in getting him restored to the post from which he had been dismissed. This had been entirely through misrepresentations. But the Lord had mercy on him; he was not only honourably restored to his office, but fully pensioned. My helping him in the time of his great trial made a

* Mr Padmanj has kindly, at our request, supplied for this edition this rapid sketch of his employments since his baptism.—*Edit.*

deep impression upon his mind, and convinced him of the benevolent character of Christianity. He became very tractable, and listened with serious attention to my teaching. I was with him at the time of his death, which took place in Poona in 1874. He allowed me to pray while he was passing away, and he showed by outward signs that he departed in faith.

In 1877 I had a call for work both from the Bible Society and the Tract Society of Bombay, which I accepted. I am still in connection with the Bible Society. My work is to carry through the press the editions of the Marathi Bible, and of separate portions of it. I prepared for this Society an edition of the Marathi Bible with revised paragraphs and headings; I am a member of the Translation Committee of this Society. My work in connection with the Tract Society was to write original tracts and books, make translations of English works, revise and carry through the press new editions of old tracts and books, and editions of new ones accepted by the Society for publication.

In 1888 the Tract Society dispensed with my services for reasons given in the letter given below*. Since that time I have been engaged in literary work on my own account, such as revising and reprinting my dictionaries and composing some new books. I write very often for the *Dnyānodaya* articles on religion, defending Christianity from the attacks of non-Christian writers. I preach occasionally in the native Churches in Bombay belonging to the American Board, the Episcopal Methodist, and the Free Church Missions.

* MY DEAR MR. BABA PADMANJI,—The Committee of the Bombay Tract and Book Society are very unwilling that you or any one else should infer from the proposed action regarding the editorship, that they have not a high estimate of the services you have rendered the Society. There can be no question that your services are very valuable—too valuable to be measured by any pecuniary stipend. Your pen is consecrated to the Lord Jesus, and will doubtless be employed in His cause while God shall give you strength.

But in the presence of a large indebtedness, the Committee have found themselves necessitated to reduce expenditure by suspending in a measure vernacular printing, and as your relation to the Society as a Marathi editor runs parallel with vernacular printing, they thought it advisable at this juncture to entertain the thought of relieving you from the editorship . . .

At the request of the Committee and in their name I address you, and am, my dear Baba, yours very faithfully,

(Signed) GEO. BOWEN.

BOMBAY, January 11, 1888

He was re-appointed when funds improved.

B.

LIST OF TRACTS AND BOOKS COMPOSED
BY MR. BABA PADMANJI.

I.—*Published by the Tract and Book Society of Bombay.*

1. Prize Essay on Female Education.
2. Prize Essay on Hindu Festivals.
3. Atmārāmpant and the Angel of Death.
4. Comparison of Hinduism and Christianity. 93 pp. 12mo.
5. Comparison of Krishna and Christ.
6. Comparison of Hindu and Christian Life.
7. What is in the Vēda?
8. What is in the Satya Vēda? (*i e.*, true Vēda.) Part I.
9. What is in the Satya Vēda? Part II.
10. Commentary on the Book of Genesis. pp. 250. (*Transl*)
11. Annotated New Testament. 1455 pp. (*Partly translated, partly compiled.*)
12. Garland of Christian Doctrines 108 pp. 12mo
13. Manual of Christian Duties. 85 pp.
14. Daybreak in Great Britain. 125 pp. (*Transl.*)
15. Manual of Hinduism Part I *
16. Manual of Hinduism. Part II.
17. Heaven ; as it is described in the Hindu and Christian Scriptures.
18. Life of Christ. 383 pp. 8vo. (*Compiled.*)
19. Select Sermons 214 pp. (*Transl.*)
20. Beatitudes of the Kingdom.† 260 pp. (*Transl.*)
21. Dialogue on Idolatry. 100 pp.
22. A Few Discriminative Thoughts on Caste. 72 pp.
23. Examination of the Claims of Deism. 180 pp.
24. The Opening of the Prison. (*Transl.*)
25. Doubts Resolved. (*Transl.*)
26. Naranāyak : a Story Based on the Parable of the Prodigal Son. 91 pp.

* Although the language in which it is written is hardly known out of India, this valuable work has attracted the notice of some Oriental scholars in Europe It ought to be translated into English.—*Edit.*

† Translation of a work by Principal Dykes.

27. Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation. 152 pp (*Transl.*)
28. Pilgrimage to Nāsik.
29. The Sins of our Holy Things borne by Christ. (*Transl*)
30. The god Ganpati.
31. Pilgrimage to Pandharpūr.
32. Wanderings of Yamunābāi, or Narrative of Hindu Widow Life. 167 pp., 2nd edition.
33. Arunodaya (Autobiography of Baba Padmanji). 411 pp. 8vo.
34. Richard Baxter. A Lecture. 23 pp.

II.—*Published by the Author.*

35. Sahitya Shatak, or One Hundred Helps. (*Quotations from various Hindu writers.*)
36. Compendium of Molesworth's Marathi-English Dictionary 620 pp. 8vo. 4th edition.
37. Compendium of Candy's English-Marathi Dictionary. 668 pp. 3rd edition.
38. Shabda Ratnāvalī. (*Drawn up on the same plan as Roget's Thesaurus.*)
39. Difficulties of Indian Authors.
40. Evils of Licentiousness.
41. The Communicant's Companion. (*Transl*)
42. The Watchman's Voice. (*Transl.*) (A work designed to bring the claims of Christianity before the minds of the Jews. Written in English by a Jewish convert of the Mission.)
43. Address to the Inhabitants of Purandhar Zilla. (*Transl.*) (This refers to the missionary life of a devoted Missionary, the Rev. Adam White, the last years of whose life were spent among the people of the Purandhar Zilla.)

III.—*Prepared for the Christian Vernacular Education Society.*

- 44-46. Reading Books II., IV., and Sequel to Book III. (*Transl.*)
- 47, 48. Hints on Education. Parts I and II.
49. A Short History of Mahārāshtra.
50. India in Vedic Times.* (*Transl.*)
51. Reading Books for Girls.

*This, I believe, is the translation of a little treatise by Dr. Wilson.
—*Edw.*

IV.—*Published by the Dakshinā Prize Committee.**

52. Nibaud Mnālā. (A Series of Essays, original and translated.)

53. Hindu Domestic Reform.

V.—*Periodicals.*

54-65. Satya Dīpikā (Lamp of Truth.) 12 vols. (*Edited for the Christian Vernacular Education Society.*)

66-70. Satya Dīpikā. (Enlarged size 5 vols.) (*Published by the Author.*)

71, 72. Satya Wādī. 2 vols. (*Published by the Author.*)

73. Kutumbmitra (Family Friend). A monthly publication for the Tract and Book Society. 2 vols.

C.

THE SHAKTA WORSHIP.

The worship referred to on p. 4 is the most lamentable of all the strange delusions of Hinduism. Orthodox Hinduism rests on the "eternal" Vedas, along with which it usually classes the six philosophical schools and the eighteen Puranas as fully authoritative. But there are later writings, called Tantras, which run into the wildest mysticism and magic. They inculcate the worship of the wives of the deities—the female deity being called the *Shākti*—literally, the power of the god. Some of the Tantras are simply dark as midnight—incomprehensible. But the "left hand" section of them is characterised by frightful, almost inconceivable, immorality. We need not dwell on this dreadful subject. Even the brief reference given to it on p. 4 will indicate to the thoughtful reader a moral abyss into which he will hardly care to look.

* The word *Dakshinā* means money given to Brahmans. Large sums were annually disbursed at Poona by the later Maratha sovereigns to the Brahmans simply as Brahmans. Under the British rule part of this money has been handed over to a Committee—called the *Dakshinā Prize Committee*—which has for its object the encouragement of native authorship. Some valuable books have been published under its patronage.—*Edit.*

In connection with this system it is very remarkable that many who profess in public to be orthodox Hindus violate in their secret assemblies the most distinctive precepts of Hinduism, and this, it would appear, without any qualms of conscience. They boast of being truly enlightened, and those who are not initiated into the dreadful Shākta mysteries are designated "beasts."—*Edit.*

D.

SHOULD MISSIONARIES BE 'MARRIED?

In a letter recently received, Mr. Padmanji takes occasion to express his strong convictions on a question which has been a good deal canvassed of late. After speaking of the motherly affection which was shown him from the very outset by the wives of the Missionaries, Mr. Padmanji goes on to say.—

"Such were Mrs. Nesbit, Mrs. Wilson, and Mrs. Murray Mitchell. I have not the slightest hesitation in saying that India requires married missionaries—men whose wives are filled with the spirit of the Master, serving Him in His people, especially His little ones, newly born, newly converted. They are most useful in building up the Church, and also in inviting those without to enter into the fold of the Lord."—*Edit.*

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